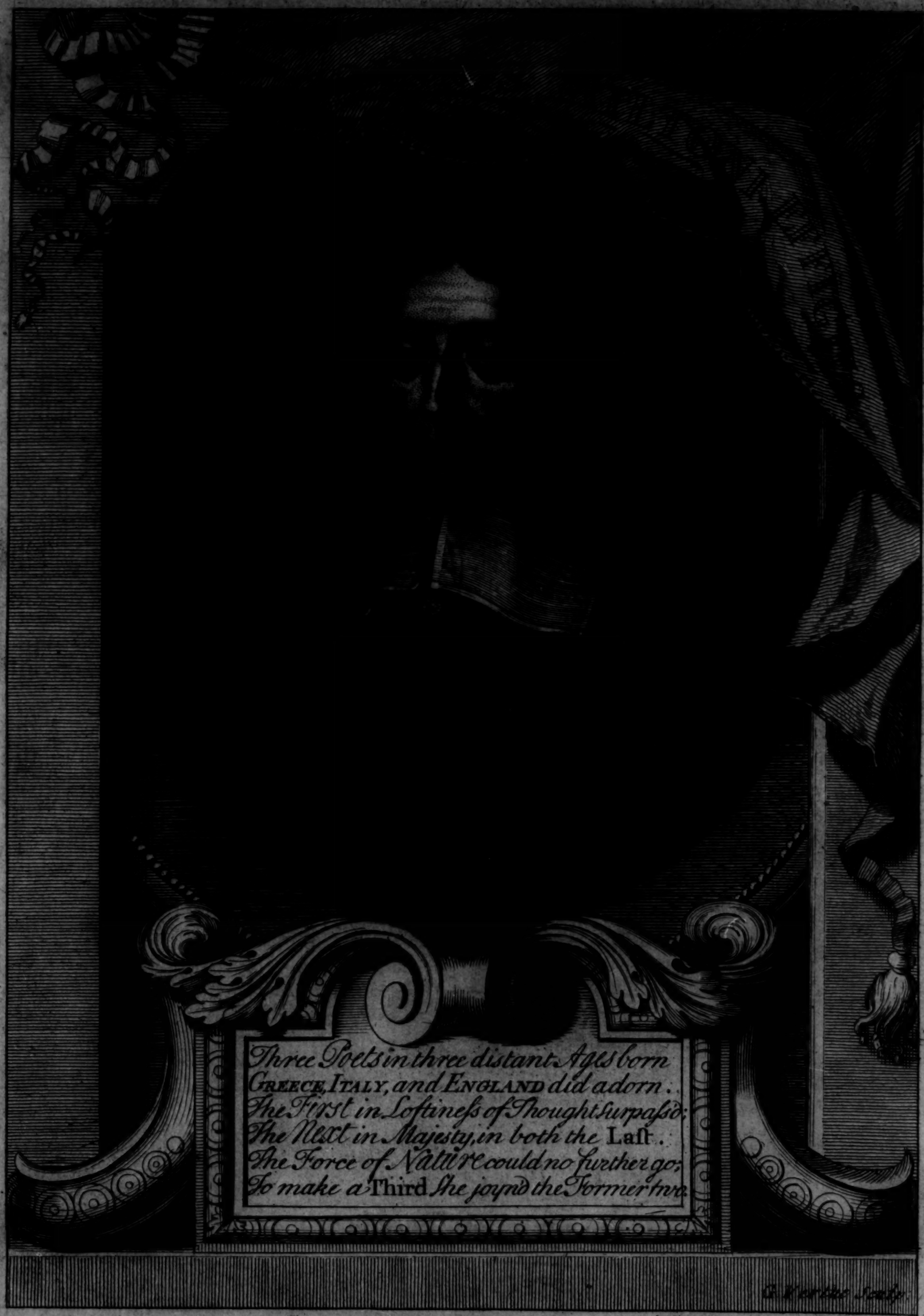




Three Poets in three distant Ages born
GREECE, ITALY, and ENGLAND did adorn.
The First in Loftiness of Thought surpass'd;
The Next in Majesty, in both the Last.
The Force of Nature could no further go;
To make a Third she join'd the Former two.

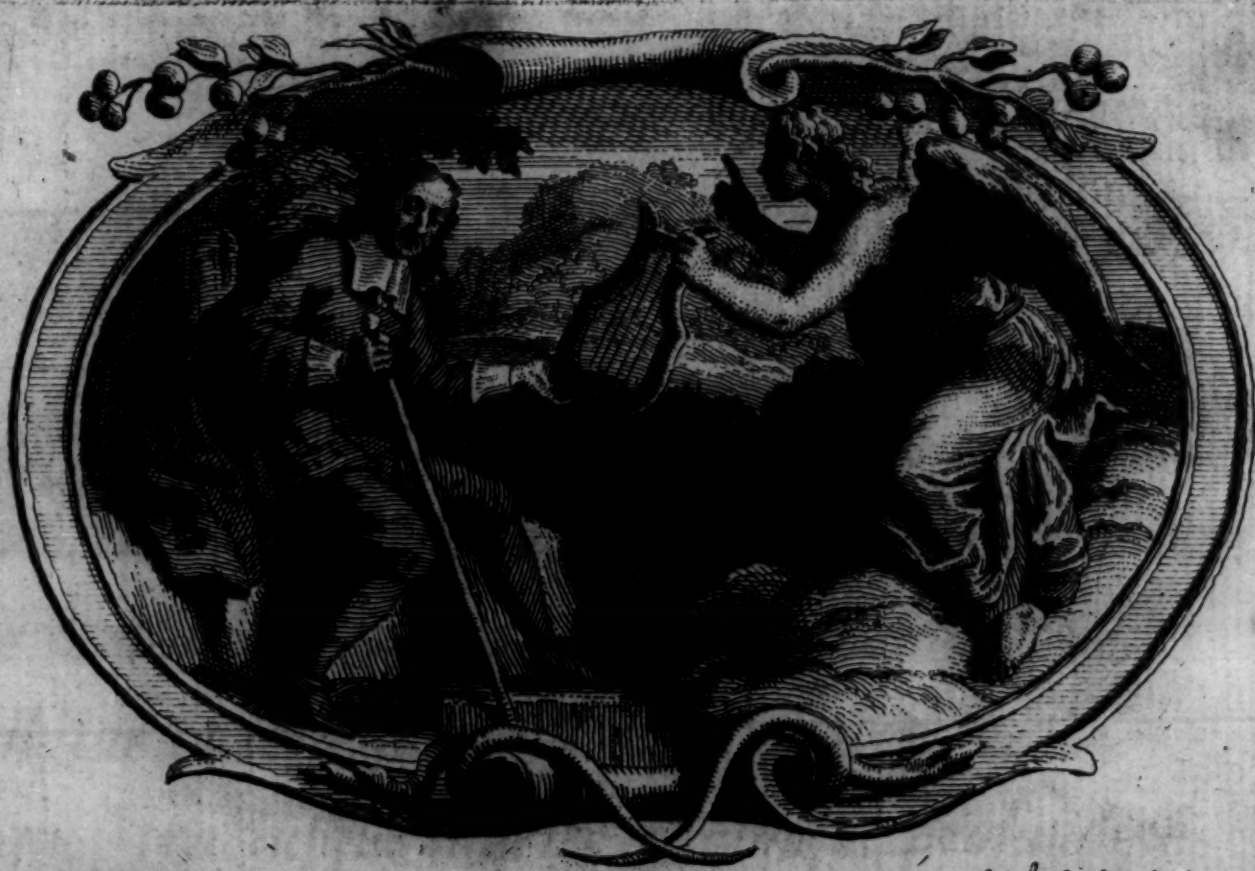
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V O L U M E T H E F I R S T .



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M D C C X X.

THE POETICAL

W O R K S

OF
Percy Bysshe Shelley

MR. JOHN MILTON



VOLUME 2 FIRST

JOHANNES MILTON

JOHANNES MILTON
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JOHANNES MILTON
JOHANNES MILTON
JOHANNES MILTON

MDCCXX

I N

Paradisum Amissam

Summi Poetæ

JOHANNIS MILTONI.



*QUI legis Amissam Paradisum, grandia magni
Carmina Miltoni, quid nisi cuncta legis?
Res cunctas, et cunctarum primordia rerum,
Et fata, te fines continet iste liber.*

Intima panduntur magni penetralia mundi,

Scribitur et toto quicquid in orbe latet.

Terræque, tractusque maris, cælumque profundum,

Sulphureumque Erebi flammivomumque specus.

Quæque colunt Terras, Pontumque et Tartara cæca,

Quæque colunt summi lucida regna Poli.

A

Et

*Et quodcunque ullis conclusum est finibus usquam,
Et sine fine Chaos, et sine fine Deus:
Et sine fine magis, si quid magis est sine fine,
In Christo erga Homines conciliatus amor.
Hæc qui speraret quis crederet esse futurum?
Et tamen hæc hodie terra Britannia legit.
O quantos in bella Duces! quæ protulit arma!
Quæ canit, et quanta prælia dira tuba!
Cælestes acies! atque in certamine Cælum!
Et quæ Cælestes pugna deceret agros!
Quantus in ætheriis tollit se Lucifer armis!
Atque ipso graditur vix Michael minor!
Quantis, et quam funestis concurritur iris
Dum ferus hic stellas protegit, ille rapit!
Dum vulsos Montes ceu Tela reciproca torquent,
Et non mortali desuper igne pluunt:
Stat dubius cui se parti concedat Olympus,
Et metuit pugnae non superesse suæ.
At simul in cælis Messiaë insignia fulgent,
Et currus animæ, armaque digna Deo,
Horrendumque rotæ strident, et sæva rotarum
Erumpunt torvis fulgura luminibus,*

Et

Et flammæ vibrant, et vera tonitrua rauco

Admistis flammis insonuere Polo:

Excidit attonitis mens omnis, et impetus omnis,

Et cassis dextris irrita tela cadunt.

Ad pœnas fugiunt, et ceu foret Orcus asylum

Infernis certant condere se tenebris.

Cedite Romani scriptores, cedite Graii,

Et quos fama recens vel celebravit anus.

Hæc quicumque leget tantum cecinisse putabit

Mæonidem ranas, Virgilium culices.

S. B. M. D.

And by ill imitation would excell)

On PARADISE LOST.

To change in Scenes, and show it in a Play.

WHEN I beheld the Poet blind, yet bold,
In slender Book his vast Design unfold,
Messiah Crown'd, God's Reconcil'd Decree,
Rebelling Angels, the Forbidden Tree,
Heav'n, Hell, Earth, Chaos, All; the Argument
Held me a while misdoubting his Intent,
That he would ruin (for I saw him strong)
The sacred Truths to Fable and old Song.
(So *Sampson* groap'd the Temple's posts in spight)
The World o'erwhelming to revenge his fight.

Yet as I read, soon growing less severe,
I lik'd his Project, the Success did fear;
Through that wide Field how he his way should find,
O'er which lame Faith leads Understanding blind;
Lest he Perplex'd the things he would Explain,
And what was Easie he should render Vain.

Or if a Work so infinite he spann'd,
Jealous I was that some less skilful hand

(Such

(Such as disquiet always what is well,
And by ill imitation would excell)
Might hence presume the whole Creation's Day
To change in Scenes, and show it in a Play.

Pardon me, mighty Poet, nor despise
My causeless, yet not impious, surmise.
But I am now convinc'd, and none will dare
Within thy Labours to pretend a share.
Thou hast not miss'd one thought that could be fit,
And all that was improper dost omit:
So that no room is here for Writers left,
But to detect their Ignorance or Theft.

That Majesty which through thy Work doth reign
Draws the Devout, deterring the Prophane.
And things Divine thou treat'st of in such state
As them preserves, and thee, inviolate.
At once delight and horror on us seize,
Thou sing'st with so much Gravity and Ease;
And above humane flight dost soar aloft
With Plume so strong, so equal, and so soft:
The Bird nam'd from that Paradise you sing
So never flags, but always keeps on Wing.

Where

Where couldst thou words of such a compass find?
Whence furnish such a vast expence of mind?
Just Heav'n thee like *Tiresias* to requite
Rewards with Prophecie thy loss of Sight.

Well might'st thou scorn thy Readers to allure
With tinkling Rhime, of thy own Sense secure;
While the *Town-Bayer* writes all the while and spells,
And like a Pack-horse tires without his Bells:
Their Fancies like our Busby-points appear,
The Poets tag them, we for fashion wear,
I too transported by the Mode offend,
And while I meant to Praise thee, must Commend.
Thy Verse created like thy Theme sublime,
In Number, Weight and Measure, needs not Rhime.

Andrew Marvell.

THE

THE VERSE.

THE Measure is English Heroic Verse without Rime, as that of Homer in Greek, and of Virgil in Latin; Rime being no necessary Adjunct or true Ornament of Poem or good Verse, in longer Works especially, but the Invention of a barbarous Age, to set off wretched Matter and lame Meeter; grac'd indeed since by the use of some famous modern Poets, carried away by Custom, but much to their own vexation, hindrance, and constraint to express many things otherwise, and for the most part worse than else they would have exprest them. Not without cause therefore some, both Italian and Spanish Poets of prime note have rejected Rime both in longer and shorter Works, as have also long since our best English Tragedies, as a thing of it self, to all judicious ears, trivial and of no true musical delight; which consists only in apt Numbers, fit quantity of Syllables, and the Sense variously drawn out from one Verse into another, not in the jingling sound of like endings, a fault avoided by the learned Antients, both in Poetry and all good Oratory. This neglect then of Rime so little is to be taken for a defect, though it may seem so perhaps to other Readers, that it rather is to be esteem'd an example set, the first in English, of antient liberty recover'd to Heroic Poem from the troublesome and modern bondage of Rimeing.

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Book V

PARADISE LOST

1667

Not withstanding the great number of editions

of this Poem, it is not yet published in any

other place

THE FIRST BOOK

OF THE FALL OF MAN

IN PARADISE

THE FIRST BOOK

OF THE FALL OF MAN

IN PARADISE

THE FIRST BOOK

OF THE FALL OF MAN

IN PARADISE

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OF THE FALL OF MAN

IN PARADISE

THE FIRST BOOK

OF THE FALL OF MAN

IN PARADISE

THE FIRST BOOK

OF THE FALL OF MAN

IN PARADISE

The ARGUMENT.

This First Book proposes, first in brief, the whole Subject. *Man's Disobedience, and the loss thereupon of Paradise wherein he was placed.* Then touches the prime Cause of his Fall, the Serpent or rather Satan in the Serpent; who revolting from God, and drawing to his side many Legions of Angels, was by the Command of God driven out of Heaven with all his Crew into the great Deep. Which Action pass'd over, the Poem hasts into the midst of Things, presenting Satan with his Angels now fallen into Hell, described here, not in the Center (for Heaven and Earth may be supposed as yet not made, certainly not yet accursed) but in a Place of utter Darknes, fittest call'd Chaos: Here Satan with his Angels lying on the burning Lake, thunder-struck and astonished, after a certain Space recovers, as from Confusion, calls up him who next in Order and Dignity lay by him; they confer of their miserable Fall. Satan awakens all his Legions, who lay till then in the same manner confounded: They rise; their Numbers, Array of Battel, their chief Leaders named, according to the Idols known afterwards in Canaan and the Countries adjoining. To these Satan directs his Speech, comforts them with Hope yet of regaining Heaven, but tells them lastly of a new World and new kind of Creature to be created, according to an ancient Prophecy or Report in Heaven; for that Angels were long before this visible Creation, was the Opinion of many ancient Fathers. To find out the Truth of this Prophecy, and what to determine thereon, he refers to a full Council. What his Associates thence attempt. Pandemonium, the Palace of Satan, rises, suddenly built out of the Deep: The infernal Peers there sit in Council.



Jas. Thornhill Esq. inv.

J. G. Kneller Sculp.

PARADISE LOST.

BOOK I.



F Man's First Disobedience, and the
Fruit

Of that Forbidden Tree, whose mor-
tal taste

Brought Death into the world and
all our woe,

With loss of *Eden*, 'till one greater Man

Restore us, and regain the blissful Seat,

5

Sing Heav'nly Muse; that on the secret top

B 2

Of

Of *Oreb*, or of *Sinai*, didst inspire
That Shepherd, who first taught the Chosen Seed,
In the beginning how the Heav'ns and Earth
Rose out of *Chaos*: Or if *Sion* Hill 10
Delight thee more, and *Siloa's* Brook that flow'd
Fast by the Oracle of God; I thence
Invoke thy aid to my Adventrous song,
That with no Middle flight intends to soar
Above th' *Aonian* Mount, while it pursues 15
Things unattempted yet in Prose or Rhime.
And chiefly Thou O Spirit, that dost prefer
Before all Temples th' upright Heart and pure,
Instruct me, for Thou know'st; Thou from the first
Wast present, and with mighty Wings out-spread 20
Dove-like sat'st brooding on the vast Abyss,
And mad'st it pregnant: What in me is dark
Illumine, what is low raise and support;
That to the height of this great Argument
I may assert Eternal Providence, 25
And justifie the ways of God to Men.

Say first, for Heav'n hides nothing from thy view,
Nor the deep Tract of Hell, say first what cause

Mov'd

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Mov'd our Grand Parents in that happy State,
Favour'd of Heaven so highly, to fall off 30
From their Creator, and transgress his Will
For one Restraint, Lords of the World besides?
Who first seduc'd them to that foul revolt?
Th' Infernal Serpent: He it was, whose guile,
Stirr'd up with envy and revenge, deceiv'd 35
The Mother of Mankind, what time his Pride
Had cast him out from Heav'n, with all his Host
Of Rebel Angels, by whose aid aspiring
To set himself in Glory above his Peers,
He trusted to have equall'd the Most High, 40
If he oppos'd; and with ambitious aim,
Against the Throne and Monarchy of God
Rais'd impious War in Heav'n and Battel proud
With vain attempt. Him the Almighty Power
Hurl'd headlong flaming from th' Etherial Skie, 45
With hideous ruine and combustion down
To bottomless perdition: there to dwell
In Adamantine Chains and penal Fire,
Who durst defie th' Omnipotent to Arms.
Nine times the space that measures Day and Night
To

To mortal Men, he with his horrid Crew 51
Lay vanquish'd, rowling in the fiery Gulf,
Confounded though Immortal: But his doom
Reserv'd him to more wrath; for now the thought
Both of lost happiness and lasting pain 55
Torments him; round he throws his baleful eyes
That witness'd huge affliction and dismay,
Mix'd with obdurate pride and stedfast hate:
At once as far as Angels kenn he views
The dismal situation waste and wild, 60
A Dungeon horrible, on all sides round,
As one great Furnace, flam'd, yet from those flames
No light, but rather Darkness Visible
Serv'd only to discover sights of woe,
Regions of sorrow, doleful shades, where peace 65
And rest can never dwell, hope never comes
That comes to all; but torture without end
Still urges, and a fiery Deluge, fed
With ever-burning Sulphur unconsum'd.
Such Place Eternal Justice had prepar'd 70
For those rebellious, here their Prison ordain'd
In utter darkness, and their portion set

As

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As far remov'd from God and light of Heaven
As from the Center thrice to th' utmost Pole.
O how unlike the place from whence they fell! 75

There the companions of his fall, o'erwhelm'd
With Floods and Whirlwinds of tempestuous Fire,
He soon discerns, and weltring by his side
One next himself in power, and next in crime,
Long after known in *Palestine*, and nam'd 80

Bēelzebub. To whom th' Arch Enemy,
And thence in Heav'n call'd *Satan*, with bold words
Breaking the horrid silence thus began.

If thou beest He; But O how fall'n! how chang'd
From him, who in the happy Realms of light 85

Cloath'd with transcendent brightness didst out-shine
Myriads tho' bright! If He, whom mutual League,
United thoughts and counsels, equal hope
And hazard in the Glorious Enterprize,

Join'd with me once, now Misery hath join'd 90
In equal Ruin: Into what Pit thou seest

From what height fall'n, so much the stronger prov'd
He with his Thunder: And till then who knew
The Force of those dire Arms? Yet not for those,

Nor

Nor what the potent Victor in his Rage 95
Can else inflict, do I Repent, or change
(Though chang'd in outward lustre) that fix'd mind
And high disdain from sense of injur'd merit,
That with the mightiest rais'd me to contend,
And to the fierce Contention brought along 100
Innumerable force of Spirits arm'd,
That durst dislike his Reign, and, Me preferring,
His utmost power with adverse power oppos'd
In Dubious Battel on the Plains of Heav'n,
And Shook his Throne. What tho' the field be lost?
All is not lost; th' unconquerable Will, 106
And study of revenge, immortal hate,
And courage never to submit or yield:
And what is else not to be overcome?
That Glory never shall his wrath or might 110
Extort from me, to bow and sue for Grace
With suppliant Knee, and deifie his Power,
Who from the Terror of this Arm so late
Doubted his Empire; that were low indeed,
That were an Ignominy and Shame beneath 115
This Downfal; since by Fate the Strength of Gods
And

And this Empyrean substance cannot fail,
 Since through experience of this great event
 In Arms not worse, in Foresight much advanc'd,
 We may with more successful hope resolve 120
 To wage by force or guile eternal war,
 Irreconcilable to our grand Foe,
 Who now triumphs, and in th' excess of joy
 Sole reigning holds the Tyranny of Heav'n.

So spake th' Apostate Angel, though in pain, 125
 Vaunting aloud, but rack'd with deep Despair:
 And him thus answer'd soon his bold Compeer.

O Prince, O Chief of many Throned Powers,
 That led th' embattel'd Seraphim to War
 Under thy Conduct, and in dreadful Deeds 130
 Fearless endanger'd Heav'n's perpetual King,
 And put to proof his high Supremacy,
 Whether upheld by Strength, or Chance, or Fate,
 Too well I see and rue the dire event,
 That with sad overthrow and foul defeat 135
 Hath lost us Heav'n, and all this mighty Host
 In horrible destruction laid thus low,
 As far as Gods and Heav'nly Essences

Can perish: For the Mind and Spirit remains
Invincible; and vigour soon returns, 140
Though all our Glory extinct, and happy state
Here swallow'd up in endless Misery.
But what if he our Conqu'ror (whom I now
Of force believe Almighty, since no less 144
Than such could have o'er-power'd such Force as ours)
Have left us this our Spirit and Strength entire
Strongly to suffer and support our Pains?
That we may so suffice his vengeful Ire,
Or do him mightier Service as his thralls
By right of War, whate'er his Business be, 150
Here in the heart of Hell to work in Fire,
Or do his Errands in the gloomy Deep:
What can it then avail, though yet we feel
Strength undiminish'd, or Eternal Being
To undergo Eternal Punishment? 155

Whereto with speedy Words th'Arch-Fiend reply'd.

Fall'n Cherub, to be Weak is miserable
Doing or Suffering: But of this be sure,
To do ought Good never will be our task,
But ever to do Ill our sole delight, 160

As being the contrary to his high will
 Whom we resist. If then his Providence
 Out of our evil seek to bring forth good,
 Our labour must be to pervert that end,
 And out of good still to find means of evil; 165
 Which oft times may succeed, so as perhaps
 Shall grieve him, if I fail not, and disturb
 His inmost Counsels from their destin'd aim.
 But see the angry Victor hath recall'd
 His Ministers of vengeance and pursuit 170
 Back to the Gates of Heav'n: The sulphurous Hail
 Shot after us in Storm, o'er-blown, hath laid
 The fiery Surge, that from the Precipice
 Of Heav'n receiv'd us falling; and the Thunder,
 Wing'd with red Lightning and impetuous rage, 175
 Perhaps hath spent his shafts, and ceases now
 To bellow through the vast and boundless Deep.
 Let us not slip th' occasion, whether scorn,
 Or satiate fury yield it from our Foe.
 Seest thou yon dreary Plain, forlorn and wild, 180
 The Seat of desolation, void of light,
 Save what the glimmering of these livid flames

Cast pale and dreadful? Thither let us tend
From off the tossing of these fiery Waves;
There rest, if any Rest can harbour there: 185
And re-assembling our afflicted Powers,
Consult how we may henceforth most offend
Our Enemy, our own Loss how repair,
How overcome this dire Calamity,
What reinforcement we may gain from Hope, 190
If not, what resolution from Despair.

Thus *Satan* talking to his nearest Mate
With Head up-lift above the wave, and Eyes
That sparkling blaz'd, his other Parts besides
Prone on the Floud, extended long and large, 195
Lay floating many a rood; in Bulk as huge
As whom the Fables name, of monstrous size,
Titanian, or *Earth-born*, that warr'd on *Jove*,
Briareos, or *Typhon* whom the Den
By ancient *Tarsus* held, or that Sea-beast 200
Leviathan, which God of all his works
Created hugest that swim th' Ocean stream:
Him haply flumb'ring on the *Norway* foam,
The Pilot of some small night-founder'd Skiff,

Deeming

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Deeming some Island, oft, as Sea-men tell, 205

With fixed Anchor in his skaly rind,

Moors by his Side under the Lee, while Night

Invests the Sea, and wished Morn delays.

So stretcht out huge in length the Arch-fiend lay,

Chain'd on the burning Lake; nor ever thence 210

Had ris'n or heav'd his Head, but that the will

And high Permission of all-ruling Heaven

Left him at large to his own dark designs,

That with reiterated crimes he might

Heap on himself damnation; while he fought 215

Evil to others, and enrag'd might see

How all his malice serv'd but to bring forth

Infinite goodness, grace and mercy shewn

On Man by him seduc'd, but on himself

Treble confusion, wrath and vengeance pour'd. 220

Forthwith upright he rears from off the Pool

His mighty Stature; on each hand the Flames

Driv'n backward slope their pointing Spires, and rowl'd

In Billows, leave i'th' midst a horrid Vale.

Then with expanded Wings he steers his flight 225

Aloft incumbent on the dusky Air

That

That felt unufual Weight, 'till on dry Land
He lights, if it were Land that ever burn'd
With folid, as the Lake with liquid fire:
And fuch appear'd in hue, as when the force 230
Of fubterranean Wind transports a Hill
Torn from *Pelorus*, or the fhatrer'd fide
Of thund'ring *Ætna*, whose combuftible
And fuel'd entrails thence conceiving Fire,
Sublim'd with mineral fury, aid the Winds, 235
And leave a finged bottom all involv'd
With ftench and fmoak: Such Refting found the Sole
Of unblefs't feet. Him follow'd his next Mate,
Both glorying to have fcap'd the *Stygian* floud,
As Gods, and by their own recover'd ftrength, 240
Not by the fufferance of fupernal Power.

Is this the Region, this the Soil, the Clime,
Said then the loft Arch-Angel, this the Seat
That we muft change for Heav'n? this mournful Gloom
For that celestial Light? Be it fo, fince he 245
Who now is Sov'rain can difpofe and bid
What fhall be right: fartheft from him is beft,
Whom Reason hath equal'd, Force hath made fupream
Above

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Above his equals. Farewell happy Fields,
Where Joy for ever dwells! Hail Horrors, hail 250
Infernal world! and thou profoundest Hell
Receive thy new Possessor: One who brings
A Mind not to be chang'd by Place or Time.
The Mind is its own place, and in it self
Can make a Heav'n of Hell, a Hell of Heav'n. 255
What matter where, if I be still the same,
And what I should be; all but less than he
Whom Thunder hath made greater? Here at least
We shall be Free; th' Almighty hath not built
Here for his Envy; will not drive us hence: 260
Here we may reign secure, and in my choice
To reign is worth ambition, tho' in Hell:
Better to reign in Hell, than serve in Heav'n.
But wherefore let we then our faithful Friends,
Th' associates and copartners of our loss, 265
Lye thus astonish'd on th' oblivious Pool,
And call them not to share with us their part
In this unhappy mansion, or once more
With rallied Arms to try what may be yet
Regain'd in Heav'n, or what more lost in Hell? 270
So

So *Satan* spake, and him *Bēelzebub*
Thus answer'd: Leader of those Armies bright,
Which but th' Omnipotent none could have foil'd,
If once they hear that Voice, their liveliest pledge
Of hope in fears and dangers, heard so oft 275
In worst extremes, and on the perillous edge
Of battel when it rag'd, in all assaults
Their surest signal, they will soon resume
New Courage and revive, tho' now they lye
Gro'ling and prostrate on yon Lake of Fire, 280
As we e'erwhile astounded and amaz'd,
No wonder, fall'n such a pernicious height.

He scarce had ceas'd, when the superiour Fiend
Was moving toward the shore; his pond'rous Shield,
Ethereal temper, massie, large and round, 285
Behind him cast; the broad Circumference
Hung on his Shoulders like the Moon, whose Orb
Thro' Optick Glass the *Tuscan* Artist views
At Ev'ning from the Top of *Fesole*,
Or in *Valdarno*, to descry new Lands, 290
Rivers or Mountains in her spotty Globe.
His Spear, to equal which the tallest Pine

Hewn

Hewn on *Norwegian* hills, to be the Mast
Of some great Ammiral, were but a Wand,
He walk'd with to support uneasie steps 295
Over the burning Marle, not like those steps
On Heaven's Azure; and the torrid clime
Smote on him fore besides, vaulted with Fire.
Nathless he so endur'd, 'till on the Beach
Of that inflamed Sea he stood, and call'd 300
His Legions, Angel Forms; who lay entrans't
Thick as autumnal leaves that strow the brooks
In *Vallombrosa*, where th' *Etrurian* shades
High over-arch'd embowr; or scatter'd sedge
Afloat, when with fierce winds *Orion* arm'd 305
Hath vex'd the Red-Sea coast: whose waves o'erthrew
Busiris and his *Memphian* chivalry,
While with perfidious hatred they pursu'd
The Sojourners of *Goshen*, who beheld
From the safe shore their floating Carkases 310
And broken Chariot Wheels. So thick bestrown,
Abject and lost lay these, covering the Floud,
Under amazement of their hideous change.
He call'd so loud, that all the hollow Deep

Of Hell refounded. Princes, Potentates, 315
Warriours, the Flow'r of Heav'n, once yours, now lost,
If such Astonishment as this can seize
Eternal Spirits: Or have ye chos'n this place
After the toil of Battel to repose
Your wearied vertue, for the ease you find 320
To slumber here, as in the Vales of Heav'n?
Or in this abject posture have ye sworn
T'adore the Conqueror? who now beholds
Cherub and Seraph rowling in the Floud,
With scatter'd Arms and Ensigns, 'till anon 325
His swift pursuers from Heav'n Gates discern
Th' advantage, and descending tread us down
Thus drooping, or with linked Thunderbolts
Transfix us to the bottom of this Gulfe.
Awake. Arise. Or be for ever fall'n. 330

They heard, and were abasht, and up they sprung
Upon the wing, as when men wont to watch
On duty, sleeping found by whom they dread,
Rouze and bestir themselves e'er well awake.
Nor did they not perceive the evil plight 335
In which they were, or the fierce pains not feel;
Yet

Yet to their General's voice they soon obey'd
Innumerable. As when the potent Rod
Of *Amram's* Son, in *Ægypt's* evil day,
Wav'd round the coast, up call'd a pitchy cloud 340
Of Locusts, warping on the Eastern Wind,
That o'er the realm of impious *Pharaoh* hung
Like Night, and darken'd all the land of *Nile*:
So numberless were those bad Angels seen
Hovering on wing under the Cope of Hell 345
'Twixt upper, nether, and surrounding Fires;
Till, as a signal giv'n, th' up-lifted Spear
Of their great Sultan waving to direct
Their course, in even balance down they light
On the firm Brimstone, and fill all the Plain. 350
A multitude, like which the populous North
Pour'd never from her frozen loyns, to pass
Rhene or the *Danaw*, when her barbarous sons
Came like a Deluge on the South, and spread
Beneath *Gibraltar* to the *Libyan* sands. 355
Forthwith from every squadron and each band
The Heads and Leaders thither haste where stood
Their great Commander; God-like shapes and forms

Excelling human, Princely Dignities, 359
And Powers, that earst in Heaven sat on Thrones;
Tho' of their names in Heav'nly records now
Be no memorial, blotted out and ras'd,
By their rebellion, from the Books of Life.

Nor had they yet among the Sons of *Eve* 364
Got them new Names, 'till wandring o'er the Earth,
Thro' God's high sufferance for the trial of man,
By falsities and lyes the greatest part
Of Mankind they corrupted to forsake
God their Creator, and th' invisible
Glory of him that made them, to transform 370
Oft to the Image of a Brute, adorn'd
With gay Religions full of Pomp and Gold,
And Devils to adore for Deities.

Then were they known to Men by various Names,
And various Idols thro' the Heathen World. 375

Say, Muse, their Names then known, who first, who last,
Rouz'd from the slumber, on that fiery Couch,
At their great Emperor's call, as next in worth
Came Singly where he stood on the bare Strand,
While the promiscuous croud stood yet aloof? 380

The

The chief were those who from the Pit of Hell
Roaming to seek their prey on earth, durst fix
Their seats long after next the seat of God,
Their altars by his altar, Gods ador'd
Among the Nations round, and durst abide 385
Jehovah thund'ring out of *Sion*, thron'd
Between the Cherubim: yea, often plac'd
Within his Sanctuary it self their Shrines,
Abominations; and with curfed things
His holy rites and solemn feasts prophan'd, 390
And with their darkness durst affront his light.
First *Moloch*, horrid King, besmear'd with blood
Of human sacrifice, and parents tears,
Tho' for the noise of Drums and Timbrels loud
Their childrens cries unheard, that past thro' Fire 395
To his grim Idol. Him the *Ammonite*
Worship'd in *Rabba* and her watry Plain,
In *Argob* and in *Basan*, to the stream
Of utmost *Arnon*. Nor content with such
Audacious neighbourhood, the wisest heart 400
Of *Solomon* he led by fraud to build
His Temple right against the Temple of God

On

On the opprobrious Hill, and made his Grove
The pleasant Vally of *Hinnon*, *Tophet* thence
And black *Gebenna* call'd, the type of Hell. 405
Next *Chemos*, th' obscene dread of *Moab's* sons,
From *Aroar* to *Nebo*, and the Wild
Of southmost *Abarim*; in *Hesebon*
And *Heronaim*, *Seon's* realm, beyond
The flow'ry Dale of *Sibma*, clad with Vines, 410
And *Eleale* to th' *Asphaltick* Pool.
Peor his other Name, when he entic'd
Israel in *Sittim* on their march from *Nile*,
To do him wanton rites, which cost them wee.
Yet thence his lustful Orgies he enlarg'd 415
Ev'n to that Hill of scandal, by the Grove
Of *Moloch* homicide, Lust hard by Hate;
Till good *Josiah* drove them thence to Hell.
With these came they, who from the bord'ring floud
Of old *Euphrates* to the Brook that parts 420
Egypt from *Syrian* ground, had general names
Of *Baalim* and *Ashtaroth*, those Male,
These Feminine. For Spirits when they please
Can either Sex assume, or both; so soft

And

And uncompounded is their Essence pure, 425
Not ty'd or manac'd with joint or limb,
Nor founded on the brittle strength of bones,
Like cumbrous flesh: but in what shape they chuse
Dilated or condens'd, bright or obscure,
Can execute their airy purposes, 430
And works of love or enmity fulfil.
For those the race of *Israel* oft forsook
Their living Strength, and unfrequented left
His righteous Altar, bowing lowly down
To bestial Gods; for which their heads as low 435
Bow'd down in Battle, sunk before the Spear
Of despicable foes. With these in troop
Came *Astoreth*, whom the *Phœnicians* call'd
Astarte, Queen of Heav'n, with crescent Horns;
To whose bright Image nightly by the Moon 440
Sidonian Virgins paid their vows and songs,
In *Sion* also not unfung, where stood
Her Temple on th' offensive Mountain, built
By that uxorious King, whose heart tho' large,
Beguil'd by fair Idolatresses, fell 445
To Idols foul. *Thammuz* came next behind,

Whose

Whose annual Wound in *Lebanon* allur'd
The *Syrian* Damsels to lament his fate
In am'rous ditties all a Summer's day,
While smooth *Adonis* from his native Rock 450
Ran purple to the Sea, suppos'd with blood
Of *Thammuz* yearly wounded: the Love-tale
Infected *Sion's* Daughters with like heat,
Whose wanton passions in the sacred Porch
Ezekiel saw, when by the Vision led 455
His Eyes survey'd the dark Idolatries
Of alienated *Judah*. Next came one
Who mourn'd in earnest, when the captive Ark
Maim'd his brute Image, head and hands lopt off
In his own Temple, on the grunsel edge 460
Where he fell flat, and sham'd his Worshippers:
Dagon his Name, Sea-Monster, upward Man
And downward Fish: yet had his Temple high
Rear'd in *Azotus*, dreaded through the coast
Of *Palestine*, in *Gath* and *Ascalon*, 465
And *Accaron* and *Gaza's* frontier bounds.
Him follow'd *Rimmon*, whose delightful seat
Was fair *Damascus*, on the fertil banks

Of

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Of *Abbana* and *Pharphar*, lucid streams.

He also against the House of God was bold: 470

A Leper once he lost, and gain'd a King,

Abaz his sottish Conqueror, whom he drew

God's Altar to disparage and displace

For one of *Syrian* mode, whereon to burn

His odious off'rings, and adore the Gods 475

Whom he had vanquisht. After these appear'd

A crew who under names of old renown,

Osiris, *Isis*, *Orus*, and their train,

With monstrous shapes and forceries abus'd

Fanatick *Ægypt* and her Priests, to seek 480

Their wandring Gods disguis'd in brutish forms

Rather than human. Nor did *Israel* 'scape

Th'infection, when their borrow'd Gold compos'd

The Calf in *Oreb*; and the Rebel King

Doubled that sin in *Bethel* and in *Dan*, 485

Lik'ning his Maker to the grazed Oxe,

Jehovah, who in one Night when he pass'd

From *Ægypt* marching, equal'd with one stroke

Both her first-born and all her bleating Gods.

Belial came last, than whom a Spirit more lewd 490

E

Fell

Fell not from heaven, or more gross to love
Vice for it self: To him no Temple stood,
Or Altar smoak'd; yet who more oft than he
In Temples and at Altars, when the Priest
Turns Atheist, as did *El*'s sons, who fill'd 495
With lust and violence the house of God.
In Courts and Palaces he also reigns,
And in luxurious Cities, where the noise
Of riot ascends above their loftiest tow'rs,
And injury and outrage: And when night 500
Darkens the streets, then wander forth the Sons
Of *Belial*, flown with insolence and wine.
Witness the streets of *Sodom*, and that night
In *Gibeah*, when the hospitable door
Expos'd a Matron to avoid worse rape. 505

These were the prime in order, and in might;
The rest were long to tell, though far renown'd.
Th' *Ionian* Gods, of *Javan*'s issue, held
Gods, yet confess'd later than Heaven and Earth
Their boasted Parents; *Titan*, Heav'n's first-born, 510
With his enormous brood, and birthright seiz'd
By younger *Saturn*; he from mightier *Jove*,

His

His own and *Rhea's* Son, like measure found;
So *Jove* usurping reign'd: these first in *Crete*
And *Ida* known, thence on the snowy top 515
Of cold *Olympus* rul'd the middle Air,
Their highest Heav'n; or on the *Delphian* Cliff,
Or in *Dodona*, and thro' all the bounds
Of *Doric* Land; or who with *Saturn* old
Fled over *Adria* to th' *Hesperian* Fields, 520
And o'er the *Celtic* roam'd the utmost Isles.
All these and more came flocking; but with looks
Down cast and damp, yet such wherein appear'd
Obscure some glimpse of joy, to have found their Chief
Not in despair, to have found themselves not lost. 525
In loss it self; which on his count'nance cast
Like doubtful hue: but he his wonted pride
Soon recollecting, with high words, that bore
Semblance of worth, not substance, gently rais'd
Their fainting courage, and dispell'd their fears. 530
Then strait commands that at the warlike sound
Of Trumpets loud and Clarions be uprear'd
His mighty Standard; that proud honour claim'd
Azazel as his right, a Cherub tall:

Who forthwith from the glittering Staff unfurl'd 535
Th' Imperial Ensign, which full high advanc'd
Shone like a Meteor streaming to the wind,
With gemms and golden lustre rich emblaz'd,
Seraphic Arms and Trophies; all the while
Sonorous metal blowing martial sounds: 540
At which the universal Host up sent
A shout that tore Hell's Concave, and beyond
Frighted the reign of *Chaos* and old *Night*.
All in a moment thro' the gloom were seen
Ten thousand Banners rise into the air 545
With orient colours waving: with them rose
A forest huge of Spears; and thronging Helms
Appear'd, and ferried Shields in thick array,
Of depth immeasurable. Anon they move
In perfect *Phalanx* to the *Dorian* mood 550
Of Flutes and soft Recorders; such as rais'd
To height of noblest temper Heroes old
Arming to battel, and in stead of rage
Deliberate valour breath'd, firm, and unmov'd
With dread of death to flight or foul retreat: 555
Nor wanting power to mitigate and swage,

With

With solemn touches, troubled thoughts, and chase
Anguish and doubt and fear and sorrow and pain
From mortal or immortal minds. Thus they
Breathing united force with fixed thought 560
Mov'd on in silence to soft Pipes, that charm'd
Their painful steps o'er the burnt soyl; and now
Advanc'd in view, they stand, a horrid Front
Of dreadful length and dazzling Arms, in guise
Of Warriors old with order'd Spear and Shield, 565
Awaiting what command their mighty Chief
Had to impose. He thro' the armed Files
Darts his experienc'd eye, and soon traverse
The whole Battalion views, their order due,
Their visages and stature as of Gods; 570
Their number last he summs. And now his heart
Distends with pride, and hard'ning in his strength
Glories: For never since created Man
Met such imbodied force, as nam'd with these
Could merit more than that small Infantry 575
Warr'd on by Cranes; tho' all the Giant brood
Of *Phlegra* with th' Heroick race were join'd,
That fought at *Thebes* and *Ilium*, on each side

Mix'd

Mix'd with auxiliar Gods; and what resounds
In Fable or Romance of *Uther's* Son, 580
Begirt with *British* and *Armoric* Knights;
And all who, since, Baptiz'd or Infidel,
Jousted in *Aspramont* or *Montalban*,
Damasco, or *Morocco*, or *Trebisond*,
Or whom *Biserta* sent from *Afric* shore 585
When *Charlemain* with all his Peerage fell
By *Feuntarabia*. Thus far these beyond
Compare of mortal prowess, yet observ'd
Their dread Commander. He, above the rest
In shape and gesture proudly eminent 590
Stood like a Tow'r; his Form had yet not lost
All her Original brightness, nor appear'd
Less than Arch-Angel ruin'd, and th' excess
Of Glory obscur'd. As when the Sun new-ris'n
Looks thro' the horizontal misty air 595
Shorn of his beams, or from behind the Moon,
In dim Eclipse, disastrous Twilight sheds
On half the nations, and with fear of change
Perplexes Monarchs: Darken'd so, yet shone
Above them all th' Arch-Angel. But his face 600
Deep

Deep scars of Thunder had intrencht, and care
Sate on his faded cheek, but under brows
Of dauntless courage, and confid'rate pride
Waiting revenge. Cruel his Eye, but cast
Signs of remorse and passion to behold 605
The fellows of his crime, the followers rather,
(Far other once beheld in blifs) condemn'd
For ever now to have their lot in pain,
Millions of Spirits for his fault amerc't
Of Heav'n, and from eternal splendors flung 610
For his revolt, yet faithful how they stood,
Their Glory wither'd. As when Heav'n's Fire
Hath scath'd the forest Oaks, or mountain Pines,
With singed top their stately growth tho' bare
Stands on the blasted Heath. He now prepar'd 615
To speak; whereat their doubled Ranks they bend
From wing to wing, and half inclose him round
With all his Peers: Attention held them mute.
Thrice he assay'd, and thrice in spight of Scorn,
Tears, such as Angels weep, burst forth; at last 620
Words interwove with sighs found out their way.

O Myriads of immortal Spirits, O Powers
Matchless, but with th' Almighty! and that strife
Was not inglorious, tho' th' event was dire,
As this place testifies, and this dire change, 625
Hateful to utter: but what power of mind,
Foreseeing or presaging, from the depth
Of knowledge past or present, could have fear'd,
How such united force of Gods, how such
As stood like these, could ever know repulse? 630
For who can yet believe, tho' after loss,
That all these puissant Legions, whose exile
Hath emptied heav'n, shall fail to re-ascend
Self-rais'd, and re-possess their native seat?
For me be witness all the Host of Heav'n, 635
If counsels different, or danger shun'd
By me, have lost our hopes. But he who reigns
Monarch in Heav'n, 'till then as one secure
Sate on his Throne, upheld by old repute,
Consent or custom, and his regal State 640
Put forth at full, but still his Strength conceal'd,
Which tempted our attempt, and wrought our fall.

Henceforth

Henceforth his might we know, and know our own,
So as not either to provoke, or dread
New war, provok't; our better part remains — 645
To work in close design, by fraud or guile,
What force effected not: that he no less
At length from us may find, who overcomes
By force, hath overcome but half his foe.
Space may produce new Worlds; whereof so rife 650
There went a fame in Heav'n that he e'er long
Intended to create; and therein plant
A generation, whom his choice regard
Should favour equal to the sons of Heaven:
Thither, if but to pry, shall be perhaps 655
Our first Eruption; thither or elsewhere:
For this Infernal Pit shall never hold
Celestial Spirits in bondage, nor th' Abyfs
Long under darkness cover. But these thoughts
Full Counsel must mature: Peace is despair'd, 660
For who can think Submission? War then, War
Open or understood must be resolv'd.

He spake: and to confirm his words out-flew

E

Millions

Millions of flaming fwords, drawn from the thighs
Of mighty Cherubim; the sudden blaze 665
Far round illumin'd Hell: highly they rag'd
Against the Highest, and fierce with grasped arms
Clash'd on their sounding shields the din of war,
Hurling defiance toward the Vault of Heav'n.

There stood a Hill not far, whose grisly top 670
Belch'd fire and rowling smoak; the rest entire
Shone with a glossy scurf, undoubted sign
That in his womb was hid metallick Ore,
The work of Sulphur. Thither wing'd with speed
A numerous Brigad hasten'd; As when bands 675
Of Pioneers with spade and pickax arm'd
Fore-run the Royal Camp, to trench a Field,
Or cast a Rampart. *Mammon* led them on,
Mammon, the least erected Spirit that fell
From Heav'n, for ev'n in Heav'n his looks and thoughts
Were always downward bent, admiring more 680
The riches of Heav'n's Pavement, trodden Gold,
Than aught divine or holy else enjoy'd
In Vision Beatific: by him first

Men

Book I. PARADISE LOST.

35

Men also, and by his suggestion taught, 685
Ranack'd the Center, and with impious hands
Rifled the bowels of their mother Earth
For Treasures better hid. Soon had his crew
Open'd into the Hill a spacious wound,
And dig'd out ribs of Gold. Let none admire 690
That Riches grow in Hell; that soyle may best
Deserve the precious bane. And here let those
Who boast in mortal things, and wond'ring tell
Of *Babel*, and the works of *Memphian* Kings,
Learn how their greatest Monuments of Fame, 695
And Strength and Art are easily out-done
By Spirits reprobate, and in an hour
What in an age they with incessant toyle
And hands innumerable scarce perform.
Nigh on the Plain in many cells prepar'd, 700
That underneath had veins of liquid fire
Sluc'd from the Lake, a second multitude
With wondrous art found out the massy Ore,
Severing each kind, and scum'd the Bullion dross:
A third as soon had form'd within the ground 705

A various Mould, and from the boiling cells
By strange conveyance fill'd each hollow nook,
As in an Organ from one blast of wind
To many a row of Pipes the sound-board breaths.
Anon out of the earth a Fabrick huge 710
Rose like an Exhalation, with the sound
Of dulcet Symphonies and voices sweet,
Built like a Temple, where *Pilasters* round
Were set, and Dorick Pillars overlaid
With golden Architrave; nor did there want 715
Cornice or Freeze, with bossy Sculptures grav'n;
The Roof was fretted Gold. Not *Babylon*,
Nor great *Alcairo* such magnificence
Equal'd in all their glories, to inshrine
Belus or *Serapis* their Gods, or seat 720
Their Kings, when *Ægypt* with *Assyria* strove
In wealth and luxury. Th' ascending pile
Stood fixt her stately height, and strait the doors
Op'ning their brazen folds discover wide
Within her ample spaces o'er the smooth 725
And level pavement: from the arched roof,

Pendent

Pendent by subtle Magic, many a row
Of starry Lamps and blazing Cressets, fed
With *Naphtha* and *Asphaltus*, yielded light
As from a Sky. The hasty multitude 730
Admiring enter'd, and the work some praise
And some the Architect: his hand was known
In Heav'n by many a Towred structure high,
Where Sceptred Angels held their residence,
And fate as Princes, whom the supreme King 735
Exalted to such power, and gave to rule,
Each in his Hierarchy, the Orders bright.
Nor was his name unheard or unador'd
In ancient *Greece*; and in *Ausonian* Land
Men call'd him *Mulciber*; and how he fell 740
From Heav'n, they fabled, thrown by angry *Jove*
Sheer o'er the Chrystal Battlements; from Morn
To Noon he fell, from Noon to dewy Eve,
A Summer's day; and with the setting Sun
Dropt from the Zenith like a falling Star, 745
On *Lemnos* th' *Ægean* Isle: Thus they relate,
Erring; for he with this rebellious rout

Fell

Fell long before; nor aught avail'd him now
T' have built in Heav'n high Tow'rs; nor did he scape
By all his Engines, but was headlong sent 750
With his industrious crew to build in Hell.

Mean while the winged Heralds by command
Of Sov'rain pow'r, with awful ceremony
And Trumpet's found, throughout the host proclaim
A solemn Council forthwith to be held 755
At *Pandemonium*, the high Capital
Of *Satan* and his Peers: Their summons call'd
From every Band and squared Regiment
By place or choice the worthiest; they anon
With hundreds and with thousands trooping came
Attended: all access was throng'd: the gates 761
And porches wide, but chief the spacious Hall
(Though like a cover'd field, where Champions bold
Wont ride in arm'd, and at the Soldan's Chair
Defi'd the best of Paynim Chivalry 765
To mortal Combat, or carriere with Lance)
Thick swarm'd, both on the ground and in the air,
Brush'd with the hiss of rustling Wings. As Bees

In

In spring-time, when the Sun with *Taurus* rides,
 Pour forth their populous youth about the hive 770
 In clusters; they among fresh Dews and Flowrs
 Fly to and fro, or on the smoothed Plank,
 The Suburb of their Straw-built Cittadel,
 New rubb'd with Baum, expatiate and confer
 Their State affairs. So thick the aery crowd 775
 Swarm'd and were straiten'd; till the Signal giv'n,
 Behold a wonder! they but now who seem'd
 In bigness to surpass Earth's Giant Sons
 Now less than smallest Dwarfs, in narrow room
 Throng numberless, like that Pygmean Race 780
 Beyond the *Indian* Mount, or Faery Elves,
 Whose midnight Revels by a Forest side
 Or Fountain some belated Peasant sees,
 Or dreams he sees, while over-head the Moon
 Sits Arbitress, and nearer to the Earth 785
 Wheels her pale course; they on their mirth and dance
 Intent, with jocund Music charm his Ear:
 At once with joy and fear his heart rebounds.
 Thus incorporeal Spirits to smallest forms

Reduc'd

Reduc'd their Shapes immense, and were at large, 790
Though without number, still amidst the Hall
Of that infernal Court. But far within,
And in their own dimensions like themselves,
The great Seraphic Lords and Cherubim
In close recess and secret conclave sat 795
A thousand Demi-gods on golden seats,
Frequent and full. After short silence then
And summons read, the great Consult began.

The End of the First Book.

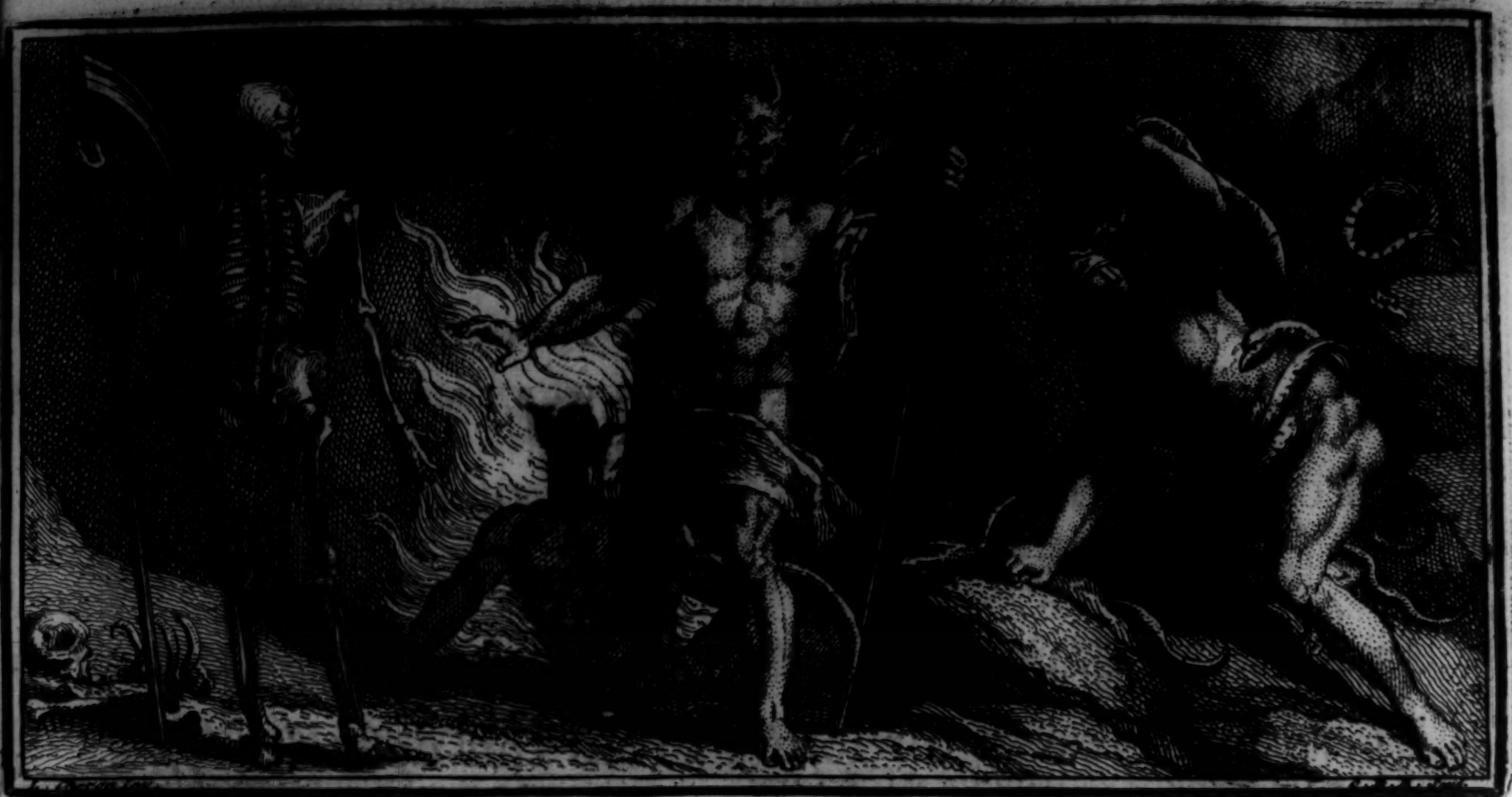


THE
SECOND BOOK
OF
PARADISE LOST.

G

The ARGUMENT.

The Consultation begun, Satan debates whether another Battel be to be hazarded for the recovery of Heaven: some advise it, others dissuade: A third Proposal is prefer'd, mentioned before by Satan, to search the truth of that Prophecy or Tradition in Heaven concerning another World, and another kind of Creature, equal, or not much inferior to themselves, about this time to be created: Their Doubt who shall be sent on this difficult search: Satan their Chief undertakes alone the Voyage; is honour'd and applauded. The Council thus ended, the rest betake them several ways, and to several employments, as their inclinations lead them, to entertain the time 'till Satan return. He passes on his Journey to Hell Gates, finds them shut, and who sate there to guard them, by whom at length they are open'd, and discover to him the great Gulf between Hell and Heaven; with what difficulty he passes through, directed by Chaos, the Power of that place, to the sight of this new World which he sought.



PARADISE LOST.

BOOK II.



HIGH on a Throne of Royal State,
 which far
 Outshon the wealth of *Ormus* and
 of *Ind*,
 Or where the gorgeous East with
 richest hand

Showrs on her Kings *Barbaric* Pearl and Gold,
Satan exalted sat, by merit rais'd
 To that bad eminence; and from despair

5

G 2

Thus

Thus high uplifted beyond hope, aspires
Beyond thus high, insatiate to pursue
Vain War with Heaven, and by success untaught
His proud imaginations thus display'd. 10

Powers and Dominions, Deities of Heav'n,
For since no deep within her gulph can hold
Immortal vigour, though oppress'd and fall'n,
I give not Heav'n for lost. From this descent
Celestial Virtues rising, will appear 15
More glorious and more dread than from no fall,
And trust themselves to fear no second fate.

Me though just Right, and the fix'd Laws of Heav'n
Did first create your Leader, next free Choice,
With what besides, in Counsel or in Fight, 20
Hath been achiev'd of merit, yet this loss
Thus far at least recover'd, hath much more
Establish'd in a safe unenvied Throne,
Yielded with full consent. The happier state
In Heav'n, which follows dignity, might draw 25
Envy from each inferiour; but who here
Will envy whom the Highest place exposes
Foremost to stand against the Thunderer's aim

Your

Your bulwark, and condemns to greatest share
Of endless pain? Where there is then no good 30
For which to strive, no strife can grow up there
From Faction; for none sure will claim in Hell
Precedence; none, whose portion is so small
Of present pain, that with ambitious mind
Will covet more. With this advantage then 35
To union, and firm faith, and firm accord,
More than can be in Heav'n, we now return
To claim our just inheritance of old,
Surer to prosper than prosperity
Could have assur'd us; and by what best way, 40
Whether of open War or covert Guile,
We now debate; who can advise may speak.

He ceas'd; and next him *Moloch*, Sceptred King,
Stood up, the strongest and the fiercest Spirit
That fought in Heav'n, now fiercer by despair: 45
His trust was with th' Eternal to be deem'd
Equal in strength, and rather than be less
Car'd not to be at all; with that care lost
Went all his fear: of God, or Hell, or worse,
He reck'd not; and these words thereafter spake. 50.

My

My sentence is for open War: of Wiles,
More unexpert, I boast not: them let those
Contrive who need; or when they need; not now:
For while they sit contriving, shall the rest,
Millions that stand in Arms, and longing wait 55
The Signal to ascend, sit ling'ring here
Heav'ns fugitives, and for their dwelling-place
Accept this dark opprobrious Den of shame,
The Prison of his Tyranny who reigns
By our delay? no, let us rather chuse, 60
Arm'd with Hell flames and fury, all at once
O'er Heav'ns high Tow'rs to force resistless way,
Turning our Tortures into horrid Arms
Against the Torturer; when to meet the noise
Of his Almighty Engine he shall hear 65
Infernal Thunder, and for Lightning see
Black fire and horror shot with equal rage
Among his Angels; and his Throne it self
Mixt with *Tartarean* Sulphur, and strange fire,
His own invented Torments. But perhaps 70
The way seems difficult and steep, to scale
With Upright wing against a higher foe.

Let

Let such bethink them, if the sleepy drench
Of that forgetful Lake benumm not still,
That in our proper motion we Ascend 75
Up to our native seat: descent and fall
To us is adverse. Who but felt of late,
When the fierce Foe hung on our broken Rere
Insulting, and pursu'd us through the Deep,
With what compulsion and laborious flight 80
We Sunk thus low? Th' Ascent is easie then.
Th' event is fear'd; should we again provoke
Our stronger, some Worse way his wrath may find
To our destruction: if there be in Hell
Fear to be worse destroy'd: what can be worse 85
Than to dwell here, driv'n out from Bliss, condemn'd
In this abhorred Deep to utter woe;
Where pain of unextinguishable fire
Must exercise us without hope of end
The Vassals of his anger, when the Scourge 90
Inexorably, and the torturing hour
Calls us to Penance? More destroy'd than thus
We should be quite Abolish'd and expire.
What fear we then? what doubt we to incense

His

His utmost Ire? which to the height enrag'd, 95
Will either quite consume us, and reduce
To Nothing this essential, happier far
Than Miserable to have eternal being:
Or if our Substance be indeed Divine,
And cannot cease to be, we are at worst 100
On this side nothing; and by proof we feel
Our power sufficient to disturb his Heav'n,
And with perpetual inrodes to alarm,
Though inaccessible, his fatal Throne:
Which, if not Victory, is yet Revenge. 105

He ended frowning, and his Look denounc'd
Desperate revenge, and battel dangerous
To less than Gods. On th' other side up rose
Belial, in act more gracefull and humane;
A fairer person lost not Heav'n; he seem'd 110
For dignity compos'd and high exploit:
But all was false and hollow; though his Tongue
Dropt Manna, and could make the worse appear
The better reason, to perplex and dash
Maturest Counsels: for his Thoughts were low; 115
To Vice industrious, but to nobler deeds

Tim'rous

Tim'rous and slothful: yet he pleas'd the Ear,
And with persuasive accent thus began.

I should be much for open War, O Peers,
As not behind in hate, if what was urg'd 120
Main reason to persuade immediate War,
Did not dissuade me most, and seem to cast
Ominous conjecture on the whole success:
When he who most excels in fact of Arms,
In what he counsels and in what excels 125
Mistrustful, grounds his courage on Despair
And utter Diffolution, as the scope
Of all his aim, after some dire Revenge.
First, what Revenge? the Tow'rs of Heav'n are fill'd
With armed Watch, that render all access 130
Impregnable; oft on the bordering Deep
Encamp their Legions, or with obscure wing
Scout far and wide into the realm of night,
Scorning surprize. Or could we break our way
By force, and at our heels all Hell should rise 135
With blackest Infurrection, to confound
Heav'ns purest Light; yet our great Enemy
All incorruptible would on his Throne

Sit unpolluted, and th' Ethereal mould
Incapable of stain would soon expell 140
Her mischief, and purge off the baser fire
Victorious. Thus repuls'd, our final hope
Is flat Despair: we must exasperate
Th' Almighty Victor to spend all his rage,
And that must End us, that must be our cure 145
To be no more. Sad cure! for who would lose,
Though full of pain, this Intellectual Being,
Those Thoughts that wander through Eternity;
To Perish rather, swallow'd up and lost
In the wide womb of uncreated night, 150
Devoid of sense and motion? and who knows,
Let this be good, whether our angry Foe
Can give it, or will ever; how he Can
Is doubtfull; that he never Will is sure.
Will he, so wise, let loose at once his ire, 155
Belike through impotence, or unaware,
To give his enemies their Wish, and end
Them in his anger, whom his anger saves
To punish endless? Wherefore cease we then,
Say they who counsel War, we are decreed, 160
Reserv'd,

Reserv'd, and destin'd to eternal woe;
 Whatever doing, what can we suffer More,
 What can we suffer Worse? Is this then Worst,
 Thus sitting, thus consulting, thus in Arms?
 What! when we fled amain, pursu'd and strook 165
 With Heav'n's afflicting Thunder, and besought
 The Deep to shelter us; this Hell then seem'd
 A Refuge from those wounds: or when we lay
 Chain'd on the burning Lake; that sure was Worse.
 What if the Breath that kindled those grim fires 170
 Awak'd should blow them into sevenfold rage,
 And plunge us in the flames? or from above
 Should intermitted Vengeance arm again
 His red right hand to plague us? what if all
 Her stores were open'd, and this Firmament 175
 Of Hell should spout her Cataracts of Fire,
 Impendent horrors, threatening hideous fall
 One day upon our heads; while we perhaps
 Designing or exhorting glorious war,
 Caught in a fiery Tempest shall be hurl'd 180
 Each on his Rock transfixt, the sport and prey
 Of racking Whirlwinds, or for ever sunk

Under yon boyling Ocean, wrapt in Chains;
There to converse with everlasting groans,
Unrespited, unpitied, unrepriev'd, 185
Ages of hopeless end? this would be Worse.
War therefore, open or conceal'd, alike
My voice dissuades; for what can force or guile
With him, or who deceive his mind, whose eye
Views all things at one view! he from Heav'n's height
All these our motions vain sees and derides; 191
Not more Almighty to resist our might
Than Wise to frustrate all our plots and wiles.
Shall we then live thus vile, the race of Heav'n
Thus trampled, thus expell'd, to suffer here 195
Chains and these Torments? better these than Worse,
By my advice; since Fate inevitable
Subdues us, and Omnipotent Decree,
The Victor's Will. To suffer, as to doe
Our strength is equal, nor the Law unjust 200
That so ordains. This was at first resolv'd
If we were wise, against so great a foe
Contending, and so doubtful what might fall.
I laugh, when those who at the Spear are bold

And

And vent'rous, if that fail them, shrink and fear, 205
What yet they know must follow, to endure
Exile, or ignominy, or bonds, or pain,
The sentence of their Conqu'ror: This is now
Our doom; which if we can sustain and bear,
Our Supreme Foe in time may much remit 210
His anger, and perhaps thus far remov'd
Not mind us not offending, satisfi'd
With what is punish't; whence these raging fires
Will slacken, if his breath stir not their flames.
Our purer essence then will overcome 215
Their noxious vapour, or enur'd not feel,
Or chang'd at length, and to the place conform'd
In temper and in nature, will receive
Familiar the fierce heat, and void of Pain;
This horror will grow mild, this darkness light. 220
Besides what hope the never-ending flight
Of future days may bring, what chance, what change
Worth waiting: since our present lot appears
For happy though but ill, for ill not worst,
If we procure not to our selves More woe. 225

Thus *Belial* with words cloath'd in Reason's garb

Counsel'd

Counsel'd ignoble ease, and peaceful Sloth,
Not Peace: and after him thus *Mammon* spake.

Either to disenthroned the King of Heav'n
We war, if War be best, or to regain 230

Our own Right lost: him to unthroned we then
May hope when everlasting Fate shall yield
To fickle Chance, and *Chaos* judge the strife:

The former vain to hope argues as vain
The latter: for what place can be for us 235

Within Heav'n's bound, unless Heav'n's Lord supreme

We overpower? Suppose he should relent

And publish Grace to all, on promise made

Of new Subjection; with what eyes could we

Stand in his presence humble, and receive 240

Strict Laws impos'd, to celebrate his Throne

With warbled Hymns, and to his Godhead sing

Forc't Halleluiahs; while he Lordly sits

Our envied Sov'ran, and his Altar breathes

Ambrosial Odours, and Ambrosial Flowers, 245

Our Servile offerings. This must be our task

In Heav'n, this our delight; how wearisome

Eternity so spent in worship paid

To

Book II. PARADISE LOST.

55

To whom we hate! Let us not then pursue
By force impossible, by leave obtain'd 250
Unacceptable, though in Heav'n, our state
Of splendid vassalage, but rather seek
Our own good from our selves, and from our own
Live to our selves, though in this vast recess,
Free, and to none accountable, preferring 255
Hard Liberty before the easie yoke
Of servile Pomp. Our greatness will appear
Then most conspicuous, when great things of small,
Useful of hurtful, prosperous of adverse
We can create, and in what place so'er 260
Thrive under evil, and work ease out of pain
Through labour and indurance. This deep world
Of Darkness do we dread? How oft amidst
Thick clouds and dark doth Heav'n's all-ruling Sire
Chuse to reside, his Glory unobscur'd, 265
And with the Majesty of darkness round
Covers his Throne; from whence deep thunders roar
Must'ring their rage, and Heav'n resembles Hell?
As he our darkness, cannot we his Light
Imitate when we please? This desert soile 270

Wants

Wants not her hidden lustre, Gemms and Gold;
Nor want we skill or art, from whence to raise
Magnificence; and what can Heav'n shew more?
Our torments also may in length of time
Become our Elements, these piercing Fires 275
As soft as now severe, our temper chang'd
Into their temper; which must needs remove
The Sensible of pain. All things invite
To Peaceful counsels, and the settled state
Of Order, how in safety best we may 280
Compose our present evils, with regard
Of what we are, and where, dismissing quite
All thoughts of War. Ye have what I advise.

He scarce had finish'd, when such murmur fill'd
Th' Assembly, as when hollow Rocks retain 285
The sound of blust'ring winds, which all night long
Had rouz'd the Sea, now with hoarse cadence lull
Sea-faring Men o'erwatcht, whose Bark by chance
Or Pinnacle anchors in a craggy Bay
After the Tempest. Such applause was heard 290
As *Mammon* ended, and his Sentence pleas'd,
Advising Peace: For such another Field

They

They dreaded worse than Hell: So much the fear
Of Thunder and the Sword of *Michael*
Wrought still within them; and no less desire 295
To found this Nether empire, which might rise,
By policy, and long process of time,
In emulation opposite to Heav'n.
Which when *Beelzebub* perceiv'd, than whom,
Satan except, none higher sat, with grave 300
Aspect he rose, and in his rising seem'd
A Pillar of State; deep on his Front engraven
Deliberation sat and public Care;
And Princely counsel in his face yet shone,
Majestick though in ruin: sage he stood 305
With *Atlantean* shoulders fit to bear
The weight of mightiest monarchies; his Look
Drew audience and attention still as night
Or summer's noon-tide air, while thus he spake.

Thrones and Imperial Powers, off-spring of heav'n,
Ethereal Vertues; or these Titles now 311
Must we renounce, and changing stile be call'd
Princes of Hell? for so the popular vote
Inclines, here to continue, and build up here

A growing Empire; doubtless; while we dream, 315
And know not that the King of Heav'n hath doom'd
This place our Dungeon, not our safe retreat
Beyond his potent arm, to live exempt
From Heav'n's high jurisdiction, in new league
Banded against his Throne, but to remain 320
In strictest bondage, though thus far remov'd,
Under th' inevitable curb, reserv'd
His captive multitude. For He, be sure,
In heighth or depth, still first and last will Reign
Sole King, and of his Kingdom lose no part 325
By our revolt, but over Hell extend
His empire, and with Iron Scepter rule
Us here, as with his Golden those in Heav'n.
What fit we then projecting Peace and War?
War hath determin'd us, and foil'd with loss 330
Irreparable; terms of peace yet none
Vouchsaf'd or sought; for what Peace will be giv'n
To us enslav'd, but custody severe,
And stripes, and arbitrary punishment
Inflicted? and what peace can we return? 335
But to our power hostility and hate,

Untam'd

Untam'd reluctance, and revenge though flow,
Yet ever plotting how the Conqueror least
May reap his Conquest, and may least rejoice
In doing what we most in suffering feel? 340
Nor will Occasion want, nor shall we need
With dangerous expedition to invade
Heav'n, whose high Walls fear no Assault or Siege,
Or Ambush from the Deep. What if we find
Some easier enterprize? There is a place 345
(If ancient and prophetic fame in Heav'n
Err not) another World, the happy seat
Of some new Race call'd *Man*, about this time
To be created Like to us, though Less
In power and excellence, but favour'd more 350
Of him who rules above: So was his will
Pronounc'd among the Gods, and by an Oath,
That shook Heav'n's whole circumference, confirm'd.
Thither let us bend all our thoughts, to learn
What creatures there inhabit, of what mould, 355
Or substance, how endu'd, and what their power,
And where their weakness, how attempted best,
By force or subtlety. Though Heav'n be shut,

And Heav'ns high arbitrator sit secure
In his own strength, this place may lye expos'd 360
The utmost border of his Kingdom, left
To their defence who hold it: here perhaps
Some advantagious act may be atchiev'd
By sudden onset, either with Hell fire
To waste his whole Creation, or possess 365
All as our own, and drive as we were driven,
The punie habitants; or if not drive,
Seduce them to our Party, that their God
May prove their foe, and with repenting hand
Abolish his own works. This would surpass 370
Common Revenge, and interrupt his joy
In our confusion, and our joy upraise
In his disturbance; when his darling Sons,
Hurl'd headlong to partake with us, shall curse
Their fair Original, and faded blifs, 375
Faded so soon. Advice if this be worth
Attempting, or to sit in darkness here
Hatching vain Empires. Thus *Beelzebub*
Pleaded his devilish Counsel, first devis'd
By *Satan*, and in part propos'd: for whence, 380
But

But from the Author of all Ill, could spring
So deep a malice to confound the race
Of mankind in one root, and Earth with Hell
To mingle and involve, done all to spite
The great Creator? But their spite still serves 385
His glory to augment. The bold design
Pleas'd highly those infernal States, and joy
Sparkled in all their eyes; with full assent
They vote: whereat his speech he thus renews.

Well have ye judg'd, well ended long debate, 390
Synod of Gods, and, like to what ye are,
Great things resolv'd, which from the lowest deep
Will once more lift us up in spight of Fate,
Nearer our ancient seat; perhaps in view 394
Of those bright confines, whence with neighbouring
And opportune excursion we may chance [Arms
Re-enter Heav'n; or else in some mild Zone
Dwell not unvisited of Heav'n's fair Light
Secure, and at the brightning Orient beam
Purge off this gloom; the soft delicious Air, 400
To heal the scar of these corrosive Fires
Shall breath her balm. But first whom shall we send

In

In search of this new World, whom shall we find
Sufficient? who shall tempt with wandering feet
The dark unbottom'd infinite Abyss, 405
And through the Palpable Obscure find out
His uncouth way, or spread his aery flight
Upborn with indefatigable wings
Over the Vast Abrupt, e'er he arrive
The happy Isle; what strength, what art can then 410
Suffice, or what evasion bear him safe
Through the strict Senteries and Stations thick
Of Angels watching round? Here he had need
All circumspection, and we now no less
Choice in our suffrage; for on whom we send, 415
The weight of all and our last hope relies.

This said, he sat; and expectation held
His look suspense, awaiting who appear'd
To second, or oppose, or undertake
The perilous attempt: but all sat mute 420
Pondering the danger with deep thoughts; and each
In others count'nance read his own dismay
Astonisht: none among the choice and prime
Of those Heav'n-warring Champions could be found

So

So hardy as to proffer or accept 425
Alone the dreadful voyage; till at last
Satan, whom now transcendent glory rais'd
Above his fellows, with Monarchal pride
Conscious of highest worth, unmov'd thus spake.

O Progeny of Heav'n, Empyreal Thrones, 430
With reason hath deep silence and demurr
Seiz'd us, though undismaid: Long is the way
And hard, that out of Hell leads up to Light;
Our prison strong, this huge convex of Fire,
Outragious to devour, immures us round 435
Ninefold, and gates of burning Adamant
Barr'd over us prohibit all egress.
These pass'd, if any pass, the void profound
Of unessential Night receives him next
Wide gaping, and with utter loss of being 440
Threatens him, plung'd in that abortive gulf.
If thence he scape into whatever world,
Or unknown Region, what remains him less
Than unknown dangers, and as hard escape?
But I should ill become this Throne, O Peers, 445
And this Imperial Sov'reignty, adorn'd

With

With splendor, arm'd with power, if ought propos'd
And judg'd of public moment, in the shape
Of Difficulty or Danger could deter
Me from attempting. Wherefore do I assume 450
These Royalties, and not refuse to reign,
Refusing to accept as great a share
Of hazard as of honour, due alike
To him who reigns, and so much to him due
Of hazard more, as he above the rest 455
High honour'd sits? Go therefore mighty Powers,
Terror of Heav'n, though fall'n; intend at home,
While here shall be our home, what best may ease
The present misery, and render Hell
More tolerable; if there be cure or charm 460
To respite or deceive, or slack the pain
Of this ill Mansion: intermit no watch
Against a wakeful Foe, while I abroad
Through all the Coasts of dark destruction seek
Deliverance from us all: this enterprize 465
None shall partake with Me. Thus saying rose
The Monarch, and prevented all reply,
Prudent, lest from his resolution rais'd

Others

Others among the chief might offer now
 (Certain to be refus'd) what erst they fear'd; 470
 And so refus'd might in opinion stand
 His Rivals, winning cheap the high repute
 Which he through hazard huge must earn. But they
 Dreaded not more th' adventure than his voice
 Forbidding; and at once with him they rose; 475
 Their rising all at once was as the sound
 Of Thunder heard remote. Towards him they bend
 With awful reverence prone; and as a God
 Extoll him equal to the highest in Heav'n:
 Nor fail'd they to express how much they prais'd, 480
 That for the general safety he despis'd
 His own: for neither do the Spirits Damn'd
 Lose all their virtue; lest bad Men should boast
 Their specious deeds on Earth, which glory excites,
 Or close ambition varnisht o'er with zeal. 485
 Thus they their doubtful consultations dark
 Ended, rejoicing in their matchless Chief:
 As when from mountain tops the dusky Clouds
 Ascending, while the North-wind sleeps, o'er-spread
 Heav'ns chearful face, the lowring Element 490

Scowls o'er the darken'd lantskip snow, or showre;
If chance the radiant Sun with farewell sweet
Extend his ev'ning beam, the fields revive,
The birds their notes renew, and bleating herds
Attest their joy, that hill and valley rings. 495

O shame to men! Devil with Devil damn'd
Firm concord holds, Men only disagree
Of creatures Rational, though under hope
Of heav'nly Grace, and God proclaiming peace,
Yet live in hatred, enmity, and strife 500

Among themselves, and levie cruel wars,
Wasting the Earth, each other to destroy:
As if (which might induce us to accord)
Man had not hellish foes anow besides,
That day and night for his destruction wait. 505

The *Stygian* Council thus dissolv'd; and forth
In order came the grand infernal Peers.

'Midst came their mighty Paramount, and seem'd
Alone th' Antagonist of Heav'n, nor less
Than Hell's dread Emperour with pomp Supream, 510
And God-like imitated State; him round
A Globe of fiery Seraphim inclos'd

With

With bright imblazonry, and horrent Arms.
Then of their Seſſion ended they bid cry
With Trumpets regal ſound the great reſult: 515
Tow'rds the four winds four ſpeedy Cherubim
Put to their mouths the ſounding Alchymie
By Herald's Voice explain'd; the hollow Abyſs
Heard far and wide, and all the Hoſt of Hell
With deafning ſhout return'd them loud acclaim. 520
Thence more at eaſe their minds, and ſomewhat rais'd
By falſe preſumptuous hope, the ranged powers
Diſband, and wandring, each his ſeveral way
Pursues, as inclination or ſad choice
Leads him perplext, where he may likeliſt find 525
Truce to his reſtleſs thoughts, and entertain
The irkſome hours, till his great Chief return.
Part on the Plain, or in the Air ſublime
Upon the Wing, or in ſwift Race contend,
As at th' *Olympian* Games or *Pythian* fields 530
Part curb their fiery Steeds, or ſhun the Goal
With rapid Wheels, or fronted Brigads form.
As when to warn proud Cities war appears
Waged in the troubled Sky, and Armies ruſh

To battel in the Clouds, before each Van 535
Prick forth the Aery Knights, and couch their Spears
Till thickest Legions close; with feats of Arms
From either end of Heav'n the welkin burns.
Others with vast *Typhaean* rage more fell
Rend up both Rocks and Hills, and ride the Air 540
In whirlwind; Hell scarce holds the wild uproar.
As when *Alcides* from *Oechalia* crown'd
With conquest, felt th' envenom'd robe, and tore
Through pain up by the roots *Theſſalian* Pines,
And *Lichas* from the top of *Oeta* threw 545
Into th' *Euboic* Sea. Others more mild,
Retreated in a ſilent valley, ſing
With notes Angelical to many a Harp
Their own heroic deeds and hapleſs fall
By doom of battel; and complain that Fate 550
Free Virtue ſhould enthrall to Force or Chance.
Their Song was Partial, but the harmony
(What could it leſs when Spirits immortal ſing?)
Suspended Hell, and took with raviſhment
The thronging audience. In diſcourſe more ſweet 555
(For Eloquence the Soul, Song charms the Senſe.)

Others

Others apart sat on a Hill retir'd,
In thoughts more elevate, and reason'd high
Of Providence, Foreknowledge, Will and Fate,
Fixt Fate, free Will, Foreknowledge absolute, 560
And found no end, in wandring mazes lost.
Of good and evil much they argu'd then,
Of happiness and final misery,
Passion and apathie, and glory and shame,
Vain wisdom all, and false philosophy, 565
Yet with a pleasing forcery could charm
Pain for a while or anguish, and excite
Fallacious hope, or arm th' obdurate breast
With stubborn patience as with triple steel.
Another Part in squadrons and gross bands, 570
On bold adventure to discover wide
That dismal world, if any Clime perhaps
Might yield them easier habitation, bend
Four ways their flying March, along the Banks
Of four infernal Rivers that disgorge 575
Into the burning Lake their baleful streams;
Abhorred *Styx* the flood of deadly Hate;
Sad *Acheron* of Sorrow, black and deep;

Cocytus,

Cocytus, nam'd of Lamentation loud
Heard on the rueful stream; fierce *Phlegeton* 580
Whose waves of torrent Fire inflame with Rage.
Far off from these a flow and silent stream,
Lethe the river of Oblivion, rolls
Her watry Labyrinth, whereof who drinks
Forthwith his former state and being forgets, 585
Forgets both joy and grief, pleasure and pain.
Beyond this floud a frozen Continent
Lies dark and wild, beat with perpetual storms
Of Whirlwind and dire Hail, which on firm land
Thaws not, but gathers heap, and ruin seems 590
Of ancient pile; all else deep Snow and Ice,
A gulf profound as that *Serbonian* Bog
Betwixt *Damiata* and mount *Casius* old,
Where Armies Whole have sunk: the parching Air
Burns froze, and Cold performs th' effect of Fire. 595
Thither by harpy-footed furies hail'd,
At certain revolutions all the damn'd
Are brought; and feel by turns the bitter change
Of fierce extreams, extreams by change more fierce,
From Beds of raging Fire to starve in Ice 600
Their

Their soft Ethereal warmth, and there to pine
Immovable, infixt, and frozen round,
Periods of time, thence hurried back to Fire.
They ferry over this *Lethean* Sound
Both to and fro, their sorrow to augment, 605
And wish and struggle, as they pass, to reach
The tempting stream, with one small Drop to lose
In sweet forgetfulness all pain and woe,
All in one moment, and so near the brink;
But Fate withstands, and to oppose th' attempt 610
Medusa with *Gorgonian* terrour guards
The Ford, and of it self the water flies
All tast of living wight, as once it fled
The lip of *Tantalus*. Thus roving on
In confus'd march forlorn th' adventrous Bands 615
With shuddring horror pale, and eyes agast
View'd first their lamentable lot, and found
No rest: through many a dark and dreary Vale
They pass'd, and many a Region dolorous,
O'er many a frozen, many a fiery Alp, 620
Rocks, Caves, Lakes, Fens, Bogs, Dens, and shades
A Universe of death, which God by curse [of death,
Created

Created evil, for Evil only good,
Where all life dies, death lives, and nature breeds,
Perverse, all monstrous, all prodigious things, 625
Abominable, inutterable, and worse
Than Fables yet have feign'd, or fear conceiv'd,
Gorgons and *Hydra's* and *Chimera's* dire.

Mean while the Adversary of God and Man,
Satan, with thoughts inflam'd of highest design, 630
Puts on swift wings, and towards the Gates of Hell
Explores his Solitary flight; sometimes
He scoures the right hand coast, sometimes the left,
Now shaves with level wing the Deep, then soars
Up to the fiery Concave tow'ring high. 635
As when far off at Sea a Fleet descry'd
Hangs in the Clouds, by *Æquinoctial* Winds
Close sailing from *Bengala*, or the Isles
Of *Ternate* and *Tidore*, whence Merchants bring
Their spicy Drugs: they on the Trading Flood 640
Through the wide *Ethiopian* to the Cape
Ply, stemming nightly toward the Pole. So seem'd
Far off the flying Fiend: at last appear
Hell bounds high reaching to the horrid Roof,

And

And thrice threefold the Gates; three folds were Brass,
Three Iron, three of Adamantine Rock, 646
Impenetrable, impal'd with circling fire,
Yet unconsum'd. Before the Gates there sat
On either side a formidable Shape;
The one seem'd Woman to the waste, and fair, 650
But ended foul in many a scaly fold
Voluminous and vast, a Serpent arm'd
With mortal sting: about her middle round
A cry of Hell-hounds never ceasing bark'd
With wide *Cerberian* mouths full loud, and rung 655
A hideous Peal: yet; when they list, would creep,
If ought disturb'd their noise, into her womb,
And kennel there, yet there still bark'd and howl'd,
Within unseen. Far less abhorr'd than these
Vex'd *Scylla*, bathing in the Sea that parts 660
Calabria from the hoarse *Trinacrian* shore:
Nor uglier follow the Night-Hag, when call'd
In secret, riding through the Air she comes
Lur'd with the smell of infant blood, to dance
With *Lapland* Witches, while the lab'ring Moon 665
Eclipses at their charms. The other Shape,

L

If

If Shape it might be call'd that shape had none
Distinguishable in member, joint, or limb,
Or substance might be call'd that Shadow seem'd,
For each seem'd either; black it stood as Night, 670
Fierce as ten Furies, terrible as Hell,
And shook a dreadful Dart; what seem'd his head
The likeness of a Kingly Crown had on.
Satan was now at hand, and from his seat
The Monster moving onward came as fast 675
With horrid strides: Hell trembled as he strode.
Th' undaunted Fiend what this might be admir'd,
Admir'd, not Fear'd; God and his Son except,
Created thing naught valu'd he nor shun'd;
And with disdainful look thus first began. 680

Whence and what art thou, execrable Shape,
That dar'st, though grim and terrible, advance
Thy miscreated Front athwart my way
To yonder Gates? through them I mean to pass,
That be assur'd, without leave askt of thee. 685
Retire, or tast thy folly, and learn by proof,
Hell-born, not to contend with Spirits of Heav'n.
To whom the Goblin full of wrath reply'd,

Art

Art thou that Traitor Angel, art thou He
Who first broke peace in Heav'n and Faith, till then
Unbroken, and in proud rebellious Arms 691
Drew after him the Third part of Heav'ns Sons
Conjur'd against the Highest, for which both thou
And they outcast from God, are here condemn'd
To waste Eternal days in woe and pain? 695
And reckon'st thou thy self with Spirits of Heav'n,
Hell-doom'd, and breath'st defiance here and scorn
Where I reign King, and to enrage thee more,
Thy King and Lord? Back to thy punishment,
False fugitive, and to thy speed add wings, 700
Lest with a whip of Scorpions I pursue
Thy lingring, or with one stroke of this Dart
Strange horror seize thee, and pangs unfelt before.

So spake the grievly Terrour, and in shape,
So speaking, and so threatning, grew tenfold 705
More dreadful and deform: on th' other side
Incens'd with Indignation *Satan* stood
Unterrifi'd, and like a Comet burn'd,
That fires the length of *Ophiucus* huge
In th' Arctick Sky, and from his horrid hair 710

Shakes Pestilence and War. Each at the Head
Level'd his deadly aim; their fatal hands
No Second stroke intend, and such a Frown
Each cast at th' other, as when two black Clouds
With Heav'n's Artill'ry fraught, come rattling on 715
Over the *Caspian*, then stand front to front.
Hov'ring a space, till Winds the Signal blow
To join their dark Encounter in mid air:
So frown'd the mighty Combatants, that Hell
Grew Darker at their frown, so match'd they stood;
For never but once more was either like 721
To meet so great a foe: and now great deeds
Had been atchiev'd, whereof all Hell had rung,
Had not the Snaky Sorcerers that sat
Fast by Hell Gate, and kept the fatal Key, 725
Ris'n, and with hideous outcry rush'd between.

O Father, what intends thy Hand, she cry'd,
Against thy only Son! What Fury, O Son?
Possesses thee, to bend that mortal Dart 729
Against thy Father's Head? and know'st for whom?
For him who sits above and laughs the while
At thee ordain'd his drudge, to execute

What

What e'er his wrath, which he calls Justice, bids,
His Wrath which one day will destroy ye both.

She spake, and at her words the hellish Pest 735
Forbore, then these to her *Satan* return'd:

So strange thy outcry, and thy Words so strange
Thou interposest, that my sudden hand
Prevented spares to tell thee yet by deeds
What it intends; till first I know of thee, 740
What thing thou art, thus double-form'd, and why
In this infernal vale first met thou call'st
Me Father, and that Fantasm call'st my Son;
I know thee not, nor ever saw till now
Sight more detestable than him and thee. 745

T' whom thus the Portress of Hell Gate reply'd;
Hast thou forgot me then, and do I seem
Now in thine Eye so foul? once deem'd so fair
In Heav'n, when at th' Assembly, and in sight
Of all the Seraphim with thee combin'd 750
In bold conspiracy against Heav'n's King,
All on a sudden miserable pain
Surpriz'd thee, dim thine eyes, and dizzy swum
In darkness, while thy head flames thick and fast

Threw

Threw forth, till on the left side op'ning wide, 755
Likest to thee in shape and count'nance bright
Then shining heav'nly fair, a Goddess Arm'd,
Out of thy head I sprung: amazement seiz'd
All th' Host of Heav'n; back they recoil'd affraid
At first, and call'd me *Sin*, and for a Sign 760
Portentous held me; but familiar grown,
I pleas'd, and with attractive Graces won
The most averse, Thee chiefly, who full oft
Thy self in me thy perfect image viewing
Becam'st inamour'd, and such joy thou took'st 765
With me in secret, that my womb conceiv'd
A growing Burthen. Mean while war arose,
And fields were fought in Heav'n; wherein remain'd
(For what could else) to our Almighty Foe
Clear Victory, to our part loss and rout 770
Through all the Empyreal: down they fell
Driv'n headlong from the pitch of Heaven, down
Into this Deep, and in the gen'ral fall
I also; at which time this powerful Key
Into my hand was giv'n, with charge to keep 775
These Gates for ever shut, which none can pass

Without

Without my op'ning. Penfive here I sat
Alone, but long I sat not, till my womb
Pregnant by thee, and now excessive grown
Prodigious motion felt and rueful throes, 780
At last this odious offspring whom thou seest
Thine own begotten, breaking violent way
Tore through my intrails, that with fear and pain
Distorted, all my nether shape thus grew
Transform'd: but he my inbred enemy 785
Forth issu'd, brandishing his fatal Dart
Made to destroy: I fled, and cry'd out *Death*;
Hell trembl'd at the hideous Name, and sigh'd
From all her Caves, and back refounded *Death*.
I fled, but he pursu'd (though more, it seems, 790
Inflam'd with lust than rage) and swifter far,
Me overtook his Mother all dismay'd,
And in embraces forcible and foul
Ingendring with me, of that rape begot
These yelling Monsters that with ceaseless cry 795
Surround me, as thou sawst, hourly conceiv'd
And hourly born, with sorrow infinite

To

To me, for when they list into the Womb
That bred them they return, and howl and gnaw
My Bowels, their repast; then bursting forth 800
Afresh with conscious terrours vex me round,
That rest or intermission none I find.

Before mine eyes in opposition sits
Grim *Death* my Son and foe, who sets them on,
And me his Parent would full soon devour 805
For want of other prey, but that he knows
His end with mine involv'd; and knows that I
Should prove a bitter Morsel and his bane,
Whenever that shall be; so Fate pronounc'd.

But thou O Father, I forewarn thee, shun 810
His deadly Arrow; neither vainly hope
To be invuln'able in those bright Arms,
Though temper'd Heav'nly, for that Mortal dint,
Save he who reigns above, none can resist.

She finish'd, and the subtle Fiend his lore 815
Soon learn'd, now milder, and thus answer'd smooth.
Dear Daughter, since thou claim'st me for thy Sire,
And my fair Son here showst me, the dear pledge

Of

Of dalliance had with thee in Heav'n, and joys
Then sweet, now sad to mention, through dire change
Befall'n us unforeseen, unthought of, know 821
I come no Enemy, but to set free
From out this dark and dismal house of pain,
Both Him and Thee, and all the heav'nly Host
Of Spirits, that in our just pretences arm'd 825
Fell with us from on high. From them I go
This uncouth errand sole, and one for all
My self expose, with lonely steps to tread
Th' unfounded Deep, and through the void Immense
To search with wandring quest a place foretold 830
Should be, and, by concurring signs, e'er now
Created, vast and round, a place of bliss
In the pourlieues of Heav'n, and therein plac'd
A race of Upstart creatures, to supply
Perhaps our vacant room, though more remov'd, 835
Left Heav'n surcharg'd with potent multitude
Might hap to move new broils. Be this or aught
Than this more secret now design'd, I haste
To know, and this once known, shall soon return,

M

And

And bring ye to the place where Thou and *Death* 840
Shall dwell at ease, and up and down unseen
Wing silently the buxom Air, imbalm'd
With odours; there ye shall be fed and fill'd
Immeasurably, all things shall be your prey.

He ceas'd, for both seem'd highly pleas'd, and *Death*
Grinn'd horrible a ghastly smile, to hear 846
His famine should be fill'd, and blest his mawe
Destin'd to that good hour: no less rejoyc'd
His Mother bad, and thus bespake her Sire.

The Key of this infernal Pit, by due 850
And by command of Heav'n's all-powerful King,
I keep, by him forbidden to unlock
These Adamantine Gates; against all force
Death ready stands to interpose his dart,
Fearless to be o'ermatch'd by living might. 855

But what owe I to his commands above
Who hates me, and hath hither thrust me down
Into this gloom of *Tartarus* profound,
To sit in hateful Office here confin'd,
Inhabitant of Heav'n, and heav'nly-born! 860

Here

Here in perpetual agony and pain,
With terrors and with clamors compass't round
Of mine own brood, that on my bowels feed!
Thou art my Father, thou my Author, thou
My Being gav'st me; whom should I obey 865
But thee, whom follow? thou wilt bring me soon
To that new world of light and bliss, among
The Gods who live at ease, where I shall reign
At thy right hand Voluptuous, as beseems
Thy daughter, and thy darling, without end. 870

Thus saying, from her side the fatal Key,
Sad instrument of all our woe, she took;
And towards the Gate rouling her bestial train,
Forthwith the huge Porcullis high up drew,
Which but her self, not all the *Stygian* powers 875
Could once have mov'd; then in the key-hole turns
Th' intricate Wards, and every Bolt and Bar
Of massie Iron or solid Rock with ease
Unfastens: On a sudden open fly
With impetuous recoil and jarring sound 880
Th' infernal doors, and on their hinges grate

Harsh Thunder, that the lowest bottom shook
Of *Erebus*. She open'd, but to shut
Excell'd her power; the Gates wide open stood,
That with extended wings a Banner'd Host 885
Under spread Ensigns marching might pass through
With Horse and Chariots rank'd in Loose array;
So wide they stood, and like a Furnace mouth
Cast forth redounding smoak and ruddy flame.
Before their eyes in sudden view appear 890
The secrets of the hoary Deep, a dark
Illimitable Ocean without bound,
Without dimension, where length, breadth, and [height,
And time and place are lost; where eldest *Night*
And *Chaos*, Ancestors of Nature, hold 895
Eternal Anarchy, amidst the noise
Of endless Wars, and by confusion stand.
For *Hot*, *Cold*, *Moist*, and *Dry*, four Champions fierce,
Strive here for Mast'ry, and to Battel bring
Their Embryon Atoms; they around the Flag 900
Of each his Faction, in their sev'ral Clans,
Light-arm'd or heavy, sharp, smooth, swift, or slow,
Swarm

Swarm populous, un-numbered as the Sands
Of *Barca* or *Cyrene's* torrid soil,
Levied to side with warring Winds, and poise 905
Their lighter wings. To whom these most adhere,
He rules a moment; *Chaos* Umpire sits,
And by decision more embroils the fray
By which he reigns: next him high Arbiter
Chance governs all. Into this wild Abyfs, 910
(The Womb of Nature, and perhaps her Grave)
Of neither Sea, nor Shore, nor Air, nor Fire,
But all these in their pregnant causes mixt
Confus'dly, and which thus must ever fight,
Unless th' Almighty Maker them ordain 915
His dark materials to create more Worlds;
Into this wild Abyfs the wary Fiend
Stood on the brink of Hell and look'd a-while,
Pond'ring his Voyage; for no Narrow frith
He had to cross. Nor was his ear less peal'd 920
With noises loud and ruinous (to compare
Great things with small) than when *Bellona* storms,
With all her battering Engines bent to rase

Some

Some Capital City; or less than if this frame
Of Heav'n were falling, and these Elements 925
In mutiny had from her Axle torn
The stedfast Earth. At last his Sail-broad Vannes
He spreads for flight, and in the surging smoke
Uplifted spurns the ground: thence many a League
As in a cloudy Chair, ascending rides 930
Audacious: but that feat soon failing, meets
A vast Vacuity: all unawares
Flutt'ring his pennons vain plumb down he drops
Ten thousand Fathom deep, and to this hour
Down had been falling, had not by ill chance 935
The strong rebuff of some tumultuous cloud
Instinct with Fire and Nitre hurried him
As many Miles aloft. That fury stay'd,
Quencht in a Boggy Syrtis, neither Sea,
Nor good dry Land, nigh founder'd on he fares, 940
Treading the crude consistence, half on foot,
Half flying; behoves him now both Oar and Sail.
As when a Gryfon through the Wilderness
With winged course o'er Hill or moory Dale,

Pursues

Book II. PARADISE LOST.

87

Pursues the *Arimaspian*, who by stealth 945
Had from his wakeful custody purloin'd
The guarded Gold: So eagerly the Fiend
O'er bog, or steep, through strait, rough, dense, or rare,
With head, hands, wings, or feet, pursues his way,
And swims, or sinks, or wades, or creeps, or flies. 950
At length a universal hubbub wild
Of stunning Sounds and voices all confus'd
Borne through the hollow Dark assaults his ear
With loudest vehemence: Thither he plies,
Undaunted to meet there whatever Power 955
Or Spirit of the nethermost Abyss
Might in that noise reside, of whom to ask
Which way the nearest coast of darkness lies
Bordering on light. When strait behold the Throne
Of *Chaos*, and his dark Pavilion spread 960
Wide on the wasteful Deep; with him enthron'd
Sate Sable-vested *Night*, eldest of things,
The Confort of his Reign; and by them stood
Orchus and *Ades*, and the dreaded name
Of *Demogorgon*; *Rumor* next and *Chance*, 965
And

And *Tumult* and *Confusion* all imbroid'd,
And *Discord* with a thousand various mouths.

To whom *Satan* turning boldly, thus. Ye Powers
And Spirits of this nethermost Abyfs,
Chaos and ancient *Night*, I come no Spy, 970
With purpose to explore or to disturb
The secrets of your Realm; but by constraint
Wandering this darksome Defart, as my way,
Lies through your spacious Empire up to light,
Alone, and without guide, half lost, I seek 975
What readiest path leads where your gloomy bounds
Confine with Heav'n. Or if some other place,
From your Dominion won, th' Ethereal King
Possesses lately, thither to arrive
I travel this Profound. Direct my course; 980
Directed no mean recompence it brings
To your behoof, if I that Region lost,
All usurpation thence expell'd, reduce
To her original darkness and your sway
(Which is my present journey) and once more 985
Erect the Standard there of ancient *Night*;

Yours

Yours be th' Advantage all, mine the Revenge.

Thus *Satan*; and him thus the Anarch old,
With fault'ring speech and visage incompos'd,
Answer'd. I know thee, Stranger, who thou art, 990
That mighty leading Angel, who of late
Made head against Heav'n's King, though overthrown.
I saw and heard: for such a numerous Host
Fled not in silence through the frighted Deep
With ruin upon ruin, rout on rout, 995
Confusion worse confounded; and Heav'n Gates
Pour'd out by millions her victorious Bands
Pursuing. I upon my Frontiers here
Keep residence; if all I can will serve
That little which is left so to defend, 1000
Encroacht on still through our intestine broiles,
Weakning the Sceptre of old *Night*. First Hell
Your Dungeon stretching far and wide Beneath;
Now lately Heav'n and Earth, another World
Hung o'er my Realm, link'd in a golden Chain 1005
To that side Heav'n from whence your Legions fell.
If that way be your walk, you have not far;

N

So

So much the nearer danger; go and speed;
Havock and Spoil and Ruine are my gain.

He ceas'd; and *Satan* staid not to reply: 1010
But glad that now his Sea should find a Shore,
With fresh alacrity and force renew'd
Springs upward like a Pyramid of Fire
Into the wild Expanse, and through the shock
Of fighting Elements, on all sides round 1015
Environ'd, wins his way: harder beset
And more endanger'd, than when *Argo* pass'd
Through *Bosphorus* betwixt the jostling Rocks;
Or when *Ulysses* on the Larbord shunn'd
Charybdis, and by th' other whirlpool steer'd. 1020
So he with difficulty and labour hard
Mov'd on; with difficulty and labour He.
But He once past, soon after when Man fell,
(Strange alteration!) *Sin* and *Death* amain 1024
Following his track (such was the will of Heav'n)
Pav'd after him a broad and beaten way
Over the dark Abyss, whose boiling Gulf
Tamely endur'd a Bridge of wond'rous length

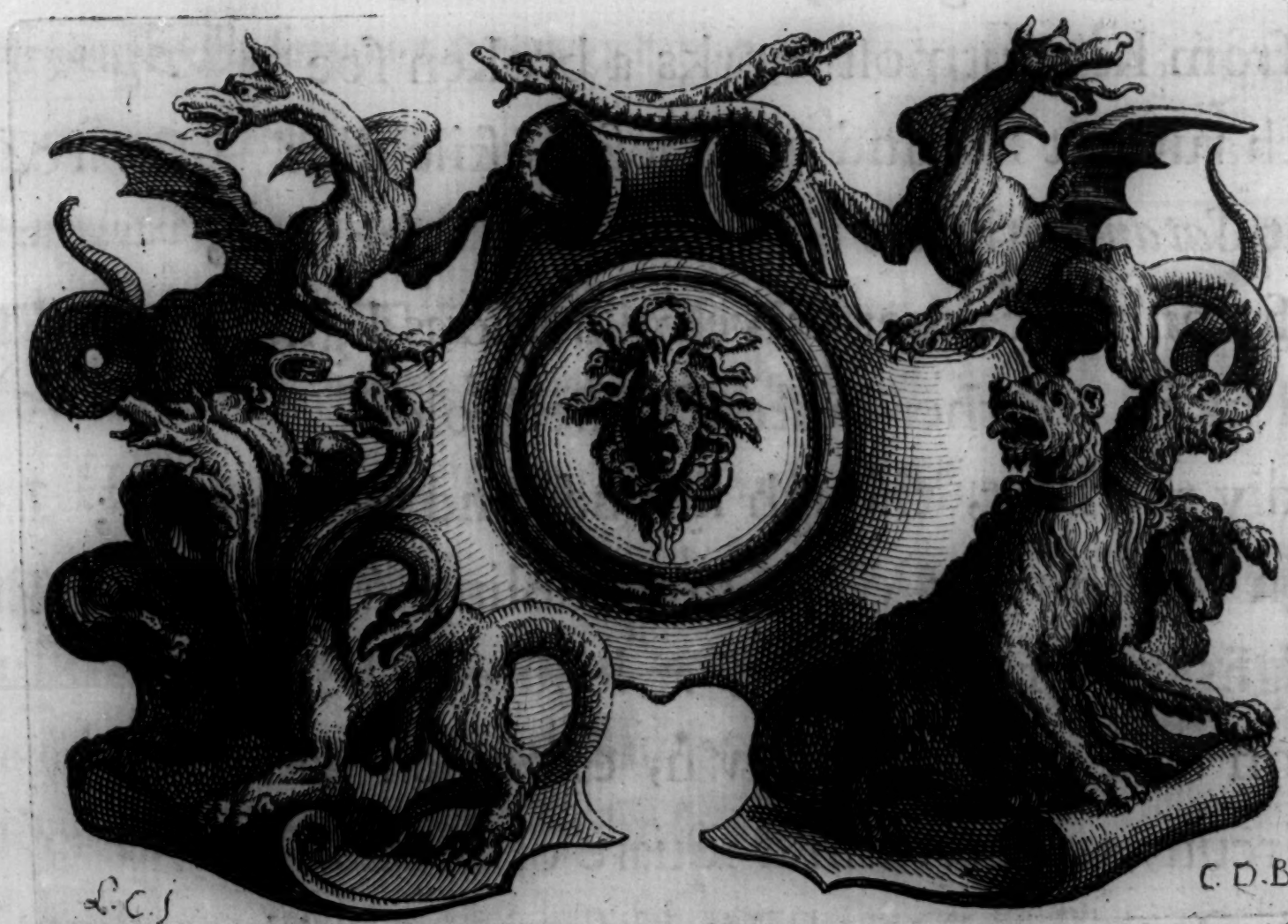
From

From Hell continu'd reaching th' utmost Orbe
Of this frail World; by which the Spirits perverse
With easie Intercourse pass to and fro 1031
To tempt or punish mortals, except whom
God and good Angels guard by special grace.

But now at last the sacred influence
Of Light appears, and from the walls of Heav'n 1035
Shoots far into the bosom of dim Night
A glimmering dawn. Here Nature first begins
Her farthest verge, and *Chaos* to retire
As from her outmost works a broken foe
With tumult less and with less hostile din: 1040
That *Satan* with less toil, and now with ease,
Wafts on the calmer wave by dubious light,
And like a weather-beaten Vessel holds
Gladly the Port, though shrouds and tackle torn;
Or in the emptier Waste, resembling Air, 1045
Weighs his spread Wings, at leisure to behold
Far off th' Empyrean Heav'n, extended wide
In circuit, undetermin'd square or round.
With Opal Tow'rs and Battlements adorn'd

Of living Sapphire, once his native Seat; 1050
And fast by hanging in a golden Chain
This pendant World, in bigness as a Star
Of smallest Magnitude, close by the Moon.
Thither full fraught With mischievous revenge,
Accurst, and in a cursed hour he hies. 1055

The End of the Second Book.



THE

THE
THIRD BOOK
OF
PARADISE LOST.

The ARGUMENT.

God sitting on his Throne sees Satan flying towards this World, then newly created; shews him to the Son who sat at his right hand; foretells the success of Satan in perverting Mankind; clears his own Justice and Wisdom from all imputation, having created Man Free, and able enough to have withstood his Tempter; yet declares his purpose of Grace towards him, in regard he fell not of his own Malice, as did Satan, but by him seduced. The Son of God renders praises to his Father for the manifestation of his gracious purpose towards Man; but God again declares, that Grace cannot be extended towards Man without the Satisfaction of divine Justice; Man hath offended the majesty of God by aspiring to Godhead, and therefore with all his Progeny devoted to death must die, unless some one can be found sufficient to answer for his offence, and undergo his Punishment. The Son of God freely offers himself a Ransom for Man: the Father accepts him, ordains his Incarnation, pronounces his exaltation above all Names in Heaven and Earth; commands all the Angels to adore him; they obey, and hymning to their Harps in full Choir, celebrate the Father and the Son. Mean while Satan alights upon the bare Convex of this World's outermost Orb; where wandering he first finds a place, since call'd the Limbo of Vanity; what persons and things fly up thither; thence comes to the Gate of Heaven, described ascending by stairs, and the waters above the Firmament that flow about it: His passage thence to the Orb of the Sun; he finds there Uriel the Regent of that Orb, but first changes himself into the shape of a meaner Angel; and pretending a zealous desire to behold the new Creation, and Man whom God hath placed here, enquires of him the place of his habitation, and is directed; alights first on Mount Niphates.



PARADISE LOST.

BOOK III.

Or of th' Eternal Coeternal beam
May I express thee unblam'd? since
God is Light,

And never but in unapproached
Light

5

Dwelt from Eternity, dwelt then in thee,
Bright effluence of bright essence increate.

Or

Or hear'st thou rather pure Ethereal stream,
Whose Fountain who shall tell? before the Sun,
Before the Heav'ns thou wert, and at the voice
Of God, as with a Mantle didst invest 10
The rising world of waters dark and deep,
Won from the void and formless Infinite.
Thee I re-visit now with bolder wing,
Escap'd the *Stygian* Pool, though long detain'd
In that obscure sojourn, while in my flight 15
Through utter and through middle darkness borne,
With other notes than to th' *Orphean* Lyre,
I sung of *Chaos* and *Eternal Night*,
Taught by the heav'nly Muse to venture down
The dark descent, and up to re-ascend, 20
Though hard and rare. Thee I revisit safe,
And feel thy sov'reign vital Lamp; but thou
Revisit'st not these Eyes, that rowle in vain
To find thy piercing ray, and find no dawn;
So thick a *drop serene* hath quencht their Orbs, 25
Or dim suffusion veil'd. Yet not the more
Cease I to wander where the Muses haunt,
Clear Spring, or shady Grove, or Sunny Hill,

Smit with the love of sacred Song. But chief
Thee *Sion* and the flowrie Brooks beneath, 30
That wash thy hallow'd feet, and warbling flow,
Nightly I visit: nor sometimes forget
Those other Two equal'd with Me in Fate,
So were I equal'd with them in Renown,
Blind *Thamyris* and blind *Mæonides*, 35
And *Tiresias* and *Phineus*, Prophets old.
Then feed on Thoughts, that voluntary move
Harmonious numbers; as the wakeful Bird
Sings darkling, and in shadieft Covert hid
Tunes her Nocturnal note. Thus with the Year 40
Seasons return, but not to Me returns
Day, or the sweet approach of Ev'n or Morn,
Or sight of Vernal bloom, or Summer's rose,
Or Flocks, or Herds, or Human face Divine;
But Cloud instead, and ever-during Dark 45
Surrounds me, from the chearful ways of men
Cut off, and for the Book of knowledge fair
Presented with a universal Blank
Of Nature's works, to me expung'd and ras'd,
And Wisdom at One entrance quite shut out. 50.

So much the rather thou, Celestial Light,
Shine Inward, and the Mind through all her powers
Irradiate: There plant eyes: all mist from thence
Purge and disperse, that I may see and tell
Of things invisible to Mortal sight. 55

Now had the Almighty Father from above,
From the pure Empyrean where he sits
High Thron'd above all height, bent down his eye
His own works and their works at once to view.
About him all the Sanctities of Heav'n 60
Stood thick as Stars, and from his Sight receiv'd
Beatitude past utterance: On his right
The radiant image of his Glory sat,
His only Son. On Earth he first beheld
Our two first Parents, yet the only two 65
Of mankind, in the happy Garden plac'd,
Reaping immortal fruits of joy and love,
Uninterrupted joy, unrival'd love,
In blissful solitude. He then survey'd
Hell and the Gulf between, and *Satan* there 70
Coasting the wall of Heav'n on this side Night
In the dun Air sublime, and ready now

To stoop, with wearied wings and willing feet,
On the bare outside of this World, that seem'd
Firm Land imbosom'd without Firmament, 75
Uncertain which, in Ocean or in Air.
Him God beholding from his prospect high,
Wherein past, present, future he beholds,
Thus to his only Son foreseeing spake.

Only begotten Son, see'st thou what rage 80
Transports our Adversary, whom no bounds
Prescrib'd, no bars of Hell, nor all the chains
Heap'd on him there, nor yet the main Abyss
Wide interrupt can hold; so bent he seems 85
On desperate revenge, that shall redound
Upon his own rebellious head. And now
Through all restraint broke loose he wings his way
Not far off Heav'n, in the Precincts of Light,
Directly towards the new created World,
And Man there plac'd; with purpose to assay 90
If him by Force he can destroy, or worse,
By some false Guile pervert; and shall pervert.
For Man will hearken to his glozing lyes,
And easily transgress the sole Command,

Sole pledge of his obedience! So will fall, 95
 He and his faithless Progeny. Whose fault?
 Whose, but his own? Ingrate, he had of me
 All he could have; I made him just and right,
 Sufficient to have stood, though Free to fall,
 Such I created all th' Ethereal Powers 100
 And Spirits, both them who stood and them who fail'd;
 Freely they stood who stood, and fell who fell.
 Not Free, what proof could they have gain'd sincere
 Of true Allegiance, constant Faith or Love,
 Where only what they needs Must do, appear'd, 105
 Not what they Would? what Praise could they receive?
 What Pleasure I from such obedience paid?
 When Will and Reason (Reason also is Choice)
 Useless and vain, of Freedom both despoil'd,
 Made passive both, had serv'd Necessity, 110
 Not Me. They therefore, as to right belong'd,
 So were created, nor can justly accuse
 Their Maker, or their Making, or their Fate,
 As if Predestination over-rul'd
 Their will, dispos'd by absolute Decree 115
 Or high Foreknowledge; they themselves decreed
 Their

Their own revolt, not I; if I foreknew,
 Foreknowledge had no Influence on their fault,
 Which had no less prov'd Certain, Unforeknown.
 So without least impulse or shadow of Fate, 120
 Or aught by me immutably foreseen,
 They trespass, Authors to themselves in all
 Both what they judge and what they choose: For so
 I form'd them free, and free they must remain,
 'Till they enthrall themselves; I else must change 125
 Their Nature, and revoke the high Decree
 Unchangeable, Eternal, which ordain'd
 Their Freedom: they themselves ordain'd their Fall.
 The first sort by their own suggestion fell,
 Self-tempted, self-deprav'd: Man falls deceiv'd 130
 By the Other first: Man therefore shall find grace:
 The Other none: in Mercy and Justice both,
 Through Heav'n and Earth so shall my Glory excell:
 But Mercy first and last shall brightest shine.

Thus while God spake, Ambrosial fragrance fill'd
 All Heav'n, and in the blessed Spirits elect 136
 Sense of new joy ineffable diffus'd.
 Beyond compare the Son of God was seen

Most

Most glorious: in him all his Father shon
Substantially express'd, and in his face 140
Divine compassion visibly appear'd,
Love without end, and without measure Grace,
Which uttering thus he to his Father spake.

O Father, gracious was that word which clos'd 144
Thy sovran sentence, that Man should find grace;
For which both Heav'n and Earth shall high extoll
Thy praises, with th' innumerable sound
Of Hymns and sacred Songs, wherewith thy Throne
Encompass'd shall resound thee ever blest.
For should Man finally be lost, should Man 150
Thy Creature late so lov'd, thy youngest Son,
Fall circumvented thus by fraud, though join'd
With his own folly? that be from thee far,
That far be from thee, Father, who art Judge
Of all things made, and judgest only right. 155
Or shall the Adversary thus obtain
His end, and frustrate Thine? shall he fulfill
His malice, and thy goodness bring to naught,
Or Proud return, though to his Heavier doom,
Yet with revenge Accomplisht, and to Hell 160

Draw after him the whole Race of mankind,
By him corrupted? or wilt thou thy self
Abolish thy Creation, and Unmake,
For Him, what for thy Glory thou hast Made?
So should thy goodness and thy greatness both 165
Be question'd and blasphem'd without defence.

To whom the great Creator thus reply'd.
O Son, in whom my soul hath chief delight,
Son of my bosom, Son who art alone
My Word, my Wisdom, and effectual Might, 170
All hast thou spoken as my thoughts are, all
As my Eternal purpose hath decreed:
Man shall not quite be lost, but fav'd who will,
Yet not of Will in him, but Grace in me
Freely vouchsaf. Once more I will renew 175
His lapsed powers, though forfeit and enthrall'd
By sin to foul exorbitant desires;
Upheld by me, yet once more he shall stand
On even ground against his mortal foe,
By me upheld, that he may know how frail 180
His fall'n condition is, and to me owe
All his deliv'rance, and to none but me.

Some

Some I have chosen of peculiar grace
Elect above the rest: so is my will:
The rest shall hear me call, and oft be warn'd 185
Their sinful state, and to appease betimes
Th'incens'd Deity while offer'd grace
Invites: for I will clear their senses dark,
What may suffice, and soften stony hearts
To pray, repent, and bring obedience due. 190
To prayer, repentance, and obedience due,
Though but endeavour'd with sincere intent,
Mine ear shall not be slow, mine eye not shut.
And I will place within them as a guide
My Umpire *Conscience*, whom if they will hear, 195
Light after light well us'd they shall attain,
And to the end persisting, safe arrive.
This my long sufferance and my day of grace
They who neglect and scorn; shall never taste;
But hard be harden'd, blind be blinded more, 200
That they may stumble on, and deeper fall;
And none but such from mercy I exclude.
But yet all is not done; Man disobeying,
Disloyal breaks his fealty, and sins

Against

Against the high Supremacy of Heav'n, 205
Affecting God-head, and so losing all,
To expiate his Treason hath naught left,
But to destruction sacred and devote,
He with his whole posterity must die.
Die He or Justice must, unless for him 210
Some other able, and as willing, pay
The rigid satisfaction, Death for Death.
Say Heav'nly powers, where shall we find such love,
Which of ye will be Mortal to redeem
Man's mortal crime, and just th' unjust to save, 215
Dwells in all Heaven charity so dear?

He ask'd, but all the Heav'nly Quire stood mute,
And Silence was in Heav'n. On man's behalf
Patron or Intercessor none appear'd,
Much less that durst upon his own head draw 220
The deadly forfeiture, and ransom set.
And now without redemption all mankind
Must have been lost, adjudg'd to Death and Hell
By doom severe, had not the Son of God,
In whom the Fulness dwells of Love divine, 225
His dearest Mediation thus renew'd.

P

Father,

Father, thy word is past, Man shall find Grace;
And shall Grace not find Means, that finds her way,
The speediest of thy winged messengers,
To visit all thy creatures, and to all 230
Comes unprevented, unimplor'd, unsought:
Happy for Man, so coming; he her aid
Can never seek, once dead in sins and lost;
Attonement for himself or offering meet,
Indebted and undone, hath none to bring. 235
Behold Me then, Me for him, life for life
I offer, on Me let thine anger fall;
Account Me Man; I for his sake will leave
Thy bosom, and this glory next to thee
Freely put off, and for him lastly die 240
Well pleas'd, on me let Death wreck all his rage;
Under his gloomy power I shall not long
Lie vanquish'd: thou hast giv'n me to possess
Life in my self for ever; by thee I live,
Though now to Death I yield, and am his due 245
All that of me can die: Yet that debt paid,
Thou wilt not leave me in the loathsome grave
His prey, nor suffer my unspotted Soul

For

For ever with corruption there to dwell;
But I shall rise Victorious, and subdue 250
My vanquisher, spoil'd of his vaunted spoil:
Death his death's wound shall then receive, and stoop
Inglorious, of his mortal sting disarm'd.
I through the ample Air in Triumph high
Shall lead Hell captive maugre Hell, and show 255
The powers of darkness bound. Thou at the fight
Pleas'd, out of Heaven shalt look down and smile,
While by thee rais'd I ruin all my Foes,
Death last, and with his Carcass glut the Grave:
Then with the multitude of my redeem'd 260
Shall enter Heav'n long absent, and return,
Father, to see thy face, wherein no cloud
Of anger shall remain, but peace assur'd
And reconcilment; Wrath shall be no more
Thenceforth, but in thy presence Joy entire. 265

His words here ended, but his meek aspect
Silent yet spake, and breath'd immortal love
To mortal men, above which only shon
Filial obedience: As a sacrifice
Glad to be offer'd, he attends the will 270

Of his great Father. Admiration seiz'd
All Heav'n, what this might mean, and whither tend
Wond'ring; but soon th' Almighty thus reply'd:

O thou in Heav'n and Earth the only Peace
Found out for mankind under wrath, O thou 275

My sole complacence! well thou know'st how dear

To me are all my works, nor Man the least

Though last created, that for him I spare

Thee from my bosom and right hand, to save,

By losing thee a while, the whole Race lost. 280

Thou therefore whom thou only canst redeem

Their Nature also to thy Nature joyn;

And be thy self Man among Men on Earth,

Made flesh, when time shall be, of Virgin seed,

By wond'rous birth: Be thou in *Adam's* room 285

The Head of all mankind, though *Adam's* Son.

As in him perish all men, so in thee

As from a second Root shall be restor'd,

As many as are restor'd, without thee none.

His crime makes guilty all his Sons, thy merit 290

Imputed shall absolve them who renounce

Their own both righteous and unrighteous deeds,

And

And live in thee transplanted, and from thee
 Receive new life. So Man, as is most just,
 Shall satisfie for Man, be judg'd and die, 295
 And dying rise, and rising with him raise
 His Brethren, ransom'd with his own dear life.
 So Heav'nly love shall outdo Hellish hate
 Giving to death, and dying to redeem,
 So dearly to redeem what Hellish hate 300
 So easily destroy'd, and still destroys
 In those who, when they may, accept not grace.
 Nor shalt thou by descending to assume
 Man's Nature, lessen or degrade thine own.
 Because thou hast, tho' Thron'd in highest blifs 305
 Equal to God, and equally enjoying
 God-like fruition, quitted all to save
 A World from utter loss, and hast been found
 By Merit more than Birthright Son of God,
 Found worthiest to be so by being Good, 310
 Far more than Great or High; because in thee
 Love hath abounded more than Glory abounds,
 Therefore thy Humiliation shall exalt
 With thee thy Manhood also to this Throne;

Here

Here shalt thou sit incarnate, here shalt reign 315

Both God and Man, Son both of God and Man,

Anointed universal King; All Power

I give thee; Reign for ever; and assume

Thy Merits; under Thee as Head Supreme

Thrones, Princedoms, Powers, Dominions I reduce:

All knees to thee shall bow, of them that bide 321

In Heaven, or Earth, or under Earth in Hell.

When thou attended gloriously from Heav'n

Shalt in the Sky appear, and from thee send

The summoning Arch-Angels to proclaim 325

Thy dread Tribunal: forthwith from all Winds

The living, and forthwith the cited dead

Of all past Ages to the general Doom

Shall hasten, such a Peal shall rouse their sleep.

Then all thy Saints assembled, thou shalt judge 330

Bad men and Angels, they arraign'd shall sink

Beneath thy Sentence; Hell, her numbers full,

Thenceforth shall be for ever shut. Mean while

The World shall burn, and from her ashes spring

New Heav'n and Earth, wherein the just shall dwell,

And after all their tribulations long 336

See

Book III. PARADISE LOST.

III

See golden days, fruitful of golden deeds,
With Joy and Love triumphing, and fair Truth.
Then thou thy Regal Scepter shalt lay by,
For Regal Scepter then no more shall need, 340
God shall be All in All. But all ye Gods,
Adore him, who to compass all this dies,
Adore the Son, and honour Him as Me.

No sooner had th' Almighty ceas'd, but all
The multitude of Angels, with a shout 345
Loud as from numbers without number, sweet
As from blest voices, uttering joy, Heav'n rung
With Jubilee, and loud Hosanna's fill'd
Th' eternal Regions: lowly reverent
Towards either Throne they bow, and to the ground
With solemn adoration down they cast 351
Their Crowns inwove with Amarant and Gold,
Immortal Amarant, a Flow'r which once
In Paradise, fast by the Tree of Life
Began to bloom, but soon for man's offence 355
To Heaven remov'd, where first it grew, there grows,
And flours aloft shading the Fount of Life,
And where the River of Bliss thro' midst of Heav'n

Rowls

Rowls o'er *Elysian* Flours her Amber stream:
With these that never fade the Spirits elect 360
Bind their resplendent locks inwreath'd with beams.
Now in loose Garlands thick thrown off, the bright
Pavement, that like a Sea of Jasper shon,
Impurpled with Celestial Roses smil'd: 364
Then Crown'd again their golden Harps they took,
Harps ever tun'd, that glittering by their side
Like Quivers hung, and with Præamble sweet
Of charming symphony they introduce
Their sacred Song, and waken raptures high;
No voice exempt, no voice but well could joyn 370
Melodious part: such Concord is in Heav'n.

Thee Father first they sung Omnipotent,
Immutable, Immortal, Infinite,
Eternal King; thee Author of all being
Fountain of Light, thy self invifible 375
Amidst the glorious brightness where thou fit'ft
Thron'd inaccessible, but when thou shad'ft
The full blaze of thy beams, and through a cloud
Drawn round about thee like a radiant Shrine,
Dark with excessive bright thy skirts appear, 380
Yet

Yet dazle Heav'n, that brightest Seraphim
Approach not, but with both wings veil their eyes.
Thee next they sang of all Creation First,
Begotten Son, Divine Similitude,
In whose conspicuous Count'nance, without cloud
Made visible, th' Almighty Father shines, 386
Whom else no Creature can behold; on thee
Impress'd th' effulgence of his Glory abides,
Transfus'd on thee his ample Spirit rests.
He Heav'n of Heav'ns and all the Powers therein 390
By Thee created, and by thee threw down
Th' aspiring Dominations: thou that day
Thy Father's dreadful Thunder didst not spare,
Nor stop thy flaming Chariot-wheels, that shook
Heav'ns everlasting Frame, while o'er the necks 395
Thou drov'st of warring Angels disarraid.
Back from pursuit thy Powers with loud acclaime
Thee only extoll'd, Son of thy Father's might,
To execute fierce vengeance on his Foes;
Not so on Man: Him thro' Their malice fall'n, 400
Father of Mercy and Grace, thou didst not doome
So strictly, but much more to pity encline:

No sooner did thy dear and only Son
Perceive thee purpos'd not to doom frail Man
So strictly, but much more to pity enclin'd, 405
He to appease thy wrath, and end the Strife
Of Mercy and Justice in thy face discern'd,
Regardless of the Bliss wherein he sat
Second to thee, offer'd Himself to die
For Man's offence. O unexampled love, 410
Love no where to be found less than Divine!
Hail Son of God! Saviour of Men! thy Name
Shall be the copious matter of my Song
Henceforth, and never shall my Harp thy praise
Forget, nor from thy Father's praise disjoyn. 315

Thus they in Heav'n, above the starry Sphere,
Their happy hours in joy and hymning spent.
Mean while upon the firm opacous Globe
Of this round World, whose first convex divides
The luminous inferior Orbs, enclos'd 420
From *Chaos* and th' inroad of Darkness old,
Satan alighted walks. A Globe far off
It seem'd, now seems a boundless Continent
Dark, waste, and wild, under the frown of Night
Starless

Starless expos'd, and ever-threatning storms 425
Of *Chaos* blustering round, inclement Skie;
Save on that side which from the wall of Heav'n,
Though distant far, some small reflection gains
Of glimmering air less vext with tempest loud:
Here walk'd the Fiend at large in spacious field. 430
As when a Vultur on *Imaus* bred,
Whose snowy ridge the roving *Tartar* bounds,
Dislodging from a Region scarce of prey
To gorge the flesh of Lambs or yeanling Kids
On Hills where Flocks are fed, flies toward the Springs
Of *Ganges* or *Hydaspes*, *Indian* Streams; 436
But in his way lights on the barren Plains
Of *Sericana*, where *Chineses* drive
With Sails and Wind their cany Waggon light:
So on this windy Sea of Land, the Fiend 440
Walk'd up and down alone, bent on his prey:
Alone, for other Creature in this place
Living or liveless to be found was none,
None yet, but store hereafter from the earth
Up hither like Aereal vapours flew 445
Of all things transitory and vain, when Sin

With vanity had fill'd the works of men.

Both all things vain, and all who in vain things
Built their fond hopes of glory or lasting fame,
Or happiness in this or th' other life; 450

All who have their reward on earth, the fruits

Of painful Superstition and blind Zeal,

Naught seeking but the praise of men, here find

Fit retribution, empty as their deeds.

All th' unaccomplisht works of Nature's hand, 455

Abortive, monstrous, or unkindly mixt,

Dissolv'd on Earth, fleet hither, and in vain,

Till final dissolution, wander here,

Not in the neighb'ring Moon, as some have dream'd;

Those Argent Fields more likely habitants 460

Translated Saints, or Middle Spirits hold

Betwixt th' Angelical and Human kind.

Hither of ill-joyn'd Sons and Daughters born

First from the ancient World those Giants came

With many a vain exploit, tho' then renown'd; 465

The builders next of *Babel* on the Plain

Of *Sennaar*, and still with vain design

New *Babels*, had they wherewithal, would build.

Others

Book III. PARADISE LOST.

117

Others came single; he who to be deem'd
 A God, leap'd fondly into *Ætna* flames, 470
Empedocles; and he who to enjoy
Plato's Elysium, leap'd into the Sea,
Cleombrotus, and many more too long,
 Embryo's and Idiots, Eremites and Friars
 White, Black, and Grey, with all their trumpery. 475
 Here Pilgrims roam, that stray'd so far to seek
 In *Golgotha* him Dead, who Lives in Heav'n:
 And they who to be sure of Paradise
 Dying put on the weeds of *Dominic*,
 Or in *Franciscan* think to pass disguis'd; 480
 They pass the Planets seven, and pass the fixt,
 And that Chrystalline Sphere whose balance weighs
 The *Trepidation* talkt, and that *First-mov'd*:
 And now Saint *Peter* at Heav'n's Wicket seems
 To wait them with his Keys, and now at foot 4
 Of Heav'n's ascent they lift their feet, when loe
 A violent cross wind from either Coast 85
 Blows them transverse ten thousand Leagues av
 Into the devious Air; then might ye see
 Cowles, Hoods, and Habits, with their we

vry

arers tost

And

And flutter'd into Rags; then Reliques, Beads, 491
Indulgences, Dispenses, Pardons, Bulls,
The sport of Winds: All these upwhirl'd aloft
Fly o'er the backside of the World far off
Into a *Limbo* large and broad, since call'd 495
The *Paradise of Fools*, to few unknown
Long after, now unpeopled, and untrod.
All this dark Globe the Fiend found as he pass'd,
And long he wander'd, till at last a gleame
Of dawning light turn'd thither-ward in haste 500
His travell'd steps. Far distant he descries
Ascending by Degrees magnificent
Up to the wall of Heav'n a Structure high,
At top whereof, but far more rich, appear'd
The work as of a Kingly Palace Gate 505
With Frontispiece of Diamond and Gold
Imbellisht: thick with sparkling orient Gems
The Portal shon, inimitable on Earth
By Model, or by shading Pencil drawn.
The Stairs were such as whereon *Jacob* saw 510
Angels ascending and descending, bands
Of Guardians bright, when he from *Esau* fled

To

To *Padan-Aram* in the field of *Luz*,
Dreaming by night under the open Skie,
And waking cry'd, " This is the Gate of Heav'n. 515
Each Stair mysteriously was meant, nor stood
There always, but drawn up to Heav'n sometimes
Viewless, and underneath a bright Sea flow'd
Of Jasper, or of liquid Pearl, whereon
Who after came from Earth, sayling arriv'd, 520
Wafted by Angels, or flew o'er the Lake
Rapt in a Chariot drawn by fiery Steeds.
The Stairs were then let down, whether to dare
The Fiend by easie ascent, or aggravate
His sad exclusion from the doors of Bliss. 525
Direct against which open'd from beneath,
Just o'er the blissful Seat of Paradise,
A passage down to th' Earth, a passage wide:
Wider by far than that of after-times
Over Mount *Sion*, and (though that were large) 530
Over the *Promis'd Land* to God so dear,
By which, to visit oft those happy Tribes,
On high behests his Angels to and fro
Pass'd frequent, and his eye with choice regard,

From

From *Panæus* the fount of *Jordan's* flood 535
To *Bêr-saba*, where the *Holy Land*
Borders on *Ægypt* and th' *Arabian* shore;
So wide the opening seem'd, where bounds were set
To darkness, such as bound the Ocean wave.
Satan from hence, now on the lower stair 540
That scal'd by steps of Gold to Heaven Gate,
Looks down with wonder at the sudden view
Of all this World at once. As when a Scout
Through dark and desert ways with peril gone
All night; at last by break of chearful dawne 545
Obtains the brow of some high-climbing Hill,
Which to his Eye discovers unaware
The goodly prospect of some foreign land
First seen, or some renown'd Metropolis,
With glistering Spires and Pinacles adorn'd, 550
Which now the rising Sun gilds with his Beams.
Such Wonder seis'd, though after Heaven seen,
The Spirit maligne, but much more Envy seis'd
At sight of all this World beheld so fair.
Round he surveys, and well might, where he stood
So high above the circling Canopie 556
Of

Of Night's extended shade; from Eastern Point
Of *Libra* to the fleecie Star that bears
Andromeda far off *Atlantic* Seas
Beyond th' *Horizon*. Then from Pole to Pole 560
He views in breadth, and without longer pause
Down right into the World's first Region throws
His flight precipitant, and windes with ease
Through the pure marble Air his oblique way
Amongst innumerable Stars, that shon 565
Stars distant, but nigh hand seem'd other Worlds;
Or other Worlds they seem'd, or happy Isles,
Like those *Hesperian* Gardens, fam'd of old,
Fortunate Fields, and Groves, and flow'ry Vales,
Thrice happy Isles, but who dwelt happy there 570
He stay'd not to enquire: Above them all
The golden Sun in splendor likest Heav'n
Allur'd his eye: Thither his course he bends
Through the calm Firmament; but up or down,
By center, or eccentric, hard to tell, 575
Or Longitude, where the great Luminary,
Aloof the vulgar Constellations thick
That from his Lordly eye keep distance due,

R

Dispenses

Dispenses light from far; they as they move
Their starry Dance in numbers that compute 580
Days, months, and years, towards his all-cheering Lamp
Turn swift their various motions, or are turn'd
By his Magnetic beam, that gently warms
The Universe, and to each inward part
With gentle penetration, though unseen, 585
Shoots invifible virtue even to the deep;
So wondrously was fet his Station bright.

There lands the Fiend, a spot like which perhaps
Astronomer in the Sun's lucent Orb
Through his glaz'd Optick Tube yet never saw. 590
The place he found beyond expreffion bright,
Compar'd with aught on Earth, Metal, or Stone;
Not all parts like, but all alike inform'd
With radiant Light, as glowing Iron with Fire;
If Metal, part feem'd Gold, part Silver clear; 595
If Stone, Carbuncle moft or Chryfolite,
Rubie or Topaz, to the Twelve that fhon
In *Aaron's* Brest-plate, and a ftone befides
Imagin'd rather oft than elfewhere feen;
That ftone, or like to that which here below 600

Philofophers

Philosophers in vain so long have fought,
 In vain, though by their powerful Art they bind
 Volatil *Hermes*, and call up unbound
 In various shapes old *Proteus* from the Sea,
 Drain'd through a Limbec to his Native form. 605
 What wonder then if fields and regions here
 Breathe forth *Elixir* pure, and Rivers run
 Potable Gold, when with one virtuous touch
 Th' Arch-chimic Sun, so far from us remote,
 Produces with Terrestrial Humour mixt 610
 Here in the dark so many precious things,
 Of colour glorious and effect so rare?
 Here matter new to gaze the Devil met
 Undazled, far and wide his eye commands,
 For sight no obstacle found here, nor shade, 615
 But all Sun-shine, as when his Beams at Noon
 Culminate from th' *Æquator*, as they now
 Shot upward still direct, whence no way round
 Shadow from body opaque can fall, and the Air,
 No where so clear, sharpen'd his visual ray 620
 To objects distant far: whereby he soon
 Saw within kenn a glorious Angel stand,

The same whom *John* saw also in the Sun.

His back was turn'd, but not his brightness hid;
Of beaming sunnie Raies, a golden Tiar 625
Circled his Head, nor less his Locks behind
Illustrious on his Shoulders fledge with wings
Lay waving round; on some great charge imploy'd
He seem'd, or fixt in cogitation deep.

Glad was the Spirit impure, as now in hope 630
To find who might direct his wand'ring flight
To Paradise, the happy Seat of Man,
His journies end and our beginning woe.

But first he casts to change his proper shape,
Which else might work him danger or delay: 635
And now a stripling Cherube he appears,
Not of the Prime, yet such as in his face
Youth smil'd Celestial, and to every Limb
Sutable grace diffus'd; so well he feign'd.

Under a Coronet his flowing hair 640
In curls on either cheek plaid: wings he wore
Of many a colour'd plume sprinkl'd with gold:
His Habit fit for speed succinct: and held
Before his decent steps a Silver wand.

He

He drew not nigh unheard; the Angel bright, 645
E'er he drew nigh, his radiant visage turn'd,
Admonisht by his ear, and strait was known
Th' Arch-Angel *Uriel*, one of the seav'n
Who in God's prefence, nearest to his Throne,
Stand ready to command, and are his Eyes 650
That run thro' all the Heav'ns, or down to th' Earth
Bear his swift errands over moist and dry,
O'er Sea and Land: him *Satan* thus accosts.

Uriel, for thou of those seav'n Spirits that stand
In sight of God's high Throne, gloriously bright, 655
The first are wont his great authentic will
Interpreter through highest Heav'n to bring
Where all his Sons thy Embassie attend;
And here art likeliest by supream decree
Like honour to obtain, and as his Eye 660
To visit oft this new Creation round:
Unspeakable desire to see, and know
All these his wondrous works, but chiefly Man,
His chief delight and favour, him for whom
All these his works so wond'rous he ordain'd, 665
Hath brought me from the Choirs of Cherubim

Alone

Alone thus wandering. Brightest Seraph, tell
In which of all these shining Orbes hath Man
His fixed seat, or fixed seat hath none,
But all these shining Orbes his choice to dwell; 670
That I may find him, and with secret gaze
Or open admiration him behold,
On whom the great Creator hath bestow'd
Worlds, and on whom hath all these graces pour'd:
That both in him and all things, as is meet, 675
The Universal Maker we may praise;
Who justly hath driv'n out his Rebel Foes
To deepest Hell, and to repair their loss
Created this new happy Race of Men
To serve him better. Wise are all his ways. 680

So spake the false dissembler unperceiv'd;
For neither Man nor Angel can discern
Hypocrisie, the only evil that walks
Invisible, except to God alone,
By his permissive will, through Heav'n and Earth:
And oft though Wisdom wake, Suspicion sleeps 686
At Wisdom's gate, and to Simplicities
Resigns her charge, while Goodness thinks no ill.

Where

Where no ill seems: Which now for once beguil'd
Uriel, though Regent of the Sun, and held 690
The sharpest-fighted Spirit of all in Heav'n:
Who to the fraudulent Impostor foul
In his uprightness answer thus return'd.
Fair Angel, thy desire which tends to know
The works of God, thereby to glorifie 695
The great Work-Master, leads to no excess
That reaches blame, but rather merits praise
The more it seems excess, that led thee hither
From thy Empyrean mansion thus alone,
To witness with thine eyes what some perhaps 700
Contented with report hear only in Heav'n.
For wonderful indeed are all his works,
Pleasant to know, and worthiest to be all
Had in remembrance always with delight.
But what Created Mind can comprehend 705
Their number, or the wisdom infinite
That brought them forth, but hid their causes deep?
I saw when at his Word the formless Mass,
This world's material mould, came to a heap:
Confusion heard his voice, and wild Uproar 710
Stood

Stood rul'd, stood vast Infinitude confin'd;
Till at his second bidding Darkness fled,
Light shon, and Order from Disorder sprung.
Swift to their several Quarters hasted then
The cumbrous Elements, Earth, Flood, Aire, Fire,
And the Ethereal Quintessence of Heav'n 716
Flew upward, spirited with various forms,
That rowl'd orbicular, and turn'd to Stars
Numberless, as thou seest, and how they move;
Each had his place appointed, each his course, 720
The rest in circuit walls this Universe.
Look downward on that Globe whose hither side
With light from hence, tho' but reflected, shines;
That place is *Earth* the seat of Man, that light
His day, which else as th' other Hemisphere 725
Night would invade, but there the neighb'ring *Moon*
(So call that opposite fair Star) her aid
Timely interposes, and her monthly round
Still ending, still renewing, through mid Heav'n,
With borrow'd light her countenance triform 730
Hence fills and empties to enlighten th' *Earth*,
And in her pale dominion checks the night.

That

That Spot to which I point is *Paradise*,
Adam's abode, those loftie shades his Bowre.
Thy way thou canst not miss, me mine requires. 735
Thus said, he turn'd; and *Satan* bowing low,
As to superior Spirits is wont in Heav'n,
Where honour due and reverence none neglects,
Took leave, and toward the coast of Earth beneath,
Down from th' *Ecliptic*, sped with hop'd success, 740
Throws his steep flight in many an Aerie wheele,
Nor staid, till on *Niphates* top he lights.

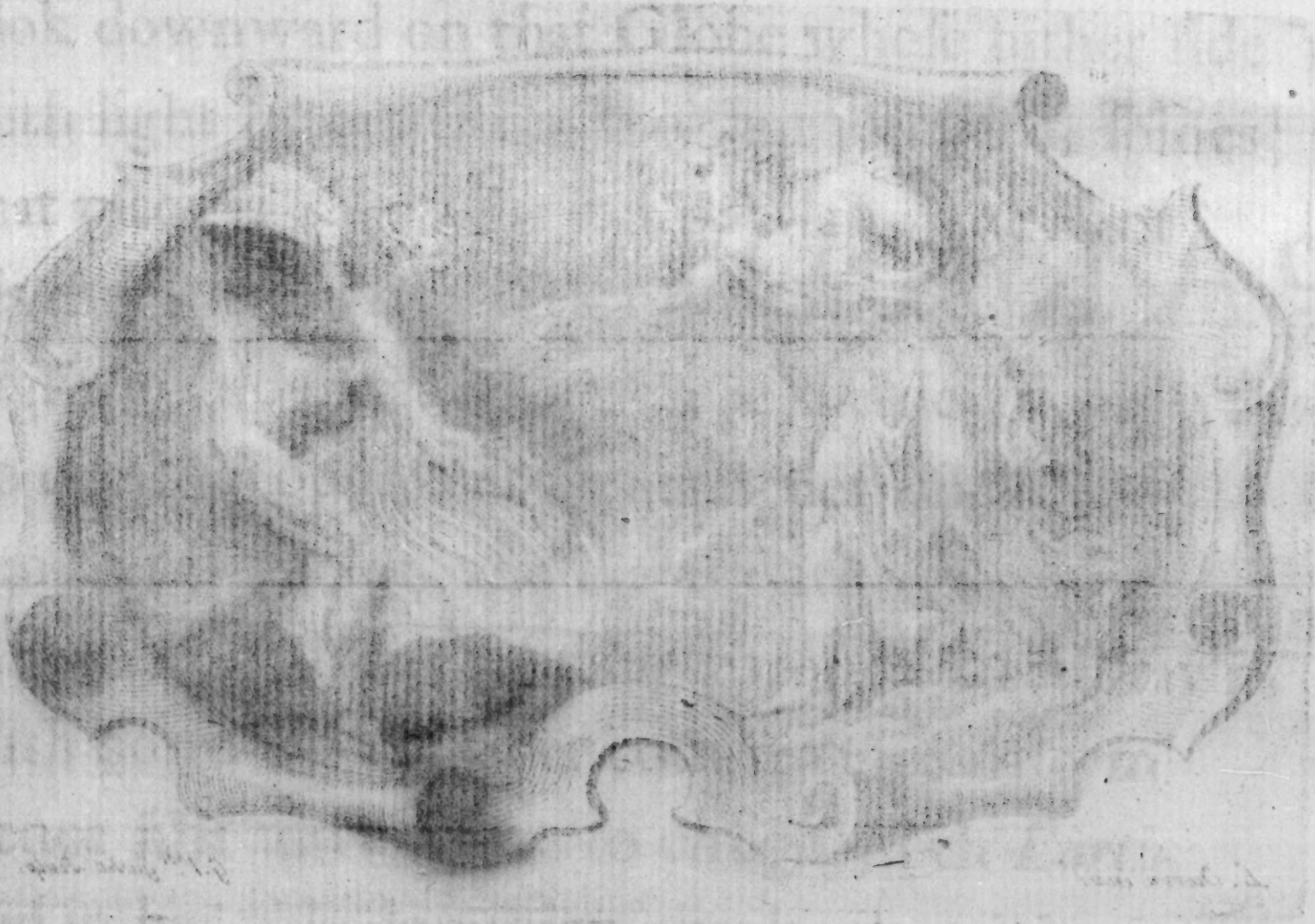
The End of the Third Book.



S

P A R A-

That Spot to which I point is Paradise. Thus said
Milton's shade, whose lotis thence his Boyer
Thy way thou canst not miss the mine requires.
Thus said, he turn'd; and Satan bowing low
As to superior spirits is wont in Heaven
Where honour due and reverence none neglects
Took leave, and toward the coast of Earth beneath
Down from the Equiptic sped with heady pace
Thence his flight in many an Aerie wheel
Nor said, all on Neptune top he lights. The end of the Third Book.



T H E

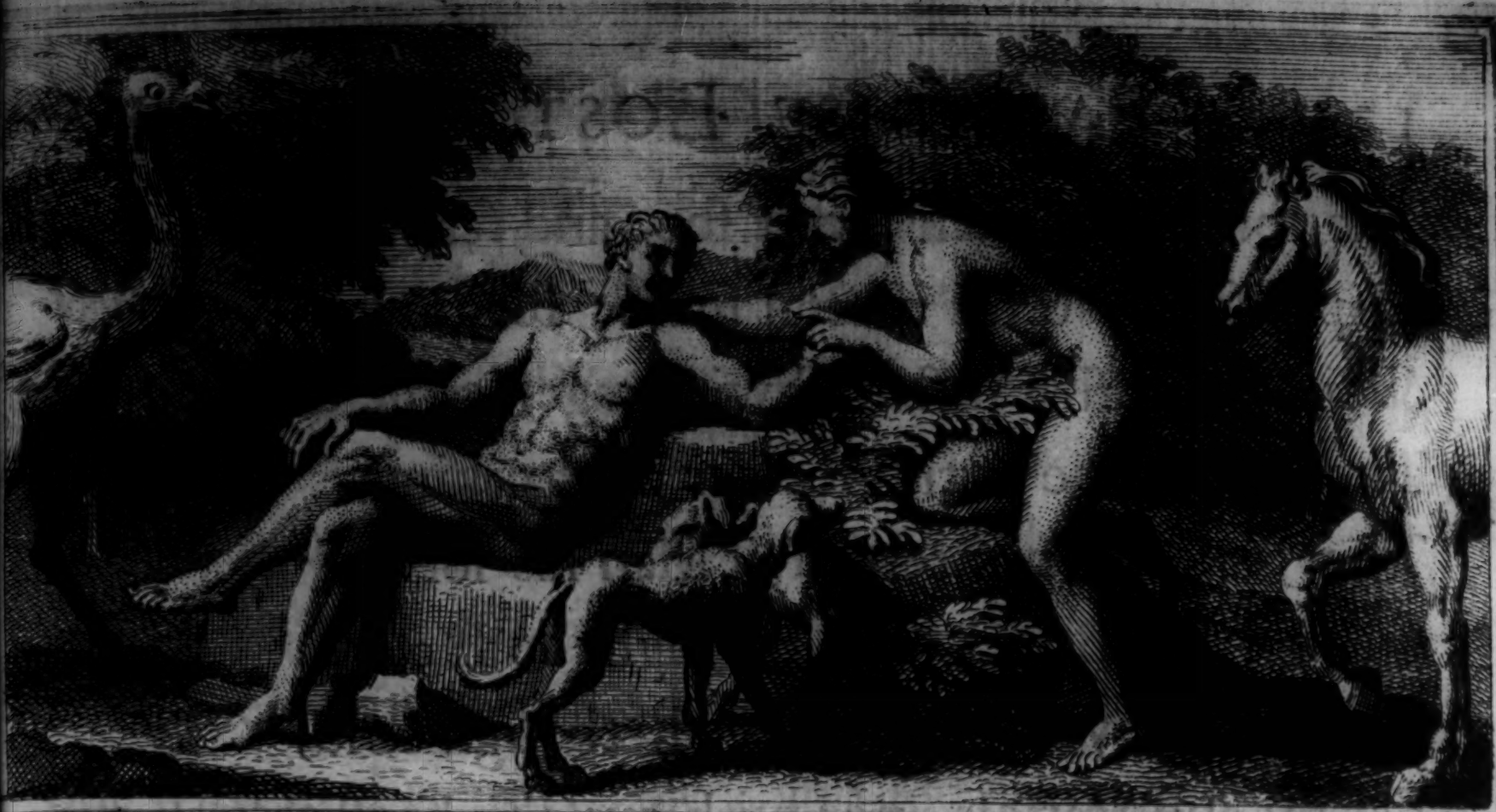
F O U R T H B O O K

O F

PARADISE LOST

The ARGUMENT.

Satan, now in prospect of Eden, and nigh the place where he must now attempt the bold enterprize which he undertook alone against God and Man, falls into many doubts with himself, and many passions, fear, envy, and despaire; but at length confirms himself in evil, journeys on to Paradise, whose outward prospect and situation is described, overleaps the bounds, sits in the shape of a Cormorant on the Tree of life, as highest in the Garden to look about him. The Garden describ'd; Satan's first sight of Adam and Eve; his wonder at their excellent form and happy state, but with resolution to work their fall; overhears their discourse, thence gathers that the Tree of knowledge was forbidden them to eat of, under penalty of death; and thereon intends to found his Temptation, by seducing them to transgress: then leaves them a while, to know further of their state by some other means. Mean while Uriel descending on a Sun-beam warns Gabriel, who had in charge the Gate of Paradise, that some evil spirit had escaped the Deep, and past at Noon by his Sphere, in the shape of a good Angel down to Paradise, discovered afterwards by his furious gestures in the Mount. Gabriel promises to find him e'er morning. Night coming on, Adam and Eve discourse of going to their rest: their Bower described; their Evening worship. Gabriel drawing forth his Bands of Night-watch to walk the round of Paradise, appoints two strong Angels to Adam's Bower, least the evil spirit should be there doing some harm to Adam or Eve sleeping; there they find him at the ear of Eve, tempting her in a dream, and bring him, tho' unwilling, to Gabriel; by whom question'd, he scornfully answers, prepares to resistance, but hinder'd by a Sign from Heaven, flies out of Paradise.



PARADISE LOST.

BOOK IV.



For that warning voice, which he,
who saw

Th' *Apocalyps*, heard cry in Heav'n
aloud,

Then when the Dragon, put to se-
cond rout,

Came furious down to be reveng'd on men,

Wo to the Inhabitants on Earth! that now, 5

While time was, our first-Parents had been warn'd

The

The coming of their secret foe, and scap'd
Haply so scap'd his mortal snare; for now
Satan, now first inflam'd with rage, came down,
The Tempter e'er th' Accuser of mankind, 10
To wreck on innocent frail Man his loss
Of that first Battel, and his flight to Hell:
Yet not rejoycing in his speed, though bold,
Far off and fearless, nor with cause to boast,
Begins his dire attempt, which nigh the birth 15
Now rowling, boiles in his tumultuous brest,
And like a devilish Engine back recoiles
Upon himself. Horror and doubt distract
His troubled thoughts, and from the bottom stir
The Hell within him; for within him Hell 20
He brings, and round about him, nor from Hell
One step no more than from himself can fly
By change of place: Now conscience wakes despair
That slumber'd, wakes the bitter memorie
Of what he was, what is, and what must be 25
Worse; of worse deeds worse sufferings must ensue.
Sometimes towards *Eden* which now in his view
Lay pleasant, his griev'd look he fixes sad,

Sometimes

Sometimes towards Heav'n and the full blazing Sun,
Which now sat high in his Meridian Towre: 30
Then much revolving, thus in sighs began.

O thou that with surpassing Glory crown'd,
Look'st from thy Sole dominion like the God
Of this new World; at whose sight all the Stars
Hide their diminisht heads: to Thee I call, 35
But with no Friendly voice, and add thy name
O *Sun*, to tell thee how I Hate thy beams
That bring to my remembrance from what state
I fell, how glorious once above thy Sphere;
Till Pride and worse Ambition threw me down 40
Warring in Heav'n against Heav'n's matchless King.
Ah wherefore! he deserv'd no such return
From me, whom he created what I was
In that bright eminence, and with his good
Upbraided none; nor was his service Hard. 45
What could be less than to afford him Praise,
The easiest recompence, and pay him Thanks,
How due! yet all his good prov'd ill in me,
And wrought but malice; lifted up so high
I'deind subjection, and thought one step higher 50
Would

Would fet me higheſt, and in a moment quit
The debt immense of endleſs gratitude,
So burthenſome ſtill paying, ſtill to owe;
Forgetful what from him I ſtill receiv'd,
And underſtood not that a grateful mind 55
By owing owes not, but ſtill pays, at once
Indebted and diſcharg'd; what burden then?
O had his powerful Deſtiny ordain'd
Me ſome inferiour Angel, I had ſtood
Then happy; no unbounded hope had rais'd 60
Ambition. Yet why not? ſome other Power
As great might have aspir'd, and me though mean
Drawn to his part: But other Powers as great
Fell not, but ſtand unſhaken, from within
Or from without, to all temptations arm'd. 65
Hadſt thou the ſame free Will and Power to ſtand?
Thou hadſt: whom haſt thou then or what to accuſe,
But Heav'n's free Love dealt equally to all?
Be then his Love accurſt, ſince love or hate,
To me alike, it deals eternal woe. 70
Nay curſt be thou; ſince againſt his thy will
Chofe freely what it now ſo juſtly rues.

Me miserable! which way shall I flie
Infinite wrath, and infinite despair?
Which way I flie is Hell; my self am Hell; 75
And in the Lowest deep a Lower deep
Still threatning to devour me opens wide,
To which the Hell I suffer seems a Heav'n.
O then at last relent. Is there no place
Left for Repentance, none for Pardon left? 80
None left but by Submission; and that word
Disdain forbids me, and my dread of Shame
Among the spirits beneath, whom I seduc'd
With Other promises and Other vaunts
Than to Submit, boasting I could subdue 85
Th' Omnipotent. Ay me, they little know
How dearly I abide that Boast so vain,
Under what torments inwardly I groan;
While they Adore me on the Throne of Hell.
With Diadem and Scepter high advanc'd 90
The lower still I fall, only Supreme
In Misery; such joy Ambition finds.
But say I could Repent, and could obtain
By Act of Grace my Former state; how soon

T

Would

Would Heighth recal High thoughts, how soon unfay
What Feign'd submission swore: Ease would recant 96
Vows made in Pain, as Violent and Void.

For never can True reconcilment grow
Where wounds of deadly hate have pierc'd so Deep,
Which would but lead me to a Worse relapse 100

And Heavier fall: So should I purchase dear
Short intermission bought with double smart.

This knows my Punisher; therefore as far
From Granting he, as I from Begging peace.

All Hope excluded thus, behold instead 105

Of Us out-cast, exil'd, his New delight,
Mankind created, and for him this World.

So farewell Hope, and with Hope farewell Fear,
Farewel Remorse: all Good to me is lost:

Evil be thou my Good; by thee at least 110

Divided Empire with Heav'ns King I hold
By thee, and more than Half perhaps will reign;
As Man ere long and this new World shall know.

Thus while he spake, each passion dimm'd his face,
Thrice chang'd with Pale, Ire, Envie, and Despair, 115
Which marr'd his borrow'd visage, and betray'd

Him

Book IV. PARADISE LOST. 139

Him Counterfeit, if any eye beheld:
For Heav'nly mindes from such distempers foul
Are ever clear. Whereof he soon aware
Each perturbation smooth'd with outward calm, 120
Artificer of Fraud, and was the first
That practis'd falshood under faintly shew,
Deep malice to conceal, coucht with revenge:
Yet not enough had practis'd to deceive
Uriel once warn'd; whose eye pursu'd him down 125
The way he went, and on th' *Assyrian* mount
Saw him disfigur'd, more than could befall
Spirit of Happy sort: His gestures fierce
He mark'd and mad demeanour, then alone,
As he suppos'd, all unobserv'd, unseen. 130

So on he fares, and to the border comes
Of *Eden*, where delicious *Paradise*,
Now nearer, crowns with her enclosure green,
As with a rural mound, the champain head
Of a steep wilderness, whose hairie sides 135
With thicket overgrown, grotesque and wild,
Access deny'd; and over-head up grew
Insuperable heighth of loftiest shade,

Cedar, and Pine, and Firr, and branching Palm,
 A Sylvan Scene, and as the ranks ascend 140
 Shade above Shade, a woody Theatre
 Of stateliest view. Yet higher than their tops
 The verdurous wall of *Paradise* up sprung:
 Which to our general Sire gave prospect large
 Into his neather Empire neighbouring round. 145
 And higher than that Wall a circling row
 Of goodliest Trees loaden with fairest Fruit,
 Blossoms and Fruits at once of golden hue
 Appear'd, with gay enamel'd colours mixt:
 On which the Sun more glad impress'd his beams 150
 Than in fair Evening Cloud, or humid Bow,
 When God hath shower'd the earth; so lovely seem'd
 That Landskip: And of pure now purer air
 Meets his approach, and to the heart inspires
 Vernal delight and joy, able to drive 155
 All Sadness but Despair. Now gentle gales
 Fanning their odoriferous wings disperse
 Native perfumes, and whisper whence they stole
 Those balmie spoiles. As when to them who saile
 Beyond the *Cape of Hope*, and now are past 160

Mozambic,

Mozambic, off at Sea North-East winds blow
Sabea Odour from the spicie shoar
Of *Arabie* the blest; with such delay
Well pleas'd they slack their course, and many a League
Chear'd with the grateful Smell old Ocean smiles. 165
So entertain'd those odorous sweets the Fiend
Who came their bane, though with them better pleas'd
Than *Asmodeus* with the fishie fume,
That drove him, though enamour'd, from the Spouse
Of *Tobit's* Son, and with a vengeance sent 170
From *Media* post to *Ægypt*, there fast bound.

Now to th' ascent of that steep savage Hill
Satan had journied on, pensive and slow;
But further way found none, so thick entwin'd,
As one continu'd brake, the undergrowth 175
Of shrubs and tangling bushes had perplext
All path of Man or Beast that pass'd that way.
One Gate there only was, and that look'd East
On th' other side: which when th' Arch-felon saw,
Due entrance he disdain'd, and in Contempt, 180
At one flight bound high Over-leap'd all bound
Of Hill or highest Wall, and sheer within

Lights

Lights on his Feet. As when a prowling Wolfe,
Whom hunger drives to seek new haunt for prey,
Watching where Shepherds pen their Flocks at eve
In hurdled Cotes amid the field secure, 186
Leaps o'er the fence with ease into the Fould:
Or as a Thief bent to unhoord the cash
Of some rich Burgher, whose substantial doors,
Cross-barr'd and bolted fast, fear no assault, 190
In at the window climbs, or o'er the tiles;
So clomb this first Grand Thief into God's Fould;
So since into his Church lewd Hirelings climb.
Thence up he flew, and on the *Tree of Life*,
The middle Tree and highest there that grew, 195
Sat like a Cormorant; yet not true Life
Thereby regain'd, but sat devising Death
To them who liv'd; nor on the virtue thought
Of that life-giving Plant, but only us'd
For prospect, what well us'd had been the pledge 200
Of immortality. So little knows
Any, but God alone, to value right
The good before him, but perverts best things
To worst abuse, or to their meanest use.

Beneath

Beneath him with new wonder now he views 205
To all delight of human Sense expos'd
In narrow room Nature's whole wealth, yea more,
A Heav'n on Earth, for blifsful *Paradise*
Of God the Garden was, by him in the East
Of *Eden* planted; *Eden* stretch'd her Line 210
From *Auran* Eastward to the Royal Tow'rs
Of great *Seleucia*, built by *Grecian* Kings,
Or where the Sons of *Eden* long before
Dwelt in *Telassar*: in this pleasant soile
His far more pleasant Garden God ordain'd; 215
Out of the fertil ground he caus'd to grow
All Trees of noblest kind for sight, smell, taste;
And all amid them stood the *Tree of Life*,
High eminent, blooming Ambrosial Fruit
Of vegetable Gold; and next to Life, 220
Our Death the *Tree of Knowledge* grew fast by,
Knowledge of Good bought dear by knowing Ill.
Southward through *Eden* went a River large,
Nor chang'd his course, but through the shaggie hill
Pass'd underneath ingulft, for God had thrown 225
That Mountain as his Garden-mould high rais'd
Upon

Upon the rapid current, which through veins
Of porous Earth with kindly thirst up-drawn,
Rose a fresh Fountain, and with many a rill
Water'd the Garden; thence united fell 230
Down the steep glade, and met the neather Floud,
Which from his darksome passage now appears,
And now divided into four main Streams,
Runs Diverse, wandring many a famous Realm
And Country, whereof here needs no account, 235
But rather to tell how, if Art could tell,
How from that Saphire Fount the crisped Brooks,
Rowling on Orient Pearl and sands of Gold,
With mazie error under pendent shades
Ran Nectar, visiting each plant, and fed 240
Flours worthy of Paradise, which not nice Art
In Beds and curious Knots, but Nature boon
Pow'rd forth profuse on Hill and Dale and Plain,
Both where the morning Sun first warmly smote
The open field, and where the unpierc'd shade 245
Imbroun'd the noontide Bow'rs. Thus was this place,
A happy rural seat of various view; [Balme,
Groves whose rich Trees wept odorous Gumms and
Others

Others whose fruit burnisht with Golden Rinde
Hung amiable, *Hesperian* Fables true, 250
If true, here only, and of delicious taste.

Betwixt them Lawns, or level Downs, and Flocks
Grazing the tender herb, were interpos'd,
Or Palmie hillock, or the Flourie lap
Of some irriguous valley spred her store, 255
Flours of all hue, and without Thorn the Rose.

Another side, umbrageous Grots and Caves
Of cool recess, o'er which the mantling vine
Lays forth her purple grape, and gently creeps
Luxuriant: Mean while murmuring waters fall 260
Down the slope hills, disperst, or in a lake,
That to the fringed Bank with Myrtle crown'd,
Her chrystal mirror holds, unite their streams.

The Birds their quire apply; aires, vernal aires,
Breathing the smell of field and grove, attune 265
The trembling leaves, while universal *Pan*
Knit with the *Graces* and the *Hours* in dance
Led on th' Eternal Spring. Nor that fair field

Of *Enna*, where *Proserpin* gathering flours,
Her self a fairer Flour by gloomy *Dis* 270

U

Was

Was gather'd, which cost *Ceres* all that pain
To seek her thro' the world; nor that sweet Grove
Of *Daphne* by *Orontes*, and th' inspir'd
Castalian Spring, might with this *Paradise*
Of *Eden* strive; nor that *Nyseian* Isle 275
Girt with the River *Triton*, where old *Cham*,
Whom Gentiles *Ammon* call and *Libyan* *Jove*,
Hid *Amalthea* and her Florid Son
Young *Bacchus* from his Stepdame *Rhea's* eye;
Nor where *Abassin* Kings their Issue guard, 280
Mount *Amara*, though this by some suppos'd
True *Paradise* under the *Ethiop* Line
By *Nilus* head, enclos'd with shining Rock,
A whole days journey high, but wide remote
From this *Assyrian* Garden, where the Fiend 285
Saw undelighted all delight, all kind
Of living Creatures new to sight and strange.

Two of far nobler shape erect and tall,
Godlike erect, with native Honour clad,
In naked Majesty seem'd Lords of all; 290
And worthy seem'd, for in their looks Divine
The image of their glorious Maker shon,

Truth,

Truth, Wisdom, Sanctitude severe and pure,
 Severe, but in true filial freedom plac'd;
 Whence true authority in men; though both 295
 Not equal, as their Sex not equal seem'd;
 For contemplation He and valour form'd;
 For softness She and sweet attractive grace,
 He for God Only, She for God in Him.
 His fair large Front and Eye sublime declar'd 300
 Absolute rule; and Hyacinthin Locks
 Round from his parted forelock manly hung
 Clustering, but not beneath his shoulders broad:
 She as a veil down to the slender waste
 Her unadorned golden tresses wore 305
 Dishevel'd, but in wanton ringlets wav'd
 As the Vine curls her tendrils; which imply'd
 Subjection, but requir'd with Gentle sway,
 And by her Yielded, by him best Receiv'd,
 Yielded with coy submission, modest pride, 310
 And sweet, reluctant, amorous, delay.
 Nor those mysterious parts were then conceal'd:
 Then was not guilty shame, dishonest shame
 Of nature's works, honour dishonourable.

Sin-bred, how have ye troubled all mankind
With Shews instead, meer Shews of seeming Pure,
And banisht from man's life his happiest life,
Simplicities and spotless innocence.

So pass'd they Naked on, nor shunn'd the sight
Of God or Angel, for they thought no ill:
So hand in hand they pass'd, the Loveliest pair
That ever since in loves embraces met,
Adam the goodliest man of men since born
His Sons, the fairest of her Daughters *Eve*.

Under a tuft of shade that on a green 325
Stood whispering soft, by a fresh Fountain side
They sat them down, and after no more toil
Of their sweet Gardning labour than suffic'd
To recommend cool *Zephyr*, and made ease
More easie, wholsom thirst and appetite 330
More grateful, to their Supper Fruits they fell:
Nectarine Fruits which the compliant boughes
Yielded them, side-long as they sat recline
On the soft downie Bank damaskt with flours.
The favoury pulp they chew, and in the rinde 335
Still as they thirsted scoop the brimming stream:

Nor

Nor gentle purpose, nor endearing smiles
Wanted, nor youthful dalliance as befits
Fair couple, linkt in happy nuptial League,
Alone as they. About them frisking plaid 346
All Beasts of th' Earth, since wild, and of all chace
In Wood or Wilderness, Forest or Den;
Sporting the Lion ramp'd, and in his paw
Dandled the Kid; Bears, Tigers, Ounces, Pardes,
Gambol'd before them; th' unwieldy Elephant 345
To make them mirth us'd all his might, and wreath'd
His Lithe Proboscis; close the Serpent fly
Insinuating, wove with Gordian twine
His breaded train, and of his fatal guile
Gave proof unheeded; others on the grass 350
Coucht, and now fill'd with pasture gazing fat,
Or Bedward ruminating: for the Sun
Declin'd was hasting now with prone career
To th' Ocean Isles, and in th' ascending Scale
Of Heav'n the Stars that usher Evening rose: 355
When *Satan* still in gaze, as first he stood,
Scarce thus at length fail'd speech recover'd sad.

O Hell! what do mine eyes with grief behold,

Into

Into our room of bliss thus high advanc'd
Creatures of other mould, earth-born perhaps, 360
Not Spirits, yet to heav'nly Spirits bright
Little inferior; whom my Thoughts pursue
With wonder, and could Love, so lively shines
In them Divine Resemblance, and such grace
The hand that form'd 'em on their shape hath pour'd.
Ah gentle pair! ye little think how nigh 366
Your Change approaches, when all these delights
Will vanish and deliver ye to Woe,
More woe, the more your taste is now of Joy.
Happy, but for so happy ill secur'd 370
Long to continue, and this high seat your Heav'n
Ill fenc'd for Heav'n to keep out such a foe
As now is enter'd; yet no purpos'd foe
To you, whom I could Pity thus forlorne,
Though I Unpitied. League with you I seek, 375
And mutual amity so streight, so close,
That I with you must dwell, or you with me
Henceforth; My dwelling haply may not please,
Like this fair Paradise, your sense, yet such
Accept your Maker's work; he gave it me, 380
Which

Which I as freely give; Hell shall unfold,
To entertain you two, her widest Gates,
And send forth all her Kings; there will be room,
Not like these narrow limits, to receive
Your numerous offspring. If no better place, 385
Thank him who puts me loath to this revenge
On you who wrong me not, for him who wrong'd.
And should I at your harmless innocence
Melt, as I do, yet public reason just,
Honour and Empire with revenge enlarg'd, 390
By conquering this new world, compels me now
To do what else, though Damn'd, I should abhorre.

So spake the Fiend, and with necessity,
The Tyrant's plea, excus'd his devilish deeds.
Then from his loftie stand on that high Tree 395
Down he alights among the sportful Herd
Of those four-footed kindes, himself now one,
Now other, as their Shape serv'd best his end
Nearer to view his prey, and unespied
To mark what of their state he more might learn 400
By word or action markt. About them round
A Lion now he stalks with fierie glare,

Then

Then as a Tiger, who by chance hath spi'd
In some Purlieu two gentle Fawnes at play,
Strait couches close, then rising changes oft 405
His couchant watch, as one who chose his ground
Whence rushing he might surest seize them both
Grip'd in each paw: When *Adam* first of men
To first of Women *Eve* thus moving speech,
Turn'd him all ear to hear new utterance flow. 410

Sole partner and sole part of all these joyes,
Dearer thy self than all! needs must the power
That made us, and for us this ample World,
Be infinitely good, and of his good
As liberal and free as infinite, 415
That rais'd us from the dust, and plac'd us here
In all this happiness, who at his hand
Have nothing merited, nor can perform
Aught whereof he hath need; he who requires
From us no other service than to keep 420
This One, this Easie charge, of all the Trees
In Paradise that bear delicious fruit
So various, not to taste that Only Tree
Of Knowledge, planted by the Tree of Life,

So

So near grows Death to Life, whate'er Death is; 425
 Some Dreadful thing no doubt; for well thou know'st
 God hath pronounc'd it Death to taste that Tree,
 The only sign of our obedience left
 Among so many signs of power and rule
 Conferr'd upon us, and Dominion giv'n 430
 Over all other Creatures that possess
 Earth, Aire, and Sea. Then let us not think hard
 One easie prohibition, who enjoy
 Free leave so large to all things else, and choice
 Unlimited of manifold delights: 435
 But let us ever praise him, and extoll
 His Bounty, following our delightful task
 To prune these growing Plants, and tend these Flours,
 Which were it toilsom, yet with Thee were sweet.

To whom thus *Eve* repli'd, O thou for whom 440
 And from whom I was form'd, flesh of thy flesh,
 And without whom am to no end, my Guide
 And Head, what thou hast said is just and right.
 For we to him indeed all praises owe,
 And daily thanks; I chiefly who enjoy 445
 So far the happier Lot, enjoying thee

Præeminent by so much odds, while thou
Like comfort to thy self can'st no where find.
That day I oft remember when from sleep
I first awak'd, and found my self repos'd 450
Under a shade, on flocks, much wondering where
And what I was, whence thither brought, and how.
Not distant far from thence a murmuring sound
Of waters issu'd from a Cave, and spread
Into a liquid Plain, then stood unmov'd 455
Pure as th' expanse of Heav'n; I thither went
With unexperienc'd thought, and laid me down
On the green bank, to look into the clear
Smooth Lake, that to me seem'd another Skie.
As I bent down to look, just opposite 460
A Shape within the watry gleam appear'd
Bending to look on me; I started back,
It started back; but pleas'd I soon return'd,
Pleas'd it return'd as soon with answering looks
Of sympathy and love: There I had fixt 465
Mine eyes 'till now, and pin'd with vain desire,
Had not a voice thus warn'd me: "What thou see'st,
"What there thou see'st, fair Creature, is thy self,
"With

" With thee it came and goes: but follow me,
 " And I will bring thee where no Shadow stays 470
 " Thy coming, and thy soft embraces: he
 " Whose image thou art, him thou shalt enjoy
 " Inseparably thine, to him shalt bear
 " Multitudes like thy self, and thence be call'd
 " Mother of human Race." What could I doe, 475
 But follow strait, invisibly thus led?
 Till I espy'd thee, fair indeed and tall,
 Under a Plantan, yet methought less Fair,
 Less winning Soft, less amiably Mild,
 Than that smooth watry image; back I turn'd; 480
 Thou following cryd'st aloud, Return fair *Eve*,
 Whom fly'st thou? whom thou fly'st, of him thou art,
 His flesh, his bone; to give thee being I lent
 Out of my side to thee, nearest my heart,
 Substantial Life, to have thee by my side 485
 Henceforth an individual Solace dear;
 Part of my Soul I seek thee, and thee claim
 My other half: with that thy gentle hand
 Seis'd mine: I yielded: and from that time see
 How Beauty is excell'd by Manly grace 490

And Whom, which alone is truly fair.

So spake our general Mother, and with eyes

Of conjugal attraction unprov'd,

And meek surrender, half embracing lean'd

On our first Father; half her swelling Breast

Naked met his under the flowing Gold

Of her loose tresses hid: he in delight

Both of her Beauty and submissive Charms

Smil'd with superior Love, as *Jupiter*

On *Juno* smiles, when he impregns the clouds

That shed *May*-Flow'rs; and press'd her Matron lip

With kisses pure. Aside the Devil turn'd

For envy, yet with jealous leer malign

Ey'd them askance, and to himself thus plain'd.

Sight hateful, sight tormenting! thus these two

Imparadis'd in one another's arms,

The happier *Eden*, shall enjoy their fill

Of bliss on bliss, while I to Hell am thrust,

Where neither Joy nor Love, but fierce Desire,

Among our other torments not the least,

Still unfill'd, with pain of longing pines.

Yet let me not forget what I have gain'd

From

From their own mouths; All is not theirs, it seems; A
 One fatal Tree there stands of Knowledge call'd
 Forbidden them to taste; Knowledge forbidden?
 Suspicious, reasonless. Why should their Lord
 Envy them that? can it be sin to Know?
 Can it be death? and do they only stand
 By Ignorance? is that their happy state,
 The Proof of their obedience and their faith?
 O fair foundation laid, whereon to build
 Their ruin! Hence I will excite their minds
 With more desire to Know, and to reject
 Envious commands, invented with design
 To keep them low whom Knowledge might exalt
 Equal with Gods: Aspiring to be such,
 They taste and die: what likelier can ensue?
 But first with narrow search I must walk round
 This Garden, and no corner leave unspy'd;
 A chance but chance may lead where I may meet
 Some wandering Spirit of Heav'n by Fountain side,
 Or in thick shade retir'd, from him to draw
 What further would be learnt. Live while ye may
 Yet happy pair; enjoy, till I return,

Short

Short pleasures, for Long woes are to succeed. 535

So saying, his proud step he scornful turn'd,

But with fly circumspection, and began [roam]

Through wood, through waste, o'er hill, o'er dale his

Mean while in utmost Longitude, where Heav'n

With Earth and Ocean meets, the setting Sun 540

Slowly descended, and with right aspect

Against the eastern Gate of Paradise

Level'd his evening Rayes. It was a Rock

Of Alabaster, pil'd up to the Clouds,

Conspicuous far, winding with one ascent, 545

Accessible from Earth, one entrance high;

The rest was craggie cliff, that overhung

Still as it rose, impossible to climb.

Betwixt these rockie Pillars *Gabriel* sat,

Chief of th' Angelic Guards, awaiting night; 550

About him exercis'd Heroic Games

Th' unarmed Youth of Heav'n, but nigh at hand

Celestial Armoury, Shields, Helms, and Spears,

Hung high with Diamond flaming, and with Gold.

Thither came *Uriel*, gliding through the Eeven 555

On a Sun-beam, swift as a shooting Star

In *Autumn* thwarts the night, when vapors fir'd
Impress the Air, and shews the Mariner
From what point of his Compass to beware
Impetuous winds: he thus began in haste. 560

Gabriel, to thee thy course by Lot hath giv'n
Charge and strict watch that to this happy place
No Evil thing approach or enter in.

This day at height of Noon came to my Sphere
A Spirit, zealous, as he seem'd, to know 565

More of th' Almighty's works, and chiefly Man,

God's latest Image: I describ'd his way

Bent all on speed, and mark'd his Aerie Gate:

But in the Mount that lies from *Eden* North

Where he first lighted, soon discern'd his Looks 570

Alien from Heav'n, with passions foul obscur'd.

Mine eye pursu'd him still, but under shade

Lost sight of him; one of the banisht crew,

I fear, and ventur'd from the deep, to raise

New troubles; him thy care must be to find. 575

To whom the winged Warrior thus return'd:

Uriel, no wonder if thy perfect sight,

Amid the Sun's bright circle where thou sit'st,

See

See far and wide. In at this Gate none pass
The vigilance here plac'd, but such as come
Well known from Heav'n; and since Meridian hour
No Creature thence: if Spirit of other sort,
So minded, have o'erleapt these earthy bounds
On purpose, hard thou know'st it to exclude
Spiritual substance with corporeal bar.
But if within the circuit of these walls,
In whatsoever shape he lurk, of whom
Thou tell'st, by morrow dawning I shall know.

So promis'd he, and *Uriel* to his charge
Return'd on that bright beam, whose point now rais'd
Bore him slope downward to the Sun now fall'n
Beneath th' *Azores*; whether the prime Orb,
Incredible how swift, had thither rowl'd
Diurnal, or this less volubil Earth,
By shorter flight to th' East, had left him there
Arraying with reflected Purple and Gold
The Clouds, that on his Western Throne attend.
Now came still Evening on, and Twilight gray
Had in her sober Livery all things clad;
Silence accompanied, for Beast and Bird,

They to their grassie Couch, these to their Nests
 Were flunk, all but the wakeful Nightingale;
 She all night long her amorous descant sung;
 Silence was pleas'd: now glow'd the Firmament
 With living Saphirs: *Hesperus* that led 605
 The starry Host rode brightest, till the Moon
 Rising in clouded Majesty at length,
 Apparent Queen, unveil'd her peerless light,
 And o'er the dark her Silver Mantle threw.

When *Adam* thus to *Eve*: Fair Comfort, th' hour
 Of night and all things now retir'd to rest 611
 Mind us of like repose: since God hath set
 Labour and rest, as day and night to men
 Successive, and the timely dew of sleep
 Now falling with soft slumbrous weight inclines 615
 Our eye-lids. Other Creatures all day long
 Rove idle unemploy'd, and less need rest;
 Man hath his daily work of body or mind
 Appointed, which declares his Dignity,
 And the regard of Heav'n on all his ways; 620
 While other Animals unactive range,
 And of their doings God takes no account.

To morrow let fresh morning streak the East
With first approach of light, we must be ris'n,
And at our pleasant labour, to reform
Yon flowerie Arbours, yonder Allies green,
Our walk at noon, with branches overgrown,
That mock our scant manuring, and require
More hands than ours to lop their wanton growth:
Those Blossoms also, and those dropping Gums,
That lie bestrown unsightly and unsmooth,
Ask riddance, if we mean to tread with ease;
Mean while, as Nature wills, Night bids us rest.

To whom thus Eve with perfect beauty adorn'd,
My Author and Disposer, what thou bidst
Unargu'd I obey; so God ordains,
God is thy Law, thou mine: to know no more
Is Woman's happiest knowledge and her praise.
With thee conversing I forget all time,
All seasons and their change, all please alike.
Sweet is the breath of morn, her rising sweet,
With charm of earliest Birds; pleasant the Sun
When first on this delightful Land he spreads
His orient Beams, on herb, tree, fruit, and flower,

Gliftring with dew; fragrant the fertil Earth 645
 After soft showers; and sweet the coming on
 Of grateful Evening mild; then silent Night
 With this her solemn Bird, and this fair Moon,
 And these the Gems of Heav'n, her starry train:
 But neither breath of Morn, when she ascends 650
 With charm of earliest Birds, nor rising Sun
 On this delightful land, nor herb, fruit, flower,
 Gliftring with dew; nor fragrance after showers;
 Nor grateful Evening mild; nor silent Night,
 With this her solemn Bird, nor walk by Moon 655
 Or glittering Star-light without thee is sweet.
 But wherefore all night long shine these, for whom
 This glorious sight, when sleep hath shut all eyes?

To whom our general Ancestor reply'd.
 Daughter of God and Man, accomplisht Eve, 660
 Those have their course to finish round the Earth
 By morrow Evening, and from Land to Land
 In order, though to Nations yet unborn,
 Ministring Light prepar'd, they set and rise;
 Lest total darkness should by Night regain 665
 Her old possession, and extinguish life

In Nature and all things, which these soft fires
Not only enlighten, but with kindly heat
Of various influence foment and warme,
Temper or nourish, or in part shed down
Their stellar virtue on all kinds that grow
On Earth, made hereby apter to receive
Perfection from the Sun's more potent Ray.
These then, though unbeheld in deep of night,
Shine not in vain; nor think, though men were none,
That Heav'n would want spectators, God want praise;
Millions of spiritual Creatures walk the Earth
Unseen, both when we wake, and when we sleep:
All these with ceaseless praise his Works behold
Both day and night: how often from the steep
Of echoing Hill or Thicket have we heard
Celestial Voices to the midnight air,
Sole, or responsive each to others note
Singing their great Creator: oft in bands
While they keep watch, or nightly rounding walk,
With Heavenly touch of instrumental sounds
In full harmonic number join'd, their songs
Divide the night, and lift our thoughts to Heaven.

Thus talking hand in hand alone they pass'd
 On to their blisful Bower; it was a place
 Chos'n by the sov'reign Planter, when he fram'd
 All things to man's delightful use; the roof
 Of thickest covert was inwoven shade
 Laurel and Myrtle, and what higher grew
 Of firm and fragrant leaf; on either side
Acanthus, and each odorous bushy shrub
 Enc'd up the verdant wall; each beauteous flower,
Iris all hues, *Roses*, and *Jessamin*,
 Rear'd high their flourish'd heads between, and wrought
 Mosaic; underfoot the *Violet*,
Crocus, and *Hyacinth*, with rich inlay
 Broider'd the ground, more colour'd than with stone
 Of costliest Emblem: other Creature here
 Beast, Bird, Insect, or Worm durst enter none;
 Such was their awe of Man. In shady Bower
 More sacred and sequester'd, though but feign'd,
Pan or *Sylvanus* never slept, nor Nymph,
 Nor *Faunus* haunted. Here in close recess
 With Flowers, Garlands, and sweet-smelling Herbs,
 Espoused *Eve* deck'd first her nuptial Bed,
 And

And Heav'nly Quires the Hymenean sung
What day the genial Angel to our Sire
Brought her in naked Beauty more adorn'd,
More lovely than *Pandora*, whom the Gods
Endow'd with all their gifts, and O too like
In sad event, when to th' unwiser Son
Of *Japhet* brought by *Hermes*, she ensnar'd
Mankind with her fair looks, to be aveng'd
On him who had stole *Jove's* authentic fire.

Thus at their shady Lodge arriv'd, both stood;
Both turn'd; and under open Sky ador'd
The God that made both Sky, Air, Earth and Heav'n,
Which they beheld, the Moon's resplendent Globe,
And starry Pole: Thou also mad'st the Night,
Maker Omnipotent, and thou the Day,
Which we in our appointed work employ'd
Have finish'd happy in our mutual help
And mutual love, the Crown of all our bliss
Ordain'd by thee, and this delicious place
For us too large, where thy abundance wants
Partakers, and uncropt falls to the Ground.
But thou hast promis'd from us two a Race

To

To fill the Earth, who shall with us extol
Thy goodness infinite, both when we wake,
And when we seek, as now, thy gift of sleep. 735

This said unanimous, and other Rites
Observing none, but adoration pure
Which God likes best, into their inmost Bower
Handed they went; and eas'd the putting off
These troublesome disguises which we wear, 740

Streight side by side were laid, nor turn'd I weene
Adam from his fair Spouse, nor *Eve* the Rites
Mysterious of connubial Love refus'd:

Whatever Hypocrites austerely talk
Of purity, and place, and innocence, 745
Defaming as impure what God declares

Pure, and commands to some, leaves free to all.
Our Maker bids increase, who bids abstain
But our destroyer, foe to God and Man?

Hail wedded Love, mysterious Law, true source 750
Of human offspring, sole propriety
In Paradise of all things common else.

By thee adulterous lust was driv'n from men
Among the bestial herds to range, by thee

Founded

Founded in Reason, Loyal, Just, and Pure, 755
Relations dear, and all the Charities
Of Father, Son, and Brother first were known.
Far be it, that I should write thee sin or blame,
Or think thee unbefitting holiest place,
Perpetual Fountain of Domestick sweets, 760
Whose bed is undefil'd and chaste pronounc'd,
Present, or past, as Saints and Patriarchs us'd.
Here Love his golden shafts employs, here lights
His constant Lamp, and waves his purple wings,
Reigns here and revels; not in the bought smile 765
Of Harlots, loveless, joyless, unindear'd,
Casual fruition, nor in Court Amours
Mixt Dance, or wanton Mask, or midnight Ball,
Or Serenate, which the starv'd Lover sings
To his proud fair, best quitted with disdain. 770
These lull'd by Nightingales imbracing slept,
And on their naked limbs the floury roof
Show'rd Roses, which the Morn repair'd. Sleep on
Blest pair; and O yet happiest if ye seek
No happier state, and know to know no more. 775

Now had night measur'd with her shadowy Cone

Half

Half way up Hill this vast sublunar Vault,
And from their Ivory Port the Cherubim
Forth issuing at th' accustom'd hour stood arm'd
To their night watches in warlike Parade, 780
When *Gabriel* to his next in power thus spake.

Uzziel, half these draw off, and coast the South
With strictest watch; these other wheel the North;
Our circuit meets full West. As flame they part
Half wheeling to the Shield, half to the Spear. 785
From these, two strong and futtle Spirits he call'd
That near him stood, and gave them thus in charge.

Ithuriel and *Zephon*, with wing'd speed
Search through this Garden, leave unsearcht no nook,
But chiefly where those two fair Creatures lodge, 790
Now laid perhaps asleep secure of harm.
This Evening from the Sun's decline arriv'd,
Who tells of some infernal Spirit seen
Hitherward bent (who could have thought?) escap'd
The Bars of Hell, on errand bad no doubt: 795
Such where ye find, seize fast, and hither bring.

So saying, on he led his radiant Files,

Z

Dazling

Dazling the Moon; these to the Bower direct
 In search of whom they sought: him there they found
 Squat like a Toad, close at the Ear of Eve, 800
 Assaying by his devilish Art to reach
 The Organs of her Fancy, and with them forge
 Illusions as he list, Phantasms and Dreams;
 Or if, inspiring venom, he might taint
 Th' animal Spirits that from pure blood arise 805
 Like gentle breaths from Rivers pure, thence raise
 At least disemper'd, discontented thoughts,
 Vain hopes, vain aims, inordinate desires,
 Blown up with high conceits ingendring pride.
 Him thus intent *Sabriel* with his Spear 810
 Touch'd Lightly; for no falsehood can endure
 Touch of Celestial temper, but returns
 Of force to its own likeness: up he starts
 Discover'd and surpriz'd. As when a spark
 Lights on a heap of nitrous Powder laid 815
 Fit for the Tun some Magazine to store
 Against a rumour'd War, the smutty grain
 With sudden blaze diffus'd, inflames the Air:

So started up in his own shape the Fiend,
Back stept those two fair Angels, half amaz'd 820
So sudden to behold the grisley King;
Yet thus, unmov'd with fear, accost him soon.

Which of those rebel Spirits adjudg'd to Hell
Com'st thou, escap'd thy prison, and transform'd
Why sat'st thou like an enemy in wait 825
Here watching at the head of these that sleep?

Know ye not then, said *Satan*, fill'd with scorn,
Know ye not Me? ye knew me once no Mate
For you, there sitting where you durst not soare;
Not to know Me argues Your selves unknown, 830
The Lowest of your throng; or if ye know,
Why ask ye, and superfluous begin
Your message, like to end as much in vain?

To whom thus *Zephon*, answering scorn with scorn.
Think not, revolted Spirit, thy shape the same, 835
Or undiminisht brightness to be known,
As when thou stood'st in Heav'n upright and pure:
That Glory then, when thou no more wast good,
Departed from thee, and thou resembl'st now

Thy sin and place of doom, obscure and foule,
But come, for thou, before, shalt give account
To him who sent us, whose charge is to keep
This place inviolable, and these from harm.

So spake the Cherube, and his grave rebuke
Severe in youthful Beauty, added grace
Invincible: abasht the Devil stood,
And felt how awful goodness is, and saw
Virtue in her shape how lovely, saw, and pin'd
His loss: but chiefly to find here observ'd
His lustre visibly impair'd; yet seem'd
Undaunted. If I must contend, said he,
Best with the best, the Sender not the Sent,
Or All at once; more glory will be won,
Or less be lost. Thy fear, said *Zephon* bold,
Will save us trial what the least can do
Single against thee wicked, and thence weak.

The Fiend reply'd not, overcome with rage;
But like a proud Steed rein'd, went haughty on,
Chaumping his iron curb: to strive or flie
He held it vain; awe from above had quell'd

His

His heart, not else dismay'd. Now drew they high
The western Point, where those half rounding guards
Just met, and closing stood in squadron join'd
Awaiting next command. To whom their Chief
Gabriel from the Front thus call'd aloud. 865

O friends, I hear the tread of nimble feet
Hasting this way, and now by glimps discern
Ithuriel and *Zephon* through the shade,
And with them comes a third of Regal port,
But faded splendor wan; who by his gate 870
And fierce demeanour seems the Prince of Hell.
Not likely to part hence without contest;
Stand firm, for in his look defiance lours.

He scarce had ended when those two approach'd,
And brief related whom they brought, where found,
How busied, in what form and posture couch'd. 876

To whom with stern regard thus *Gabriel* spake.
Why hast thou, *Satan*, broke the bounds prescrib'd
To thy transgressions, and disturb'd the charge
Of others, who approve not to transgress 880
By thy example, but have power and right

To

To question thy bold entrance on this place;
Imploy'd it seems to violate sleep, and those
Whose dwelling God hath planted here in bliss?
To whom thus *Satan*, with contemptuous brow,
Gabriel, thou had'st in Heav'n th' esteem of Wise, 886
And such I held thee; but this question askt
Puts me in doubt; lives there who loves his Pain?
Who would not, finding way, break loose from Hell,
Tho' thither doom'd? Thou would'st thy self, no doubt,
And boldly venture to whatever place 891
Farthest from pain, where thou might'st hope to change
Torment with ease, and soonest recompence
Dole with delight, which in this place I sought;
To thee no reason; who know'st only good, 895
But evil hast not try'd: and wilt object
His will who bound us? let him surer bar
His Iron Gates, if he intends our stay
In that dark durance: thus much what was askt.
The rest is true, they found me where they say; 900
But that implies not violence or harm.
Thus he in scorn. The warlike Angel mov'd,

Disdainfully

Disdainfully half smiling thus reply'd.

O loss of one in Heav'n to judge of Wife,

Since *Satan* fell, whom Folly overthrew,

905

And now returns him from his prison scap'd,

Gravely in doubt whether to hold them wife

Or not, who ask what boldness brought him hither

Unlicens'd, from his bounds in Hell prescrib'd;

So wise he judges it to fly from pain

910

However, and to scape his punishment.

So judge thou still, presumptuous, till the wrath,

Which thou incurr'st by flying, meet thy flight

Sevenfold, and scourge that Wisdom back to Hell,

Which taught thee yet no better, that no pain

915

Can equal Anger infinite provok'd.

But wherefore thou Alone? wherefore with thee

Came not all Hell broke loose? is pain to them

Less pain, less to be fled, or thou than they

Less hardy to endure? courageous Chief,

920

The first in flight from pain, hadst thou alledg'd

To thy deserted host this cause of flight,

Thou surely hadst not come sole fugitive.

To

To which the Fiend thus answer'd, frowning stern.
Not that I less endure, or shrink from pain, 925
Insulting Angel, well thou know'st I stood
Thy fiercest, when in Battel to thy Aid
The blasting vollied Thunder made all speed,
And seconded thy else not dreaded Spear.
But still thy words at random, as before, 930
Argue thy inexperience what behoves,
From hard affaies and ill successes past,
A faithful Leader, not to hazard all
Through ways of danger by himself untry'd.
I therefore, I Alone first undertook 935
To wing the desolate Abyfs, and spie
This new created World, whereof in Hell
Fame is not silent, here in hope to find
Better abode, and my afflicted Powers
To settle here on Earth, or in mid Air; 940
Though for possession put to try once more
What thou and thy gay Legions dare against;
Whose easier business were to serve their Lord
High up in Heav'n, with Songs to hymn his Throne,
And

And practis'd distances to Cringe, not Fight. 945

To whom the warriour Angel soon reply'd.

To say and strait unsay, pretending first

Wise to fly pain, professing next the Spy,

Argues no Leader, but a Liar trac'd.

Satan! and couldst thou Faithful add? O name, 950

O sacred name of Faithfulness profan'd!

Faithful to whom? to thy rebellious crew?

Army of Fiends? fit body to fit head.

Was this your discipline, and faith ingag'd,

Your military obedience, to dissolve 955

Allegiance to th' acknowledg'd Power supream?

And thou fly hypocrite, who now wouldst seem

Patron of liberty, who more than Thou

Once fawn'd, and cring'd, and servilly ador'd

Heav'ns awful Monarch? wherefore, but in hope

To dispossess him, and thy self to reign? 960

But mark what I arreede thee now: Avant.

Flie thither whence thou fledst. If from this hour

Within these hallow'd limits thou appear,

Back to th' infernal Pit I drag thee chain'd, 965

And

And Seal thee so, as henceforth not to scorn
The facil gates of Hell too slightly barr'd.

So threatn'd he; but *Satan* to no threats
Gave heed, but waxing more in rage reply'd.

Then when I am thy Captive talk of chaines, 970
Proud Limitary Cherube, but e'er then
Far heavier load thy self expect to feel
From my prevailing arm, though Heaven's King
Ride on thy wings, and thou with thy Compeers,
Us'd to the yolk, draw'st his triumphant wheels 975
In progress through the road of Heav'n Star-pav'd.

While thus he spake, th' Angelic Squadron bright
Turn'd fiery Red, sharpening in mooned horns
Their Phalanx, and began to hem him round
With ported Spears, as thick as when a field 980
Of *Ceres* ripe for harvest waving bends
Her bearded Grove of ears, which way the wind
Sways them; the careful Plowman doubting stands,
Left on the threshing floore his hopeful sheaves
Prove chaff. On th' other side *Satan* alarm'd 985
Collecting all his might Dilated stood,

• Like

Like *Teneriff* or *Atlas* unremov'd:
 His Stature reach'd the Sky, and on his Crest
 Sat Horror plum'd; nor wanted in his graspe [deeds
 What seem'd both Spear and Shield. Now dreadful
 Might have ensu'd; not only Paradise 991
 In this commotion, but the Starry Cope.
 Of Heav'n perhaps, or all the Elements
 At least had gone to wrack, disturb'd and torn
 With violence of this conflict, had not soon 995
 Th' Eternal, to prevent such horrid fray,
 Hung forth in Heav'n his golden Scales, yet seen
 Betwixt *Astrea* and the *Scorpion* sign,
 Wherein all things created first he weigh'd,
 The pendulous round Earth with balanc'd Air, 1000
 In counterpoise, now ponders all events,
 Battels and Realms: in these he put two weights
 The sequel each of Parting and of Fight;
 The Latter quick up flew, and kickt the beam;
 Which *Gabriel* spying, thus bespake the Fiend. 1005
 Satan, I know thy strength, and thou know'st mine,
 Neither our own, but Giv'n; what folly then

To boast what Arms can do, since thine no more
Than Heav'n permits, nor mine, though Doubl'd now
To trample thee as mire: for proof look up, 1010
And read thy Lot in yon celestial Sign
Where thou art weigh'd, and shown how light, how
If thou resist. The Fiend lookt up, and knew [weak,
His mounted scale aloft: nor more; but fled 1014
Murmuring, and with him fled the shades of night.

The End of the Fourth Book.



To boast what Arms can do, since thine no more
 Than Heav'n permits, nor mine, though Doubt'd now
 To trample thee as mine, for present use
 And read thy Lot in yon celestial Spheres
 Where thou art weigh'd, and how far now
 If thou wilt. The Field HOLT
 His mounted scale shoots out more, but he

FIFTH BOOK

OF

PARADISE LOST.

The ARGUMENT.

Morning approached, Eve relates to Adam her troublesome dream; he likes it not, yet comforts her: They come forth to their day labours: Their Morning Hymn at the Door of their Bower. God, to render Man inexcusable, sends Raphael to admonish him of his obedience, of his free estate, of his enemy near at hand, who he is, and why his enemy, and whatever else may avail Adam to know. Raphael comes down to Paradise; his appearance described; his coming discerned by Adam afar off sitting at the door of his Bower; he goes out to meet him, brings him to his lodge, entertains him with the choicest fruits of Paradise got together by Eve; their discourse at Table: Raphael performs his message, minds Adam of his state and of his enemy; relates at Adam's request who that enemy is, and how he came to be so, beginning from his first revolt in Heaven, and the occasion thereof; how he drew his Legions after him to the parts of the North, and there incited them to rebel with him, persuading all but only Abdiel a Seraph, who in Argument dissuades and opposes him, then forsakes him.



PARADISE LOST.

BOOK V.



OW Morn her rosie steps in th' Ea-
stern Clime
Advancing, sow'd the earth with
Orient Pearl,
When *Adam* wak'd, so custom'd,
for his sleep

Was Aerie light from pure digestion bred,
And temperat vapours bland, which th' only found- 5
Of leaves and fuming rills, *Aurora's* fan,

Lightly

Lightly dispers'd, and the firm Matin Song
Of Birds on every bough; so much the more
His wonder was to find unwatch'd Eve
With Tresses discompos'd, and glowing Cheek
As through unquiet rest: he on his side
Leaning half rais'd, with looks of cordial Love
Hung over her enamour'd, and beheld
Beauty, which whether waking or asleep,
Shot forth peculiar Graces; then with voice
Mild as when *Zephyrus* on *Flora* breathes,
Her hand soft-touching, whisper'd thus. Awake
My fairest, my espous'd, my latest found,
Heav'n's last best gift, my ever new delight,
Awake. The morning shines, and the fresh field
Calls us, we lose the prime, to mark how spring
Our tender Plants, how blows the Citron Grove,
What drops the Myrrhe, and what the balmie Reed,
How nature paints her colour, how the Bee
Sits on the Bloom extracting liquid sweet.

Such whispering wak'd her, but with startled eye
On *Adam*, whom embracing, thus she spake.
O Sole in whom my thoughts find all repose,

My Glory, my Perfection, glad I see
Thy face, and Morn return'd; for I this Night 30
(Such Night till this I never pass'd) have dream'd,
If dream'd, not as I oft am wont, of thee,
Works of day pass'd, or morrow's next design,
But of offence and trouble, which my mind
Knew never till this irksome night. Methought 35
Close at mine ear one call'd me forth to walk
With gentle voice, I thought it thine; it said,
" Why sleepest thou *Eve*? now is the pleasant time,
" The cool, the silent, save where silence yields
" To the night-warbling Bird, that now awake 40
" Tunes sweetest his love-labour'd song; now reigns
" Full-orb'd the Moon, and with more pleasant light
" Shadowy sets off the face of things; in vain,
" If none regard; Heav'n wakes with all his Eyes,
" Whom to behold but Thee, Nature's desire, 45
" In whose sight all things joy, with ravishment
" Attracted by thy beauty still to gaze.
I rose as at thy call, but found thee not;
To find thee I directed then my walk;
And on, methought, alone I pass'd thro' ways 50

That brought me on a sudden to the Tree
Of interdicted Knowledge: Fair it seem'd,
Much fairer to my Fancy than by day:
And as I wondering lookt, beside it stood
One shap'd and wing'd like one of those from Heav'n
By us oft seen; his dewy locks distill'd
Ambrosia; on that Tree he also gaz'd;
And, "O fair Plant, said he, with fruit furcharg'd,
"Deigns none to ease thy load, and taste thy sweet,
"Nor God, nor Man; is Knowledge so despis'd? 60
"Or Envy, or what reserve forbids to taste?
"Forbid who will, none shall from me withhold
"Longer thy offer'd good, why else set here?
This said he paus'd not, but with vent'rous Arm
He pluckt, he tasted; me damp horror chill'd 65
At such bold words voucht with a deed so bold:
But he thus overjoy'd, "O Fruit Divine,
"Sweet of thy self, but much more sweet thus cropt,
"Forbidden here, it seems, as only fit
"For Gods, yet able to make Gods of Men: 70
"And why not Gods of Men, since good the more
"Communicated, more abundant grows,

"The

“ The Author not impair’d, but honour’d more?
“ Here, happy Creature, fair Angelic *Eve*,
“ Partake thou also ; happy though thou art, 75
“ Happier thou may’st be, worthier canst not be :
“ Taste this, and be henceforth among the Gods
“ Thy self a Goddess, not to Earth confin’d,
“ But sometimes in the Air, as we, sometimes
“ Ascend to Heav’n, by merit thine, and see. 80
“ What life the Gods live there, and such live thou.
So saying, he drew nigh, and to me held,
Even to my mouth of that same fruit held part
Which he had pluckt; the pleasant savoury smell
So quicken’d appetite, that I, methought, 85
Could not but taste. Forthwith up to the Clouds
With him I flew, and underneath beheld
The Earth outstretcht immense, a prospect wide
And various: wond’ring at my flight and change
To this high exaltation; suddenly 90
My guide was gone, and I, methought, sunk down,
And fell asleep; but O how glad I wak’d
To find this but a Dream! Thus *Eve* her Night
Related, and thus *Adam* answer’d sad.

Best Image of my self and dearer half,
The trouble of thy thoughts this night in sleep
Affects me equally; nor can I like
This uncouth dream, of evil sprung I fear;
Yet evil whence? in thee can harbour none,
Created pure. But know that in the Soul
Are many lesser Faculties that serve
Reason as chief; among these Fancy next
Her office holds; of all external things
Which the five watchful Senses represent,
She forms Imaginations, Aerie shapes,
Which Reason joyning or disjoyning, frames
All what we affirm, or what deny, and call
Our knowledge or opinion; then retires
Into her private Cell, when Nature rests.
Oft in her absence mimic Fancy wakes
To imitate her; but misjoyning shapes,
Wild work produces oft, and most in dreams,
Ill matching words and deeds long past or late.
Some such resemblances methinks I find
Of our last Evening's talk, in this thy dream,
But with addition strange. Yet be not sad,

Evil

Evil into the mind of God or Man
May come and go, so unapprov'd, and leave
No spot or blame behind: Which gives me hope
That what in sleep thou didst abhor to Dream, 120
Waking thou never wilt consent to Do.

Be not dishearten'd then, nor cloud those looks
That wont to be more chearful and serene
Than when fair Morning first smiles on the World;
And let us to our fresh employments rise 125
Among the Groves, the Fountains, and the Flours,
That open now their choicest bosom'd smells
Reserv'd from night, and kept for thee in store.

So chear'd he his fair Spouse, and she was chear'd,
But silently a gentle tear let fall 130
From either eye, and wip'd them with her hair;
Two other precious drops that ready stood,
Each in their Chrysal sluice, he e'er they fell
Kiss'd, as the gracious signs of sweet remorse
And pious awe, that fear'd to have offended. 135

So all was clear'd, and to the Field they haste.
But first from under shady arborous roof,
Soon as they forth were come to open sight

Of day-spring, and the Sun, who scarce up risen
With wheels yet hov'ring o'er the Ocean brim,
Shot parallel to the earth his dewy ray,
Discovering in wide Landskip all the East
Of Paradise and *Eden's* happy Plains,
Lowly they bow'd adoring, and began
Their Oraisons, each Morning duly paid
In various style: for neither various style
Nor holy rapture wanted they to praise
Their Maker, in fit strains pronounc'd or sung
Unmeditated; such prompt Eloquence
Flow'd from their lips, in Prose or numerous Verse,
More tunable than needed Lute or Harp
To add more sweetness, and they thus began.
These are thy glorious works, Parent of good,
Almighty, thine this universal Frame,
Thus wond'rous fair; thy self how wond'rous then!
Unspeakable, who sitt'st above these Heavens
To us invifible or dimly feen
In these thy lowest works: yet these declare
Thy goodness beyond thought, and Power Divine.
Speak ye who best can tell, ye Sons of light,

Angels,

Angels, for ye behold him, and with songs
And choral symphonies, Day without Night,
Circle his Throne rejoycing, ye in Heav'n.
On Earth join all ye Creatures to extoll
Him first, him last, him midst, and without end. 165
Fairest of Stars, last in the train of Night,
If better thou belong not to the dawn,
Sure pledge of day that crown'st the smiling Morn
With thy bright Circlet, praise him in thy Sphere
While day arises, that sweet hour of Prime. 170
Thou Sun, of this great World both Eye and Soul,
Acknowledge him thy Greater, found his praise
In thy eternal course, both when thou climb'st, [fall'st.
And when high Noon hast gain'd, and when thou
Moon, that now meet'st the orient Sun, now fly'st 175
With the fixt Stars, fixt in their Orb that flies,
And ye five other wand'ring Fires that move
In mystic Dance not without Song, resound
His praise, who out of Darkness call'd up Light.
Air, and ye Elements the eldest birth 180
Of nature's Womb, that in quaternion run
Perpetual Circle, multiform; and mix

And

And nourish all things, let your ceaseless change
Vary to our great Maker still new praise.

Ye Mists and Exhalations that now rise 185

From Hill or steaming Lake, dusky or grey,

Till the Sun paint your fleecie skirts with Gold,

In honour to the World's great Author rise,

Whether to deck with Clouds the uncolour'd Sky,

Or wet the thirsty Earth with falling showers, 190

Rising or falling still advance his praise.

His praise, ye Winds that from four Quarters blow,

Breathe soft or loud; and wave your tops, ye Pines,

With every Plant, in sign of Worship wave.

Fountains, and ye that warble, as ye flow, 195

Melodious murmurs, warbling tune his praise.

Joyn voices all ye living Souls, ye Birds,

That singing up to Heaven-Gate ascend,

Bear on your wings and in your notes his praise;

Ye that in waters glide, and ye that walk 200

The Earth, and stately tread, or lowly creep;

Witness if I be silent, Morn or Even,

To Hill, or Valley, Fountain, or fresh Shade

Made vocal by my Song, and taught his praise.

Hail

Hail universal Lord, be bounteous still
To give us only Good; and if the night
Have gathered aught of Evil or conceal'd,
Disperse it, as now light dispels the dark.

So pray'd they innocent, and to their thoughts
Firm peace recover'd soon and wonted calm. 210
On to their morning's rural work they haste
Among sweet dewes and flours; where any row
Of Fruit-trees over-woodie reach'd too far
Their pamper'd boughes, and needed hands to check
Fruitless embraces: or they led the Vine 215
To wed her Elm; she spous'd about him twines
Her marriageable arms, and with her brings
Her dow'r th'adopted Clusters, to adorn
His barren leaves. Them thus employ'd beheld
With pity Heav'n's high King, and to him call'd 220
Raphael, the sociable Spirit, that deign'd
To travel with *Tobias*, and secur'd
His marriage with the seventimes wedded Maid.

Raphael, said he, thou hear'st what stir on Earth
Satan, from Hell scap'd through the darksome Gulf,
Hath rais'd in Paradise, and how disturb'd 226

This night the Human Pair, how he designs
In them at once to ruin all mankind
Go therefore, half this day as friend with friend
Converse with *Adam*, in what bower or shade 230
Thou find'st him from the heat of Noon retir'd,
To respite his Day-labour with repast,
Or with repose; and such discourse bring on,
As may advise him of his happy state,
Happiness in his power left free to will, 235
Left to his own free Will, his Will though free,
Yet mutable; whence warn him to beware
He swerve not too secure: tell him withal
His danger, and from whom, what enemy,
Late fall'n himself from Heav'n, is plotting now 240
The fall of others from like state of bliss;
By violence? no; for that shall be withstood:
But by deceit and lies; this let him know,
Lest wilfully transgressing he pretend
Surprisal, unadmonisht, unforewarn'd. 245

So spake th' Eternal Father, and fulfill'd
All Justice: nor delay'd the winged Saint
After his charge receiv'd; but from among

Thousand Celestial Ardors, where he stood
Veil'd with his gorgeous wings, up springing light
Flew through the midst of Heav'n; th' Angelic Quires
On each hand parting, to his speed gave way
Through all th' Empyrean road; till at the Gate
Of Heav'n arriv'd, the Gate self-open'd wide
On golden Hinges turning, as by work
Divine the sov'reign Architect had fram'd.
From hence, no cloud, or, to obstruct his sight,
Star interpos'd, however small he sees,
Not unconform to other shining Globes,
Earth and the Gard'n of God, with Cedars crown'd
Above all Hills. As when by night the Glass
Of Galileo, less assur'd, observes
Imagin'd Lands and Regions in the Moon:
Or Pilot from amidst the Cyclades
Delos or Samos first appearing kenns
A cloudy spot. Down thither prone in flight
He speeds, and through the vast Ethereal Sky
Sailes between worlds and worlds, with steady wing
Now on the polar windes, then with quick Fan
Winnows the buxom Air; till within soare

Of towering Eagles, to all the Fowles he seems
 A *Phoenix*, gaz'd by all, as that sole Bird
 When to enshrine his reliques in the Sun's
 Bright Temple, to *Egyptian Thebes* he flies
 At once on th' Eastern cliff of Paradise
 He lights, and to his proper shape returns
 A Seraph wing'd; Six wings he wore, to shade
 His lineaments Divine; the pair that clad
 Each shoulder broad, came mantling o'er his Breast
 With regal Ornament; the middle pair
 Girt like a starry Zone his waste, and round
 Skirted his loins and thighs with downy Gold
 And colours dipt in Heav'n; the third his feet
 Shadow'd from either heele with feather'd mail
 Sky-tinctur'd grain. Like *Mai's* Son he stood,
 And shook his Plumes, that Heav'nly fragrance fill'd
 The circuit wide. Strait knew him all the Bands
 Of Angels under watch; and to his state,
 And to his message high in honour rise;
 For on some message high they guess'd him bound.
 Their glittering Tents he pass'd, and now is come
 Into the blisful field, through Groves of Myrrhe,

And

And flowering Odours, Cassia, Nard, and Balme;
A Wilderness of Sweets; for Nature here
Wanton'd as in her prime, and plaid at will
Her Virgin Fancies, pouring forth more sweet,
Wild above Rule or Art; enormous blifs.
Him through the spicie Forrest onward come
Adam discern'd, as in the door he sat
Of his cool Bower, while now the mounted Sun
Shot down direct his fervid Raies to warme
Earth's inmost womb, more warmth than *Adam* needs;
And *Eve* within, due at her hour prepar'd
For dinner savoury fruits, of taste to please
True appetite, and not disrelish thirst
Of nectarous draughts between, from milky stream,
Berry or Grape: to whom thus *Adam* call'd.
Haste hither *Eve*, and worth thy sight behold
Eastward among those Trees, what glorious shape
Comes this way moving; seems another Morn
Ris'n on mid-noon; some great behest from Heav'n
To us perhaps he brings, and will vouchsafe
This Day to be our Guest. But go with speed,
And what thy stores contain, bring forth, and pour
Abundance,

Abundance, fit to honour and receive
Our Heav'nly Stranger; well we may afford
Our givers their own gifts, and large bestow
From large bestow'd, where Nature multiplies
Her fertil growth, and by disburd'ning grows
More fruitful, which instructs us not to spare.

To whom thus *Eve*. *Adam*, earth's hallow'd mould,
Of God inspir'd, small store will serve, where store,
All seasons, ripe for use hangs on the stalk;
Save what by frugal storing firmness gains
To nourish, and superfluous moist consumes.
But I will haste and from each bough and brake,
Each Plant and juiciest Gourd will pluck such choice
To entertain our Angel guest, as he
Beholding shall confess that here on Earth
God hath dispens'd his Bounties as in Heav'n.

So saying, with dispatchful looks in haste
She turns, on hospitable thoughts intent
What Choice to chuse for delicacy best,
What Order, so contriv'd as not to mix
Tastes, not well join'd, inelegant, but bring
Taste after taste upheld with kindest Change:

Bestirs

Bestirs her then, and from each tender stalk
 Whatever Earth all-bearing Mother yields
 In *India* East or West, or middle shore
 In *Pontus* or the *Panic* Coast, or where 340
Alcinous reign'd, fruit of all kinds, in coate,
 Rough, or smooth rin'd, or bearded husk, or shell
 She gathers, Tribute large, and on the board
 Heaps with unsparing hand; for drink the Grape
 She crushes, inoffensive moult, and meathes 345
 From many a berry, and from sweet kernels prest
 She tempers dulcet creams; nor these to hold
 Wants her fit vessels pure; then strews the ground
 With Rose and Odours from the shrub unfum'd.

Meanwhile our Primitive great Sire, to meet 350
 His God-like Guest, walks forth, without more train
 Accompany'd than with his own compleat
 Perfections: In himself was all his state,
 More solemn than the tedious pomp that waits
 On Princes, when their rich retinue long 355
 Of Horses led, and Grooms besmear'd with Gold
 Dazles the croud, and sets them all agape.
 Nearer his presence *Adam*, though not Aw'd,

Bestirs

Yet

Yet with submissive approach and reverence meek,
As to a Superior nature, bowing low, 660

Thus said. Native of Heav'n, for other place
None can than Heaven such glorious shape contain:
Since by descending from the Thrones above;
Those happy places thou hast deign'd a while
To want, and honour these: vouchsafe with us 365
Two only, who yet by sov'reign gift possess
This spacious ground, in yonder shady Bower
To rest, and what the Garden choicest bears
To sit and taste, till this meridian heat
Be over, and the Sun more cool decline. 370

Whom thus the Angelic Virtue answer'd mild.
Adam, I therefore came, nor art thou such
Created, or such place ha'st here to dwell,
As may not oft invite, though Spirits of Heav'n,
To visit thee; lead on then where thy Bower 375
O'er shades, for these mid-hours, till Evening rise
I have at will. So to the Silvan Lodge
They came, that like *Pomona's* Arbour smil'd
With flourets deckt and fragrant smells; but *Eve*
Undeckt, save with her self more lovely fair 380
Than

Than Wood-Nymph, or the fairest Goddess feign'd
Of Three that in Mount *Ida* naked strove,
Stood to entertain her guest from Heav'n; no veile
She needed, Virtue-proof, no thought infirm
Alter'd her cheek. On whom the Angel *Hail* 385
Bestow'd, the holy salutation us'd
Long after to blest *Mary*, second *Eve*.

Hail Mother of Mankind, whose fruitful Womb
Shall fill the World more numerous with thy Sons,
Than with these various fruits the Trees of God 390
Have heap'd this Table. Rais'd of grassie turf
Their Table was, and mossie seats had round,
And on her ample Square from side to side
All *Autumn* pil'd, though *Spring* and *Autumn* here
Danc'd hand in hand. A while discourse they hold;
No fear least Dinner cool; when thus began 396
Our Author. Heav'nly stranger, please to taste
These bounties which our Nourisher, from whom
All perfect good unmeasur'd out descends,
To us for food and for delight hath caus'd 400
The Earth to yield; unfavoury food perhaps
To Spiritual natures; only this I know,

D d

That

That one Celestial Father gives to all.

To whom the Angel. Therefore what he gives
(Whose praise be ever sung) to Man in part 405

Spiritual, may of purest Spirits be found

No ingrateful food: and food alike those pure

Intelligential substances require

As doth your Rational; and both contain

Within them every lower faculty 410

Of sense, whereby they hear, see, smell, touch, taste,

Tasting concoct, digest, assimilate,

And corporeal to incorporeal turn.

For know, what ever was created, needs

To be sustain'd and fed; of Elements 415

The grosser feeds the purer, Earth the Sea,

Earth and the Sea feed Air, the Air those Fires

Ethereal, and as lowest first the Moon;

Whence in her visage round those spots, unpurg'd

Vapours not yet into her substance turn'd. 420

Nor doth the Moon no nourishment exhale

From her moist Continent to higher Orbes.

The Sun that Light imparts to all, receives

From all his alimential recompence

In humid Exhalations, and at Ev'n
 Sups with the Ocean: though in Heav'n the Trees
 Of life ambrosial frutage bear, and vines
 Yield Nectar, though from off the boughs each Morn
 We brush mellifluous Dewes, and find the ground
 Cover'd with pearly grain: yet God hath here
 Varied his bounty so with new delights,
 As may compare with Heaven; and to taste
 Think not I shall be nice. So down they sat,
 And to their viands fell, nor Seemingly
 The Angel, nor in Mist, the common gloss
 Of Theologians, but with keen dispatch
 Of Real hunger, and concoctive heat
 To transubstantiate; what redounds, transpires
 Through Spirits with ease; nor wonder; if by fire
 Of footy coal the Empiric Alchemist
 Can turn, or holds it possible to turn
 Metals of drossiest Ore to perfect Gold
 As from the Mine. Mean while at Table *Eve*
 Minister'd Naked, and their flowing cups
 With pleasant liquors crown'd. O innocence
 Deserving Paradise! if ever, then,

Then had the Sons of God excuse to have been O
Enamour'd at that sight; but in those hearts
Love unlibidinous reign'd, nor jealousy
Was understood, the injur'd Lovers Hell 450

Thus when with meats and drinks they had suffic'd,
Not burden'd Nature, sudden mind arose
In *Adam*, not to let th' occasion pass
Giv'n him by this great conference to know
Of things above this World, and of their being 455
Who dwell in Heav'n, whose excellence he saw
Transcend his own so far, whose radiant forms,
Divine effulgence, whose high Power so far
Exceeded human, and his wary speech
Thus to th' Empyrean Minister he fram'd. 460

Inhabitant with God, now know I well
Thy favour, in this honour done to man,
Under whose lowly roof thou hast vouchsaf'd
To enter, and these earthly fruits to taste;
Food not of Angels, yet accepted so, 465
As that more willingly thou couldst not seem
At Heav'n's high feasts to have fed: yet what compare?
To whom the winged Hierarch reply'd.

O *Adam*, One Almighty is, from whom
 All things proceed, and up to him return, 470
 If not deprav'd from good, created all
 Such to perfection, one first matter all,
 Indu'd with various forms, various degrees
 Of substance, and in things that live, of life;
 But more refin'd, more spiritous, and pure, 475
 As nearer to him plac'd or nearer tending
 Each in their severall active Spheeres assign'd,
 Till body up to spirit work, in bounds
 Proportion'd to each kind. So from the root
 Springs lighter the green stalk; from thence the leaves
 More aerie; last the bright consummate flour 481
 Spirits odorous breathes: flours and their fruit
 Man's nourishment, by gradual scale sublim'd
 To vital Spirits aspire, to animal,
 To intellectual, give both life and sense, 485
 Fancy and understanding, whence the Soul
 Reason receives, and Reason is her being,
 Discursive, or Intuitive; discourse
 Is ofttest yours, the latter most is ours,
 Differing but in degree, of kind the same. 490

Wonder

Wonder not then, what God for you saw good
If I refuse not, but convert, as you,
To proper substance; time may come when men
With Angels may participate, and find
No inconvenient Diet, nor too light Fare: 495
And from these corporal nutriments perhaps
Your bodies may at last turn all to Spirit,
Improv'd by tract of time, and wing'd ascend
Ethereal, as we, or may at choice
Here or in Heav'nly Paradises dwell; 500
If ye be found Obedient, and retain
Unalterably firm his love entire
Whose progeny you are. Mean while enjoy
Your fill what happiness this happy state
Can comprehend, incapable of more. 505

To whom the Patriarch of mankind reply'd,
O favourable spirit, propitious guest,
Well hast thou taught the way that might direct
Our knowledge, and the scale of Nature set
From center to circumference, whereon 510
In contemplation of created things
By steps we may ascend to God. But say,

What

What meant that caution join'd, *if ye be found*

Obedient? can we want Obedience then

To him, or possibly his love desert

515

Who form'd us from the dust, and plac'd us here

Full to the utmost measure of what bliss

Human desires can seek or apprehend?

To whom the Angel. Son of Heav'n and Earth,

Attend: That thou art happy, owe to God;

520

That thou continu'st such, owe to thy self,

That is, to thy Obedience; therein stand.

This was that caution giv'n thee; be advis'd.

God made thee Perfect, not Immutable;

And Good he made thee, but to Persevere

525

He left it in thy power, ordain'd thy Will

By nature free, not over-rul'd by Fate

Inextricable, or strict necessity;

Our voluntary service he requires,

Not our necessitated; such with him

530

Finds no acceptance, nor can find; for how

Can hearts, not free, be try'd whether they serve

Willing or no, who will but what they must

By Destiny, and can no other chuse?

My

My self and all th' Angelic Host that stand 535
In sight of God enthron'd, our happy state
Hold, as you yours, while our obedience holds;
On other surety none; freely we serve,
Because we freely love, as in our Will
To love or not; in this we stand or fall. 540
And some are fall'n, to disobedience fall'n,
And so from Heaven to deepest Hell; O fall
From what high state of bliss into what woe!

To whom our great Progenitor. Thy words
Attentive, and with more delighted ear, 545
Divine instructor, I have heard, than when
Cherubic Songs by night from neighbouring Hills
Aereal Music send: nor knew I not
To be both Will and Deed created free;
Yet that we never shall forget to love 550
Our Maker, and obey him whose command
Single, is yet so just, my constant thoughts
Assur'd me, and still assure: though what thou tell'st
Hath past in Heav'n, some doubt within me move,
But more desire to hear, if thou consent, 555
The full relation, which must needs be strange,

Worthy

Worthy of sacred silence to be heard;
And we have yet large day, for scarce the Sun
Hath finish'd half his journey, and scarce begins
His other half in the great Zone of Heav'n. 560

Thus *Adam* made Request, and *Raphael*
After short pause assenting, thus began.

High matter thou enjoinst me, O prime of men,
Sad task and hard: for how shall I relate
To Human sense th' invisible exploits 565
Of warring Spirits; how without remorse
The ruin of so many glorious once
And perfect while they stood; how last unfold
The secrets of another world, perhaps
Not lawful to reveal? yet for thy good 570
This is dispens'd, and what surmounts the reach
Of human sense, I shall delineate so,
By lik'ning spiritual to corporal forms,
As may express them best. Though what if Earth
Be but the shadow of Heav'n, and things therein 575
Each to other like, more than on earth is thought?

As yet this World was not, and *Chaos* wild [now rests
Reign'd where these Heav'ns now rowl, where Earth

E e

Upon

Upon her Center pois'd, when on a day
(For time, though in Eternity, apply'd 580
To motion, measures all things durable
By present, past, and future) on such day
As Heav'n's great Year brings forth, th' Empyreal Host
Of Angels by Imperial summons call'd,
Innumerable before th' Almighty's Throne 585
Forthwith from all the ends of Heav'n appear'd
Under their Hierarchs in order bright:
Ten thousand thousand Ensigns high advanc'd,
Standards, and Gonfalons 'twixt Van and Rear
Stream in the Air, and for distinction serve 590
Of Hierarchies, of Orders, and Degrees;
Or in their glittering Tissues bear imblaz'd
Holy Memorials, acts of Zeal and Love
Recorded eminent. Thus when in Orbs
Of circuit inexpressible they stood, 595
Orb within Orb, the Father infinite,
By whom in blifs imbosom'd sat the Son,
Amidst as from a flaming Mount, whose top
Brightness had made invisible, thus spake.
Hear all ye Angels, Progeny of Light, 600
Thrones,

Thrones, Dominations, Princedoms, Virtues, Powers,
Hear my Decree, which unrevok'd shall stand.

This day I have begot whom I declare

My only Son, and on this holy Hill

Him have anointed, whom ye now behold 605

At my right hand; your Head I him appoint;

And by my Self have sworn to him shall bow

All knees in Heav'n, and shall confess him Lord.

Under his great Vice-gerent Reign abide

United as one individual Soul 610

For ever happy: Him who disobeyes

Me disobeyes, breaks union, and that day

Cast out from God and blessed Vision, falls

Into utter darkness, deep ingulf'd, his place

Ordain'd without redemption, without end. 615

So spake th' Omnipotent, and with his words

All seem'd well pleas'd; all Seem'd, but Were not all.

That day, as other solemn days, they spent

In song and dance about the sacred Hill.

Myftical dance, which yonder ftarry Sphere 620

Of Planets and of fixt in all her Wheels

Refembles nearest, mazes intricate,

Eccentric, intervolv'd, yet regular
Then most, when most irregular they seem,
And in their motions harmony divine 625
So smooths her charming tones, that God's own ear
Listens delighted. Eevning now approach'd
(For we have also our Eevning and our Morn,
We ours for Change delectable, not Need)
Forthwith from dance to sweet repast they turn 630
Desirous; all in Circles as they stood,
Tables are set, and on a sudden pil'd
With Angel's Food, and rubied Nectar flows
In Pearl, in Diamond, and massie Gold,
Fruit of delicious Vines, the growth of Heav'n. 635
On flours repos'd, and with fresh flourets crown'd,
They eat, they drink, and in communion sweet
Quaff immortality and joy, secure
Of surfeit where full measure only bounds
Excess, before th' all bounteous King, who showr'd
With copious hand, rejoicing in their joy. 641
Now when ambrosial Night with Clouds exhal'd
From that high mount of God, whence light and shade
Spring both, the face of brightest Heaven had chang'd
To

To grateful Twilight (for Night comes not there
 In darker veil) and roseat Dews dispos'd 646
 All but the unsleeping eyes of God to rest,
 Wide over all the Plain, and wider far
 Than all this globous Earth in Plain out spred,
 (Such are the Courts of God) Th' Angelic throng 650
 Disperst in Bands and Files their Camp extend
 By living Streams among the Trees of Life,
 Pavilions numberless, and sudden rear'd,
 Celestial Tabernacles, where they slept
 Fann'd with cool Winds, save those who in their course
 Melodious Hymns about the sov'reign Throne 656
 Alternate all night long. But not so wak'd
Satan, so call him now, his former name
 Is heard no more in Heav'n; he of the First,
 If not the First Arch-Angel, great in Power, 660
 In favour and præeminence, yet fraught
 With envy against the Son of God, that day
 Honour'd by his great Father, and proclaim'd
Messiah King anointed, could not bear 664
 Thro' Pride that sight, and thought himself impair'd.
 Deep malice thence conceiving and disdain,

Soon

Soon as midnight brought on the dusky hour
Friendliest to sleep and silence, he resolv'd
With all his Legions to dislodge, and leave
Unworshipt, unbey'd the Throne supream 670
Contemptuous, and his next subordinate
Awak'ning, thus to him in secret spake.

Sleep'st thou, Companion dear, what sleep can close
Thy eye-lids? and remembrest what Decree
Of yesterday, so late hath past the lips 675
Of Heaven's Almighty? Thou to me thy thoughts
Wast wont, I mine to thee was wont to impart;
Both waking we were one; how then can now
Thy sleep dissent? new Laws thou seest impos'd;
New Laws from him who reigns new Minds may raise
In us who serve, new Counsels, to debate 681
What doubtful may ensue: more in this place
To utter is not safe. Assemble thou
Of all those Myriads which we lead the chief;
Tell them that by command, e'er yet dim Night 685
Her shadowy Cloud withdraws, I am to haste,
And all who under me their Banners wave,
Homeward with flying march where we possess

The

The Quarters of the North, there to prepare
Fit entertainment to receive our King 690
The great *Messiah*, and his new commands,
Who speedily through all the Hierarchies
Intends to pass triumphant, and give Laws.

So spake the false Arch-Angel, and infused
Bad influence into th' unwary breast 695
Of his Associate; he together calls,
Or several one by one, the regent Powers,
Under him regent; tells, as he was taught,
That the most High commanding, now e'er Night,
Now e'er dim Night had disincumber'd Heaven, 700
The great Hierarchal Standard was to move;
Tells the suggested cause, and casts between
Ambiguous words and jealousies, to found
Or taint integrity; but all obey'd
The wonted signal, and superior voice 705
Of their great Potentate; for Great indeed
His name, and High was his degree in Heaven;
His count'nance, as the Morning Star that guides
The starry flock, allur'd them, and with Lies
Drew after him the third part of Heavens Host: 710
Mean

Mean while th'Eternal eye, whose sight discerns
Abstrusest thoughts, from forth his holy Mount
And from within the Golden Lamps that burn
Nightly before him, saw without their Light
Rebellion rising, saw in whom, how spread 715
Among the sons of Morn, what Multitudes
Were banded to oppose his high Decree;
And smiling to his only Son thus said.

Son, thou in whom my glory I behold
In full resplendence, Heir of all my might, 720
Nearly if now concerns us to be sure
Of our Omnipotence, and with what Arms
We mean to hold what anciently we claim
Of Deity or Empire: such a foe
Is rising, who intends to erect his Throne 725
Equal to ours, throughout the spacious North;
Nor so content, hath in his thought to try
In battel, what our Power is, or our right.
Let us advise, and to this hazard draw
With speed what force is left, and all imploy 730
In our defence, lest unawares we lose
This our high place, our Sanctuary, our Hill.

To

To whom the Son with calm aspect and clear,
Light'ning Divine, ineffable, serene,
Made answer. Mighty Father, thou thy foes 735
Justly ha'st in derision, and secure
Laughst at their vain designs, and tumults vain,
Matter to me of Glory, whom their hate
Illustrates, when they see all Regal Power
Given me to quell their pride, and in event 740
Know whether I be dextrous to subdue
Thy Rebels, or be found the Worst in Heaven.

So spake the Son; but *Satan* with his Powers
Far was advanc'd on winged speed, an Host
Innumerable as the Stars of Night, 745
Or Stars of Morning, Dew-drops, which the Sun
Impearls on every leaf and every flour.
Regions they pass'd, and mighty Regencies
Of Seraphim and Potentates and Thrones
In their triple Degrees, Regions to which 750
All thy Dominion, *Adam*, is no more
Than what this Garden is to all the Earth,
And all the Sea, from one entire Globose

Stretcht into Longitude; which having pass'd
At length into the limits of the North 755
They came, and *Satan* to his Royal seat
High on a Hill, far blazing, as a Mount
Rais'd on a Mount, with Pyramids and Tow'rs
From Diamond Quarries hew'n, and Rocks of Gold,
The Palace of great *Lucifer*, (so call 760
That Structure in the Dialect of men
Interpreted) which not long after, he
Affecting all equality with God,
In imitation of that Mount whereon
Messiah was declar'd in sight of Heaven, 765
The Mountain of the Congregation call'd.
For thither he assembled all his Train,
Pretending so commanded to consult
About the great reception of their King
Thither to come, and with calumnious Art 770
Of counterfeited truth thus held their ears.

Thrones, Dominations, Princedoms, Virtues, Powers,
If these magnific Titles yet remain
Not meerly titular, since by Decree

Another

Another now hath to himself ingross'd 775
 All Power, and us eclips'd under the name
 Of King Anointed; for whom all this haste
 Of midnight march, and hurry'd meeting here,
 This only to consult, how we may best
 With what may be devis'd of honours new 780
 Receive him coming to receive from us
 Knee-tribute, yet unpaid, prostration vile,
 Too much to One, but Double how endur'd,
 To One and to his Image now proclaim'd?
 But what if better counsels might erect 785
 Our minds, and teach us to cast off this Yoke?
 Will ye submit your necks, and chuse to bend
 The supple knee? ye will not, if I trust
 To know ye right, or if ye know your selves
 Natives and Sons of Heaven possess before 790
 By none, and if not Equal all, yet Free,
 Equally free; for Orders and Degrees
 Jar not with Liberty, but well consist.
 Who can in reason then or right assume
 Monarchy over such as live by right 795

His equals, if in Power and Splendor less,
In Freedom equal? or can introduce
Law and Edict on us, who without law
Err not, much less for this to be our Lord,
And look for Adoration to th' abuse 800
Of those Imperial Titles which assert
Our being ordain'd to Govern, not to Serve?

Thus far his bold discourse without controul
Had audience, when among the Seraphim
Abdiel, than whom none with more Zeal ador'd 805
The Deity, and divine commands obey'd,
Stood up, and in a flame of zeal severe
The current of his fury thus oppos'd.

O argument blasphemous, false and proud!
Words which no ear ever to hear in Heaven 810
Expected, least of all from Thee, ingrate,
In place thy self so high above thy Peers.
Canst thou with impious Obloquy condemn
The just Decree of God, pronounc'd and sworn,
That to his only Son by right endued 815
With regal Scepter, every Soul in Heaven

Shall

Shall bend the knee, and in that honour due
 Confess him rightful King? unjust thou faist,
 Flatly unjust, to bind with Laws the free,
 And equal over equals to let reign, 820
 One over all with unfucceeded power.
 Shalt thou give Law to God, shalt thou dispute
 With him the points of liberty, who made
 Thee what thou art, and form'd the Pow'rs of Heav'n
 Such as he pleas'd, and circumscrib'd their being? 825
 Yet by experience taught we know how good,
 And of our good, and of our dignity
 How provident he is, how far from thought
 To make us less, bent rather to exalt
 Our happy state under one Head more near 830
 United. But to grant it thee unjust,
 That equal over equals Monarch reign:
 Thy self, though great and glorious, dost thou count,
 Or all Angelic Nature join'd in one,
 Equal to him Begotten Son? by whom 835
 As by his Word the mighty Father made
 All things, ev'n Thee, and all the Spirits of Heaven

By

By him created in their bright degrees;
Crown'd them with Glory, and to their Glory nam'd
Thrones, Dominations, Princedoms, Virtues, Powers:
Essential Powers, nor by his Reign obscur'd,
But more illustrious made, since he the Head
One of our number thus reduc'd becomes,
His Laws our Laws, all honour to him done
Returns our own. Cease then this impious rage
And tempt not these; but hasten to appease
Th' incens'd Father, and th' incens'd Son,
While Pardon may be found in time besought.

So spake the Fervent Angel, but his zeal
None seconded, as out of season judg'd,
Or singular and rash, whereat rejoic'd
Th' Apostat, and more haughty thus reply'd.
That we were Form'd then, saist thou? and the work
Of secondary hands, by task transferr'd
From Father to his Son? strange point and new!
Doctrine which we would know whence learnt: who
When this Creation was? rememberst thou
Thy making, while the Maker gave thee being?

We

We know no time when we were not as now;
 Know none before us, Self-begot, Self-rai'd 860
 By our own quickening power, when fatal course
 Had circled his full Orb, the birth mature
 Of this our native Heav'n, Ethereal Sons.
 Our puissance is our Own, our Own right hand
 Shall teach us highest deeds, by proof to try 865
 Who is our equal: then thou shalt behold
 Whether by supplication we intend
 Address, and to begirt th' Almighty Throne
 Beseeching or Besieging. This report,
 These tidings carry to th' Anointed King; 870
 And fly, e'er evil intercept thy flight.

He said, and as the sound of waters deep
 Hoarse murmur echo'd to his words applause
 Through the infinite Host, nor less for that
 The flaming Seraph fearless, though alone 875
 Encompass'd round with foes, thus answer'd bold.

O alienate from God, O Spirit accurst,
 Forsaken of all good; I see thy fall
 Determin'd, and thy hapless crew involv'd.

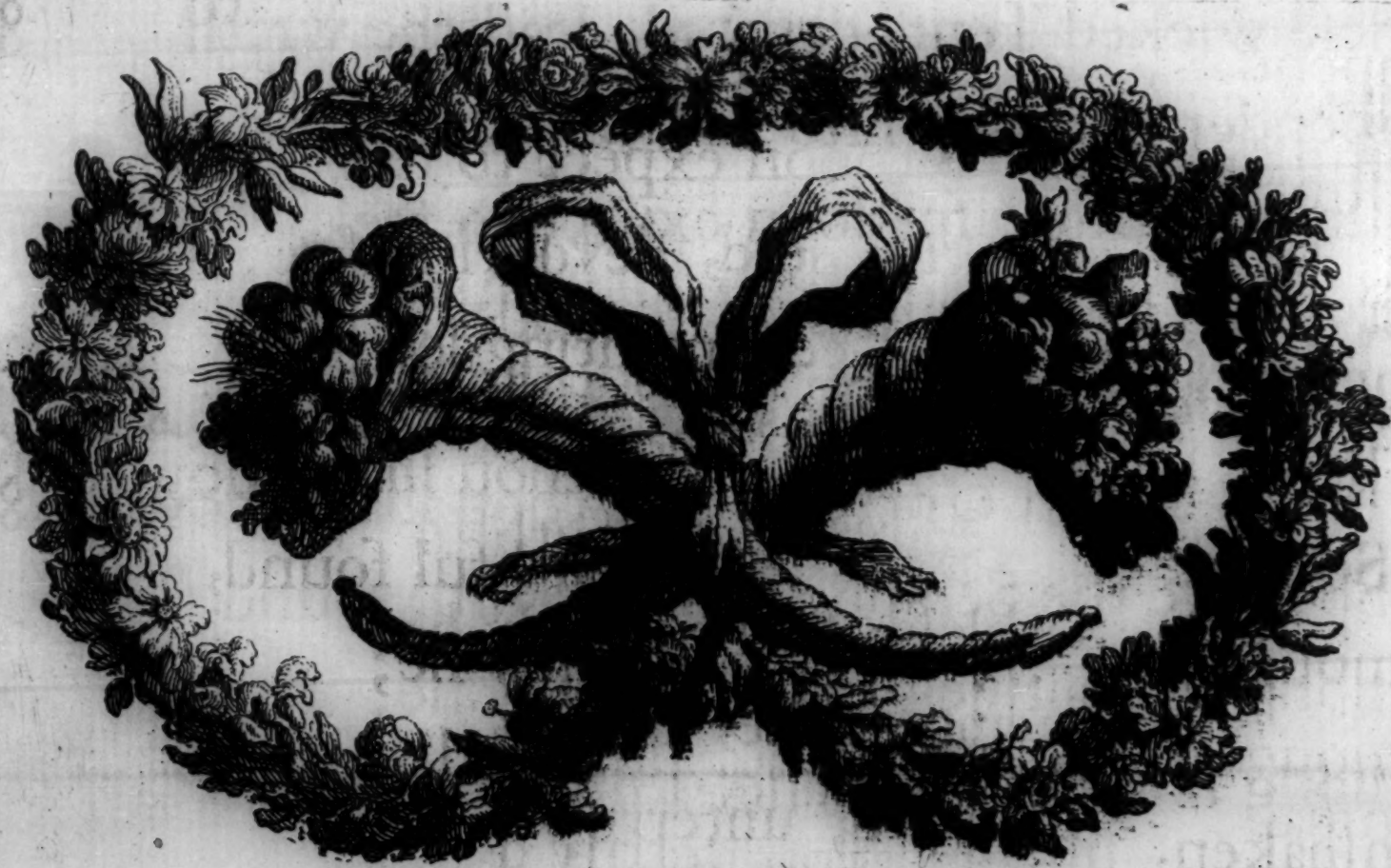
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In this perfidious fraud, contagion spread 880
Both of thy crime and punishment: henceforth
No more be troubled how to quit the yoke
Of God's *Messiah*; those indulgent Laws
Will not be now voutfast, other Decrees
Against thee are gone forth without recal: 885
That Golden Scepter which thou didst reject
Is now an Iron Rod to bruise and break
Thy disobedience. Well thou didst advise,
Yet not for thy advice or threats I fly
These wicked Tents devoted, least the wrath 890
Impendent, raging into sudden flame
Distinguish not: for soon expect to feel
His Thunder on thy head, devouring fire:
Then who Created thee lamenting learn,
When who can Uncreate thee thou shalt know. 895

So spake the Seraph *Abdiel* faithful found;
Among the faithless, faithful only he;
Among innumerable false, unmov'd,
Unshaken, unseduc'd, untterrify'd
His Loyalty he kept, his Love, his Zeal; 900
Nor

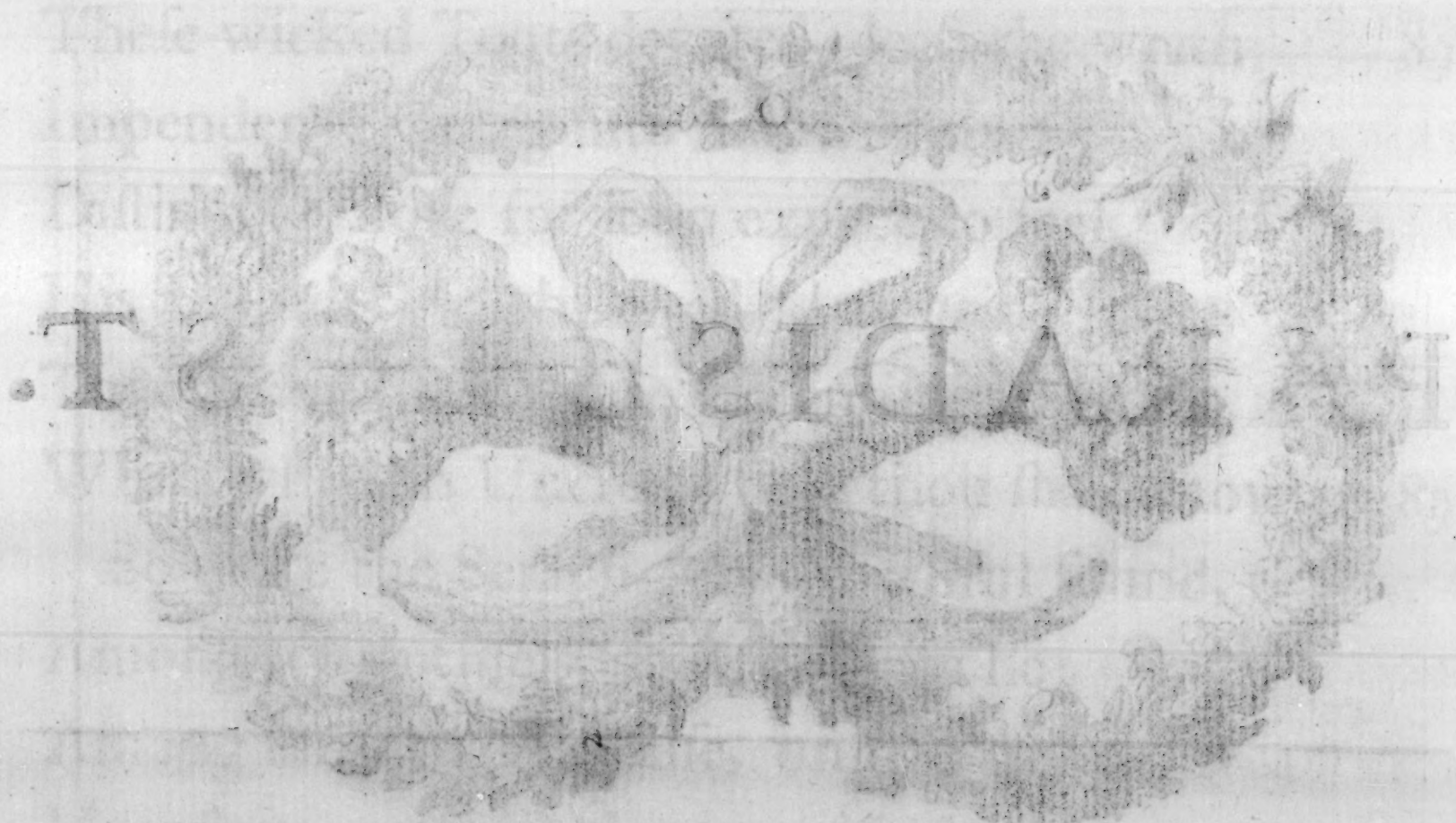
Nor number, nor example with him wrought
To swerve from truth, or change his constant mind
Though Single. From amidst them forth he pass'd,
Long way through hostile Scorn, which he sustain'd
Superior, nor of Violence fear'd aught; 905
And with retorted scorn his back he turn'd
On those proud Tow'rs to swift destruction doom'd.

The End of the Fifth Book.



Not number, nor example with him wrought
 To swerve from truth, or change his constant mind
 Though single. From amidst them forth he pass'd
 Long way through hostile Scorn, which he sustain'd
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The End of the Fifth Book.



THE ARGUMENT.

THE

SIXTH BOOK

OF

PARADISE LOST.

The ARGUMENT.

Raphael continues to relate how Michael and Gabriel were sent forth to battle against Satan and his Angels. The first Fight described: Satan and his Powers retire under Night: He calls a Council, invents devilish Engines, which in the second day's Fight put Michael and his Angels to some disorder; but they at length pulling up Mountains overwhelmed both the Force and Machines of Satan: Yet the Tumult not so ending, God on the third day sends Messiah his Son, for whom he had reserv'd the Glory of that Victory: He in the Power of his Father coming to the place, and causing all his Legions to stand still on either side, with his Chariot and Thunder driving into the midst of his Enemies, pursues them unable to resist towards the wall of Heaven; which opening, they leap down with horreur and confusion into the place of punishment prepar'd for them in the Deep: Messiah returns with Triumph to his Father.



PARADISE LOST.

BOOK VI.



AL L night the dreadless Angel unpursu'd

Thro' Heav'ns wide Champain held
his way 'till Morn,

Wak'd by the circling Hours, with
rosie hand

Unbarr'd the gates of Light. There is a Cave
Within the Mount of God, fast by his Throne, 5
Where light and darkness in perpetual round

Lodge

Lodge and dislodge by turns, which makes thro' Heav'n
Grateful vicissitude, like Day and Night;
Light issues forth, and at the other door
Obsequious Darkness enters, till her hour
To veil the Heav'n, tho' darkness there might well
Seem Twilight here. And now went forth the Morn
Such as in highest Heav'n, array'd in Gold
Empyrean, from before her vanish'd Night,
Shot thro' with orient Beams, when all the Plain
Cover'd with thick embattled Squadrons bright,
Chariots and flaming Arms, and fiery Steeds
Reflecting blaze on blaze, first met his view:
War he perceiv'd, war in procinct, and found
Already known what he for news had thought
To have reported: gladly then he mixt
Among those friendly Powers who him receiv'd
With joy and acclamations loud, that One,
That of so many Myriads fall'n, yet One,
Return'd not lost: On to the sacred hill
They led him high applauded, and present
Before the seat supream; from whence a voice
From midst a Golden Cloud thus mild was heard.

Servant

Servant of God, well done, well hast thou fought
 The better fight, who single hast maintain'd 30
 Against revolted multitudes the Cause
 Of Truth, in Word mightier than they in Arms;
 And for the testimony of Truth hast born
 Universal Reproach, far worse to bear
 Than Violence: for this was all thy care 35
 To stand approv'd in sight of God, tho' worlds
 Judg'd thee perverse; the easier conquest now
 Remains thee, aided by this host of friends,
 Back on thy foes more glorious to return
 Than scorn'd thou didst depart, and to subdue 40
 By force, who reason for their Law refuse,
 Right reason for their Law, and for their King
Messiah, who by right of merit reigns.
 Go *Michael* of Celestial Armies Prince,
 And thou in Military prowess next 45
Gabriel, lead forth to Battel these my Sons
 Invincible, lead forth my armed Saints
 By Thousands and by Millions rang'd for fight;
 Equal in number to that Godless crew
 Rebellious: them with Fire and hostile Arms 50
 Fearless

Fearless assault, and to the brow of Heav'n
Pursuing drive them out from God and bliss
Into their place of punishment, the Gulph
Of *Tartarus*, which ready opens wide
His fiery *Chaos* to receive their fall. 55

So spake the Sov'ran voice, and Clouds began
To darken all the Hill, and smoak to rowl
In dusky wreathes, reluctant flames, the sign
Of Wrath awak'd: nor with less dread the loud
Ethereal Trumpet from on high gan blow: 60
At which command the Powers Militant,
That stood for Heav'n, in mighty Quadrate join'd
Of Union irresistible, mov'd on
In silence their bright Legions, to the found
Of instrumental Harmony that breath'd 65
Heroic Ardor to advent'rous deeds
Under their God-like Leaders, in the cause
Of God and his *Messiah*. On they move
Indissolubly firm; nor obvious Hill,
Nor strait'ning Vale, nor Wood, nor Stream divides
Their perfect ranks; for high Above the ground 71
Their march was, and the passive Air upbore

Their

Their nimble tread. As when the total kind
Of Birds, in orderly array on wing,
Came summon'd over *Eden* to receive 75
Their names of thee: So over many a tract
Of Heav'n they march'd, and many a Province wide
Tenfold the length of this terrene: at last
Far in th' Horizon to the North appear'd
From skirt to skirt a fiery Region, stretcht 80
In battailous aspect, and nearer view
Bristled with upright beams innumerable
Of rigid Spears, and Helmets throng'd, and Shields
Various, with boastful Argument portraid,
The banded Powers of *Satan* hastening on 85
With furious expedition; for they ween'd
That self-same day by fight, or by surprize
To win the Mount of God, and on his Throne
To set the envier of his State, the proud
Aspirer, but their thoughts prov'd fond and vain 90
In the mid way; though strange to us it seem'd
At first, that Angel should with Angel war,
And in fierce Hosting meet, who wont to meet
So oft in Festivals of joy and love

Unanimous, as Sons of one great Sire
Hymning th' Eternal Father: But the shout
Of Battel now began, and rushing sound
Of onset ended soon each milder thought.
High in the midst exalted as a God
Th' Apostat in his Sun-bright Chariot sat, 100
Idol of Majesty Divine, enclos'd
With flaming Cherubim, and golden Shields;
Then lighted from his gorgeous Throne, for now
'Twixt Host and Host but narrow space was left,
A dreadful interval, and Front to Front 105
Presented stood in terrible array
Of hideous length. Before the cloudy Van,
On the rough edge of battle e'er it join'd,
Satan with vast and haughty strides advanc'd
Came tow'ring, arm'd in Adamant and Gold; 110
Abdiel that fight endur'd not, where he stood
Among the mightiest, bent on highest deeds,
And thus his own undaunted heart explores.
O Heav'n! that such Resemblance of the Highest
Should yet remain, where Faith and Realty 115
Remain not; wherefore should not Strength and Might
There

There fail where Virtue fails, or weakest prove
Where boldest, though to fight unconquerable?
His Puissance, trusting in th' Almighty's aid,
I mean to try, whose Reason I have try'd 120
Unfound and false; nor is it aught but just,
That he who in debate of Truth hath won,
Should win in Arms, in both disputes alike
Victor; though brutish that contest and foul,
When Reason hath to deal with Force, yet so 125
Most reason is that Reason overcome.

So pondering, and from his armed Peers
Forth stepping opposite, half way he met
His daring foe, at this prevention more
Incens'd, and thus securely him defy'd. 130

Proud, art thou met? thy hope was to have reacht
The height of thy aspiring unoppos'd,
The Throne of God unguarded, and his side
Abandon'd at the terror of thy Power
Or potent Tongue. Fool, not to think how vain 135
Against th' Omnipotent to rise in Arms,
Who out of smallest things could without end
Have rais'd incessant Armies to defeat

Thy folly; or with solitary hand
 Reaching beyond all limit at one blow
 Unaided could have finish'd thee, and whelm'd
 Thy Legions under darkness; but thou seest
 All are not of thy Train; there be who Faith
 Prefer, and Piety to God, though then
 To thee not visible, when I alone
 Seem'd in thy World erroneous to dissent
 From all: my Sect thou seest, now learn too late
 How few sometimes may know, when thousands err.

Whom the grand Foe with scornful eye askance
 Thus answer'd. Ill for thee, but in wisht hour
 Of my revenge, first fought for thou returnst
 From flight, seditious Angel, to receive
 Thy merited reward, the first assay
 Of this right hand provokt, since first that tongue
 Inspir'd with contradiction durst oppose
 A Third part of the Gods, in Synod met
 Their Deities to assert, who while they feel
 Vigour Divine within them, can allow
 Omnipotence to none. But well thou com'st
 Before thy fellows, ambitious to win

From

From me some Plume, that thy success may show
Destruction to the rest: this pause between
(Unanswer'd lest thou boast) to let thee know,
At first I thought that Liberty and Heav'n
To heav'nly Souls had been all one; but now 165
I see that most through sloth had rather serve,
Ministring Spirits, train'd up in Feast and Song;
Such hast thou arm'd, the Minstrelsie of Heav'n,
Servility with freedom to contend,
As both their deeds compar'd this day shall prove. 170

To whom in brief thus *Abdiel* stern reply'd.
Apostat, still thou err'st, nor end wilt find
Of erring, from the path of truth remote:
Unjustly thou deprav'st it with the name
Of Servitude to serve whom God ordains, 175
Or Nature; God and Nature bid the same,
When he who rules is worthiest, and excells
Them whom he governs. This is servitude,
To serve th' Unwise, or him who hath rebell'd
Against his worthier, as thine now serve thee, 180
Thy self not free, but to thy self enthrall'd;
Yet leudly dar'st our ministring upbraid.

Reign

Reign thou in Hell thy Kingdom, let me serve
In Heav'n God ever blest, and his Divine
Behests obey, worthiest to be obey'd. 185
Yet Chains in Hell, not Realms expect: mean while
From me return'd, as erst thou saidst, from flight,
This greeting on thy impious Crest receive.

So saying, a noble stroke he lifted high,
Which hung not, but so swift with tempest fell 190
On the proud Crest of *Satan*, that no fight,
Nor motion of swift thought, less could his Shield
Such ruin intercept: Ten paces huge
He back recoil'd; the tenth on bended knee
His massie Spear upstaid; as if on Earth 195
Winds under ground or waters forcing way
Sidelong, had push'd a Mountain from his seat
Half sunk with all his Pines. Amazement seiz'd
The Rebel Thrones, but greater rage to see
Thus foil'd their mightiest; ours joy fill'd, and shout,
Prefage of Victory and fierce desire 201
Of Battel: whereat *Michael* bid sound
Th' Arch-Angel trumpet; through the vast of Heav'n
It sounded, and the faithful Armies rung

Hosanna

BOOK VI PARADISE LOST.

239

Hosanna to the Highest: nor stood at gaze 205

The adverse Legions, nor less hideous joyn'd

The horrid flock: now storming fury rose,

And clamour, such as heard in Heav'n till now

Was never, Arms on Armour clashing bray'd

Horrible discord, and the madding Wheels 210

Of brazen Chariots rag'd; dire was the noise

Of Conflict; over heard the dismal hiss

Of fiery Darts in flaming vollies flew,

And flying Vaulted either Host with fire.

So under fiery Cope together rush'd 215

Both Battels main, with ruinous assault

And inextinguishible rage; all Heaven

Refounded, and had Earth been then, all Earth

Had to her Center shook. What wonder? when

Millions of fierce encountring Angels fought 220

On either side, the least of whom could wield

These Elements, and arm him with the force

Of all their Regions: how much more of Power

Army against Army numberless to raise

Dreadful combustion warring, and disturb, 225

Though not destroy, their happy Native seat;

Had

Hod not th' Eternal King Omnipotent
From his strong hold of Heav'n high over-rul'd
And limited their might; though number'd such
As each divided Legion might have seem'd 230
A numerous Host, in strength each armed hand
A Legion led in fight, yet Leader seem'd
Each Warriour single as in chief, expert
When to advance, or stand, or turn the sway
Of Battel, open when, and when to close 235
The ridges of grim War; no thought of flight,
None of retreat, no unbecoming deed
That argu'd fear; each on Himself rely'd,
As only in His arm the moment lay
Of victory. Deeds of Eternal fame 240
Were done, but infinite; for wide was spread
That War and various; sometimes on firm ground
A standing fight, then soaring on main wing
Tormented all the Air; all Air seem'd then
Conflicting Fire. Long time in even scale 245
The Battel hung; till *Satan*, who that day
Prodigious Power had shewn, and met in Arms
No equal, ranging through the dire Attack

Of

Of fighting Seraphim confus'd, at length
 Saw where the Sword of *Michael* smote, and fell'd
 Squadrons at once, with huge two-handed sway 251
 Brandisht aloft the horrid edge came down
 Wide wafting; such destruction to withstand
 He hasted, and oppos'd the rocky Orb
 Of tenfold Adamant, his ample Shield 255
 A vast circumference: At his approach
 The great Arch-Angel from his warlike toil
 Surceas'd, and glad as hoping here to end
 Intestine War in Heav'n, the arch foe subdu'd
 Or Captive drag'd in Chains, with hostile frown 260
 And visage all inflam'd first thus began.

Author of Evil, unknown till thy revolt,
 Unnam'd in Heav'n, now plenteous, as thou seest
 These Acts of hateful strife, hateful to all,
 Though heaviest by just measure on thy self 265
 And thy adherents: how hast thou disturb'd
 Heav'n's blessed peace, and into Nature brought
 Misery, uncreated till the crime
 Of thy Rebellion? how hast thou instill'd
 Thy malice into thousands, once upright 270

And faithful, now prov'd false. But think not here
To trouble Holy Rest; Heav'n casts thee out
From all her confines. Heav'n the seat of bliss
Brooks not the works of violence and War.
Hence then, and Evil go with thee along 275
Thy offspring, to the place of evil, Hell,
Thou and thy wicked crew; there mingle broiles,
E'er this avenging Sword begin thy doom,
Or some more sudden vengeance wing'd from God
Precipitate thee with augmented Pain. 280

So spake the Prince of Angels; to whom thus
The Adversary. Nor think thou with wind
Of aerie Threats to awe whom yet with Deeds
Thou canst not. Hast thou turn'd the least of these
To flight, or if to fall, but that they rise 285
Unvanquish't, easier to transact with me,
That thou shouldst hope, imperious, and with threats
To chase me hence? err not that so shall end
The strife which thou call'st evil, but we style
The strife of Glory: which we mean to win, 290
Or turn this Heav'n it self into the Hell
Thou fablest, here however to dwell free,

If not to reign: mean while thy utmost force,
 And join him nam'd *Almighty* to thy aid,
 I flie not, but have fought thee far and nigh. 295

They ended parle, and both addrest for fight
 Unspeakable; for who, though with the tongue
 Of Angels, can relate, or to what things
 Liken on Earth conspicuous, that may lift
 Human imagination to such heighth 300
 Of Godlike Power: for likest Gods they seem'd,
 Stood they or mov'd, in stature, motion, ar ms
 Fit to decide the Empire of great Heaven.

Now wav'd their fiery Swords, and in the Air
 Made horrid Circles; two broad Suns their Shields
 Blaz'd opposite, while expectation stood 306
 In horror; from each hand with speed retir'd
 Where erst was thickest fight, th' Angelic throng,
 And left large field, unsafe within the wind
 Of such commotion, such as to set forth 310
 Great things by small, If, Natures concord broke,
 Among the Constellations war were sprung,
 Two Planets, rushing from aspect malign
 Of fiercest opposition in mid Sky,

Should combat, and their jarring Spheres confound
Together both with next to Almighty Arm
Uplifted imminent One stroke they aim'd
That might determine, and not need repeat
As not of power, at once; nor odds appear'd
In might or swift prevention; but the sword
Of *Michael* from the Armory of God
Was giv'n him temper'd so, that neither keen
Nor solid might resist that edge; it met
The sword of *Satan* with steep force to smite
Descending, and in half cut sheere, nor staid,
But with swift wheel reverse, deep entring shar'd
All his right side; then *Satan* first knew pain,
And writh'd him to and fro convolv'd; so fore
The griding sword with discontinuous wound
Pass'd thro' him: but th' *Ethereal* substance clos'd
Not long divisible, and from the gash
A stream of Nectarous humor issuing flow'd
Sanguin, such as Celestial Spirits may bleed,
And all his Armour stain'd e'er while so bright.
Forthwith on all sides to his aid was run
By Angels many and strong, who interpos'd

Defence,

Defence, while others bore him on their Shields
Back to his Chariot; where it stood retir'd
From off the files of war; there they him laid
Gnashing for anguish and despite and shame 340
To find himself not matchless, and his pride
Humbled by such rebuke, so far beneath
His confidence to equal God in power.
Yet soon he heal'd; for Spirits that live throughout
Vital in every part, nor as frail man 345
In Entrails, Heart or Head, Liver or Reins,
Cannot but by Annihilating die;
Nor in their liquid texture mortal wound
Receive, no more than can the fluid Aire:
All Heart they live, all Head, all Eye, all Ear, 350
All Intellect, all Sense, and as they please,
They Limb themselves, and colour, shape and size
Assume, as likes them best, condense or rare.

Mean while in other parts like deeds deserv'd
Memorial, where the might of *Gabriel* fought, 355
And with fierce Ensigns pierc'd the deep array
Of *Moloch* furious King, who him defy'd,
And at his Chariot wheels to drag him bound

Threaten'd,

Threaten'd, nor from the Holy One of Heav'n
 Refrain'd his tongue blasphemous; but anon 360
 Down cloven to the waste, with shatter'd Arms
 And uncouth pain fled bellowing. On each wing
Uriel and *Raphael* his vaunting foe
 Though huge, and in a Rock of Diamond Arm'd,
 Vanquish'd *Adramelec*, and *Asmodai*, 365
 Two potent Thrones, that to be less than Gods
 Disdain'd, but meaner thoughts learn'd in their flight,
 Mangl'd with ghastly wounds thro' Plate and Maile.
 Nor stood unmindful *Abdiel* to annoy
 The Atheist crew, but with redoubl'd blow 370
Ariel and *Arioc*, and the violence
 Of *Ramiel* scorcht and blasted overthrew.
 I might relate of thousands, and their names
 Eternize here on Earth; but those elect
 Angels contented with their fame in Heav'n 375
 Seek not the praise of men: the other sort
 In might though wond'rous and in Acts of War,
 Nor of Renown less eager, yet by doom
 Cancel'd from Heav'n and sacred memorie,
 Nameless in dark oblivion let them dwell. 380

For

For Strength from Truth divided and from Just,
 Illaudable, naught merits but dispraise
 And ignominy, yet to glory aspires
 Vain-glorious, and through infamy seeks fame:
 Therefore eternal silence be their doom. 385

And now their Mightiest quell'd, the battle swerv'd,
 With many an inrode gor'd; deformed rout
 Enter'd, and foul disorder; all the ground
 With shiver'd armour strown, and on a heap
 Chariot and Charioteer lay overturn'd 390

And fiery foaming Steeds; what stood, recoyl'd
 O'er-wearied, thro' the faint Satanic Host
 Defensive scarce, or with pale fear surpriz'd,
 Then first with fear surpris'd and sense of pain
 Fled ignominious, to such evil brought 395
 By sin of disobedience, till that hour
 Not liable to fear or flight or pain.

Far otherwise th' inviolable Saints
 In Cubic Phalanx firm advanc'd entire,
 Invulnerable, impenetrably arm'd: 400
 Such high advantages their innocence
 Gave them above their foes, not to have finn'd,

Not

Not to have disobey'd; in fight they stood
Unwearied, unobnoxious to be pain'd 494
By wound, tho' from their place by violence mov'd.

Now Night her course began, and over Heav'n
Inducing darkness, grateful truce impos'd,
And silence on the odious din of War:
Under her Cloudy covert both retir'd,
Victor and Vanquish't: on the fough'ten field 410
Michael and his Angels prevalent
Encamping, plac'd in Guard their Watches round,
Cherubic waving fires: on th' other part
Satan with his rebellious disappear'd
Far in the dark dislodg'd, and void of rest, 415
His Potentates to Council call'd by night;
And in the midst thus undismay'd began.

O now in danger try'd, now known in Arms
Not to be overpower'd, Companions dear,
Found worthy not of Liberty alone, 420
Too mean pretence, but what we more affect,
Honour, Dominion, Glory, and Renown,
Who have sustain'd one day in doubtful fight
(And if one day, why not Eternal days?)

What

What Heaven's Lord hath powerfuleſt to ſend 425
Againſt us from about his Throne, and judg'd
Sufficient to ſubdue us to his will,
But proves not ſo: then Fallible it ſeems
Of future we may deem him, though till now
Omnifcient thought. True is, leſs firmly arm'd 430
Some diſadvantage we endur'd and pain,
Till now not known, but known, aſſoon contemn'd,
Since now we find this our Emphyreal form
Incapable of mortal injury,
Imperifhable, and though pierc'd with wound 435
Soon cloſing, and by native vigour heal'd.
Of evil then ſo ſmall as eaſie think
The remedy; perhaps more valid Arms,
Weapons more violent, when next we meet,
May ſerve to better us, and worſe our foes, 440
Or equal what between us made the odds,
In Nature none: if other hidden cauſe
Left them ſuperiour, while we can preſerve
Unhurt our Minds, and underſtanding ſound,
Due ſearch and conſultation will diſcloſe. 445

He ſat; and in th' aſſembly, next upſtood

Nisroc, of Principalities the prime;
As one he stood escap'd from cruel fight,
Sore toil'd, his riven Arms to havoc hewn,
And cloudy in aspect thus answering spake. 450

Deliverer from new Lords, leader to free
Enjoyment of our right as Gods; yet hard
For Gods, and too unequal work we find
Against unequal arms to fight in pain
Against unpain'd, impassive; from which evil 455
Ruin must needs ensue; for what avails
Valour or strength, tho' matchless, quell'd with pain
Which all subdues, and makes remiss the hands
Of mightiest. Sense of Pleasure we may well
Spare out of life perhaps, and not repine, 460
But live content, which is the calmest life:
But Pain is perfect misery, the worst
Of evils, and, excessive, overturns
All patience. He who therefore can invent
With what more forcible we may offend 465
Our yet unwounded Enemies, or arm
Our selves with like defence, to me deserves
No less than for deliverance what we owe.

Whereto

Whereto with look compos'd *Satan* reply'd.
 Not uninvented that, which thou aright 470
 Believ'st so main to our success, I bring;
 Which of us who beholds the bright surface
 Of this Ethereous mould whereon we stand,
 This continent of spacious Heav'n adorn'd
 With Plant, Fruit, Flour Ambrosial, Gemms and Gold,
 Whose eye so superficially surveys 476
 These things, as not to mind from whence they grow
 Deep under ground, materials dark and crude,
 Of spiritous and fiery spume, till toucht
 With Heavens ray, and temper'd they shoot forth
 So beauteous, op'ning to the ambient light. 481
 These in their dark Nativity the Deep
 Shall yield us pregnant with infernal flame,
 Which into hollow Engins long and round
 Thick-ramm'd, at th' other bore, with touch of fire
 Dilated and infuriate, shall send forth 486
 From far with thundring noise among our foes
 Such implements of mischief as shall dash
 To pieces, and o'erwhelm whatever stands
 Adverse; that they shall fear we have disarm'd 490

The Thunderer of his only dreaded bolt.
 Nor long shall be our labour, yet e'er dawn,
 Effect shall end our wish. Mean while revive;
 Abandon fear; to strength and counsel join'd
 Think nothing hard, much less to be despair'd. 495

He ended, and his words their drooping chear
 Enlighten'd, and their languish'd hope reviv'd.
 Th' invention all admir'd, and each, how he
 To be th' inventer mis'd, so easie it seem'd 499
 Once found, which yet unfound most would have
 Impossible: yet haply of Thy race [thought

In future days, if Malice should abound,
 Some one intent of mischief, or inspir'd
 With dev'lish machination, might devise
 Like instrument to plague the Sons of men 505
 For sin, on war and mutual slaughter bent.

Forthwith from Council to the work they flew,
 None arguing stood, innumerable hands
 Were ready, in a moment up they turn'd
 Wide the Celestial soil, and saw beneath 510
 Th' originals of Nature in their crude
 Conception; Sulphurous and Nitrous Foam

They

They found, they mingled, and with subtle Art
Concocted and adusted they reduc'd
To blackest grain, and into store convey'd. 515

Part hidden veins digg'd up (nor hath this Earth
Entrails unlike) of Mineral and Stone,
Whereof to found their Engins and their Balls
Of missive ruin; part incentive Reed
Provide pernicious, with one touch to fire. 520

So all e'er day-spring, under conscious Night
Secret they finish'd, and in order set,
With silent circumspection unespied.

Now when fair Morn Orient in Heav'n appear'd
Up rose the Victor Angels, and to Arms 525

The matin Trumpet sung: in Arms they stood
Of Golden Panoply, refulgent Host,
Soon banded; others from the dawning Hills
Look'd round, and scouts each coast light-armed scour,
Each quarter, to descry the distant foe,

Where lodg'd, or whither fled, or if for fight, 531

In motion or in alt: him soon they met
Under spread Ensigns moving nigh, in flow
But firm Battalion; back with speediest Sail

Zophiel,

Zophiel, of Cherubim the swiftest wing, 535

Came flying, and in mid Air aloud thus cry'd.

Arm, Warriors, Arm for fight: the foe at hand,
Whom fled we thought, will save us long pursuit.

This day, fear not his flight; so thick a Cloud

He comes, and settled in his face I see 540

Sad resolution and secure: let each

His Adamantine coat gird well, and each

Fit well his Helm, gripe fast his orbed Shield,

Born even or high, for this day will pour down,

If I conjecture aught, no drizzling shew'r, 545

But ratling storm of arrows barb'd with fire.

So warn'd he them aware themselves, and soon

In order, quit of all impediment,

Instant without disturb they took alarm,

And onward move embattell'd; when behold 550

Not distant far with heavy pace the Foe

Approaching gross and huge, in hollow Cube

Training his devilish Enginry, impal'd

On every side with shadowing Squadrons deep,

To hide the fraud. At interview both stood 555

A-while, but suddenly at head appear'd

Satan:

Satan: And thus was heard commanding loud.

Vanguard, to Right and Left, the Front unfold;

That all may see who hate us, how we seek

Peace and Composure, and with open Breast 560

Stand ready to receive them, if they like

Our Overture, and turn not back Perverse;

But that I doubt, however witness Heaven,

Heaven witness thou anon, while we Discharge

Freely our part; ye who appointed stand 565

Do as you have in Charge, and briefly Touch

What we propound, and Loud, that all may hear.

So scoffing in Ambiguous words, he scarce

Had ended; when to Right and Left the Front

Divided, and to either Flank retir'd; 570

Which to our eyes discover'd new and strange,

A triple mounted row of Pillars laid

On wheels (for like to Pillars most they seem'd

Or hollow'd bodies made of Oak or Firr

With branches lopt, in Wood or Mountain fell'd)

Brass, Iron, Stony mould, had not their mouths 576

With hideous orifice gap'd on us wide,

Portending hollow truce; at each behind

A Seraph stood, and in his hand a Reed
Stood waving tipt with fire; while we suspense, 580
Collected stood within our thoughts amus'd;
Not long, for sudden all at once their Reeds
Put forth, and to a narrow vent apply'd
With nicest touch. Immediate in a flame, 584
But soon obscur'd with smoak, all Heav'n appear'd,
From those deep-throated Engines belcht, whose roar
Embowel'd with outrageous noise the Air,
And all her Entrails tore, disgorging foul
Their devilish glut, chain'd Thunderbolts and Hail
Of Iron Globes, which on the Victor Host 590
Level'd, with such impetuous fury smote,
That whom they hit, none on their feet might stand,
Though standing else as Rocks, but down they fell
By thousands, Angel on Arch-Angel rowl'd;
The sooner for their Arms, Unarm'd they might 595
Have easily as Spirits evaded swift
By quick Contraction or Remove; but now
Foul dissipation follow'd and forc'd rout;
Nor serv'd it to relax their ferried Files.
What should they do? if on they rusht, repulse 600
Repeated,

Repeated, and indecent overthrow
 Doubled, would render them yet more despis'd,
 And to their foes a laughter; for in view
 Stood rankt of Seraphim another row
 In posture to displode their second tire 605
 Of Thunder: back defeated to return
 They worse abhorr'd. *Satan* beheld their plight,
 And to his Mates thus in derision call'd.

O Friends, why come not on these Victors proud?
 E'erwhile they fierce were coming, and when we,
 To entertain them fair with Open front 610
 And breast, (what could we more?) propounded terms
 Of Composition, strait they chang'd their minds,
 Flew off, and into strange Vagaries fell,
 As they would Dance; yet for a Dance they seem'd
 Somewhat Extravagant and wild, perhaps 616
 For joy of offer'd peace: but I suppose
 If our proposals once again were Heard
 We should compel them to a quick Result.

To whom thus *Belial* in like gamesom mood. 620
 Leader, the terms we sent were terms of Weight,
 Of Hard contents, and full of Force urg'd home,

L 1

Such

Such as we might perceive amus'd them all,
And Stumbled many; who receives them right,
Had need from head to foot well Understand; 625
Not Understood, this gift they have besides,
They shew us when our foes walk not Upright.

So they among themselves in pleasant vein
Stood scoffing, heighten'd in their thoughts beyond
All doubt of Victory; Eternal Might 630
To match with their inventions they presum'd
So easie, and of his Thunder made a scorn,
And all his host derided, while they stood
A while in trouble; but they stood not long:
Rage prompted them at length, and found them arms
Against such hellish mischief fit to oppose. 636
Forthwith (behold the excellence, the power
Which God hath in his mighty Angels plac'd)
Their Arms away they threw, and to the Hills
(For Earth hath this variety from Heav'n 640
Of pleasure situate in Hill and Dale)
Light as the Lightning glimpe they ran, they flew,
From their Foundations loosning to and fro
They pluckt the seated Hills with all their load,
Rocks,

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Rocks, Waters, Woods, and by the shaggy tops 645
Up-lifting bore them in their hands. Amaze
Be sure and terrour seiz'd the rebel host,
When coming towards them so dread they saw
The bottom of the Mountains upward turn'd,
Till on those curst Engins triple-row 650
They saw them whelm'd, and all their confidence
Under the weight of Mountains bury'd deep,
Themselves invaded next, and on their heads
Main Promontories flung, which in the Air 654
Came shadowing, and oppress'd whole Legions arm'd.
Their Armour help'd their harm, crush'd in and bruis'd
Into their Substance pent, which wrought them pain
Implacable, and many a dolorous groan,
Long struggling underneath, e'er they could wind
Out of such prison, though Spirits of purest light,
Purest at first, now gross by Sinning grown. 661
The rest in imitation to like Arms
Betook them, and the neighbouring Hills uptore:
So Hills amid the Air encounter'd Hills
Hurl'd to and fro with jaculation dire, 665
That under ground they fought in dismal shade;

Infernal noise; War seem'd a civil Game
To this uproar; horrid confusion heapt
Upon confusion rose. And now all Heav'n
Had gone to wrack, with ruin over-spread, 670
Had not th' Almighty Father where he sits
Shrin'd in his Sanctuary of Heav'n secure,
Consulting on the sum of things, foreseen
This tumult, and permitted all, advis'd:
That his great purpose he might so fulfil, 675
To honour his Anointed Son aveng'd
Upon his enemies, and to declare
All Power on him transferr'd: whence to his Son
Th' Assessor of his Throne he thus began.

Effulgence of my Glory, Son belov'd, 680
Son in whose face invisible is beheld
Visibly what by Deity I am,
And in whose hand what by Decree I do,
Second Omnipotence, two Days are past,
Two days, as we compute the days of Heav'n, 685
Since *Michael* and his Powers went forth to tame
These disobedient; fore hath been their fight,
As likeliest was, when two such foes met arm'd;

For

For to themselves I left them, and thou knowst,
 Equal in their Creation they were form'd, 690
 Save what Sin hath impair'd, which yet hath wrought
 Insensibly, for I suspend their doom;

Whence in perpetual fight they needs must last
 Endless, and no solution will be found.

War wearied hath perform'd what War can do, 695

And to disorder'd rage let loose the reins,
 With Mountains as with Weapons arm'd, which makes
 Wild work in Heav'n, and dangerous to the main.

Two days are therefore past, the third is thine;

For thee I have ordain'd it, and thus far 700

Have suffer'd, that the Glory may be thine

Of ending this great War, since none but Thou

Can end it. Into thee such Virtue and Grace

Immense I have transfus'd, that all may know

In Heav'n and Hell thy Power above compare, 705

And this perverse Commotion govern'd thus

To manifest thee worthiest to be Heir

Of all things, to be Heir and to be King

By Sacred Unction, thy deserved right.

Go then thou Mightiest in thy Father's might; 710

Ascend

Ascend my Chariot, guide the rapid Wheels
That shake Heav'n's Basis; bring forth all my War,
My Bow and Thunder; my Almighty Arms
Gird on, and Sword upon thy puissant Thigh;
Pursue these sons of Darknes, drive them out 715
From all Heav'n's bounds into the utter Deep:
There let them learn, as likes them, to despise
God and *Messiah* his anointed King.

He said, and on his Son with Rayes direct
Shon full, he all his Father full exprest 720
Ineffably into his face receiv'd,
And thus the filial Godhead answering spake.

O Father, O Supreme of heav'nly Thrones,
First, Highest, Holiest, Best, thou always seek'st
To glorifie thy Son, I always Thee, 725
As is most just; this I my glory account,
My exaltation, and my whole delight,
That thou, in me well pleas'd, declar'st thy will
Fulfill'd, which to fulfil is all my blifs.
Scepter and Power, thy giving, I assume, 730
And gladlier shall resign, when in the end
Thou shalt be All in All, and I in Thee

For ever, and in Me All whom thou lov'st:
But whom thou hat'st, I hate, and can put on
Thy Terrors, as I put thy Mildness on, 735
Image of thee in all things; and shall soon,
Arm'd with thy might, rid Heav'n of these rebell'd,
To their prepar'd ill Mansion driven down
To chains of darknes, and th' undying Worm,
That from thy just obedience could revolt, 740
Whom to obey is happiness entire.

Then shall thy Saints unmixt, and from th' impure
Far separate, circling thy holy Mount
Unfeigned *Halleluias* to thee sing,
Hymns of high praise, and I among them chief.

So said, he o'er his Scepter bowing, rose 745
From the right hand of Glory where he sat,
And the third sacred Morn began to shine [wind sound
Dawning through Heav'n. Forth rush'd with whirl-
The Chariot of Paternal Deity, 750
Flashing thick flames, Wheel within Wheel undrawn,
It self instinct with Spirit, but convoy'd
By four Cherubic shapes; four Faces each
Had wondrous; as with Stars their Bodies all

And

And Wings were set with Eyes, with Eyes the wheels
Of Beril, and careering Fires between; 756

Over their heads a chrystal Firmament,
Whereon a Saphir Throne, inlaid with pure
Amber, and colours of the showry Arch.

He in Celestial Panoply all arm'd 760
Of radiant *Urim*, work divinely wrought,

Ascended; at his right hand Victory
Sate Eagle-wing'd; beside him hung his Bow

And Quiver with three-bolted Thunder stor'd,
And from about him fierce Effusion rowl'd 765

Of smoak, and bickering flame, and sparkles dire.
Attended with ten thousand thousand Saints

He onward came; far off his coming shon,
And twenty thousand (I their Number heard)

Chariots of God, half on each hand were seen: 770
He on the wings of Cherub rode sublime

On the Chrystalline Sky, in Saphir thron'd
Illustrious far and wide, but by his own

First seen, them unexpected joy surpriz'd,
When the great Ensign of *Messiah* blaz'd 775

Aloft by Angels born, his Sign in Heav'n:

Under whose conduct *Michael* soon reduc'd
His army, circumfus'd on either wing,
Under their Head imbodied all in one.
Before him Power Divine his way prepar'd; 780
At his command the uprooted Hills retir'd
Each to his place, they heard his voice and went
Obsequious; Heav'n his wonted face renew'd,
And with fresh flourets hill and valley smil'd.
This saw his hapless Foes, but stood obdur'd, 785
And to rebellious fight rallied their powers
Insensate, Hope conceiving from Despair.
In heavenly Spirits could such Perverseness dwell!
But to convince the Proud what Signs avail?
Or Wonders move th' Obdurate to relent? 790
They, harden'd more by what might most reclaim,
Grieving to see his Glory, at the fight
Took envy, and aspiring to his heighth,
Stood reimbattel'd fierce, by force or fraud
Weening to prosper, and at length prevail 795
Against God and *Messiah*, or to fall
In universal ruin lost, and now
To final Battel drew, disdaining flight,

Or faint retreat; when the great Son of God them voucht
 To all his Hosts on either hand thus spake:
 Stand still in bright array ye Saints, here stand
 Ye Angels arm'd, this day from Battel rest;
 Faithful hath been your warfare, and of God
 Accepted, fearless in his righteous cause,
 And as ye have receiv'd, so have ye done
 Invincibly; but of this cursed crew
 The punishment to other hand belongs,
 Vengeance is His, or whose he sole appoints;
 Number to this day's work is not ordain'd
 Nor Multitude; stand only and behold
 God's indignation on these Godless pour'd
 By Me: not You but Me they have despis'd,
 Yet envied; against Me is all their rage,
 Because the Father, t'whom in Heav'n supreme
 Kingdom and Power and Glory appertains,
 Hath honour'd me according to his will
 Therefore to me their doom he hath assign'd
 That they may have their wish, to try with me
 In Battel which the Stronger proves, they All,
 Or I Alone against them, since by Strength

word T

in M

They

They measure all, of other excellence;
Not emulous, nor care who them excels;
Nor other strife with them I do vouchsafe.

So spake the Son, and into terrour chang'd
His count'nance too severe to be beheld,
And full of wrath bent on his Enemies.

At once the Four spread out their starry wings
With dreadful shade contiguous, and the Orbes
Of his fierce Chariot rowl'd, as with the found
Of torrent Floods, or of a numerous Host.

He on his impious Foes right onward drove,
Gloomy as Night; under his burning Wheels
The steadfast Empyrean shook throughout,
All but the Throne it self of God. Full soon

Among them he arriv'd; in his right hand
Grasping ten thousand Thunders, which he sent
Before him, such as in their Souls infix'd
Plagues; they astonisht all resistance lost,
All courage; down their idle weapons drop'd.

O'er Shields and Helms, and helmed Heads he rode
Of Thrones and mighty Seraphim prostrate,
That with the Mountains now might be again

Thrown on them as a shelter from his ire: nor more
Nor less on either side tempestuous fell
His Arrows, from the fourfold-visag'd Four,
Distinct with eyes, and from the living wheels
Distinct alike with multitude of eyes,
(One Spirit in them rul'd) and every eye
Glar'd lightning, and shot forth pernicious fire
Among th' accurst, that wither'd all their Strength,
And of their wonted vigour left them drain'd,
Exhausted, spiritless, afflicted, fall'n.
Yet Half his strength he put not forth, but check'd
His Thunder in mid volly: for he meant
Not to destroy, but root them out of Heav'n.
The overthrown he rais'd, and as a Herd
Of Goats or timorous flock together throng'd
Drove them before him Thunder-struck, pursu'd
With terrors and with furies to the bounds
And Chrystal wall of Heav'n, which op'ning wide
Rowl'd inward, and a spacious Gap disclos'd
Into the wasteful Deep. The monstrous fight
Strook them with horror backward, but far worse
Urg'd them behind; headlong themselves they threw
Down

Down from the verge of Heav'n, Eternal wrath 865
Burnt after them to the bottomless pit.

Hell heard th' unsufferable noise, Hell saw
Heav'n ruining from Heav'n, and would have fled
Affrighted, but strict Fate had cast too deep
Her dark foundations, and too fast had bound. 870

Nine days they fell; confounded *Chaos* roar'd
And felt tenfold confusion in their fall
Through his wild Anarchy, so huge a rout
Incumber'd him with ruin: Hell at last

Yawning receiv'd them whole, and on them clos'd,
Hell their fit habitation fraught with fire 876
Unquenchable, the house of woe and pain.

Disburden'd Heav'n rejoic'd, and soon repair'd
Her mural breach, returning whence it rowl'd.

Sole Victor from th' expulsion of his Foes 880

Messiah his triumphal Chariot turn'd:

To meet him all his Saints, who silent stood
Eye-witnesses of his Almighty Acts,

With Jubilee advanc'd; and as they went,
Shaded with branching Palm, each order bright 885

Sung Triumph, and him sung Victorious King,

Down

Son,

Son, Heir, and Lord, to him Dominion giv'n
Worthiest to Reign: he celebrated rode
Triumphant through mid Heav'n, into the Courts
And Temple of his mighty Father thron'd
On high: who into Glory him receiv'd,
Where now he sits at the right hand of Bliss.

Thus measuring things in Heav'n by things on Earth
At thy request, and that thou may'st beware
By what is past, to thee I have reveal'd
What might have else to human Race been hid;
The Discord which befel, and War in Heav'n
Among th' Angelic Powers, and the deep fall
Of those too high aspiring, who rebell'd
With *Satan*, he who envies now thy state,
Who now is plotting how he may seduce
Thee also from Obedience, that with him
Bereav'd of happiness thou may'st partake
His punishment, Eternal misery;
Which would be all his solace and revenge,
As a despite done against the most High,
Thee once to gain Companion of his woe.
But listen not to his Temptations, warn

Thy

BOOK VI. PARADISE LOST.

254

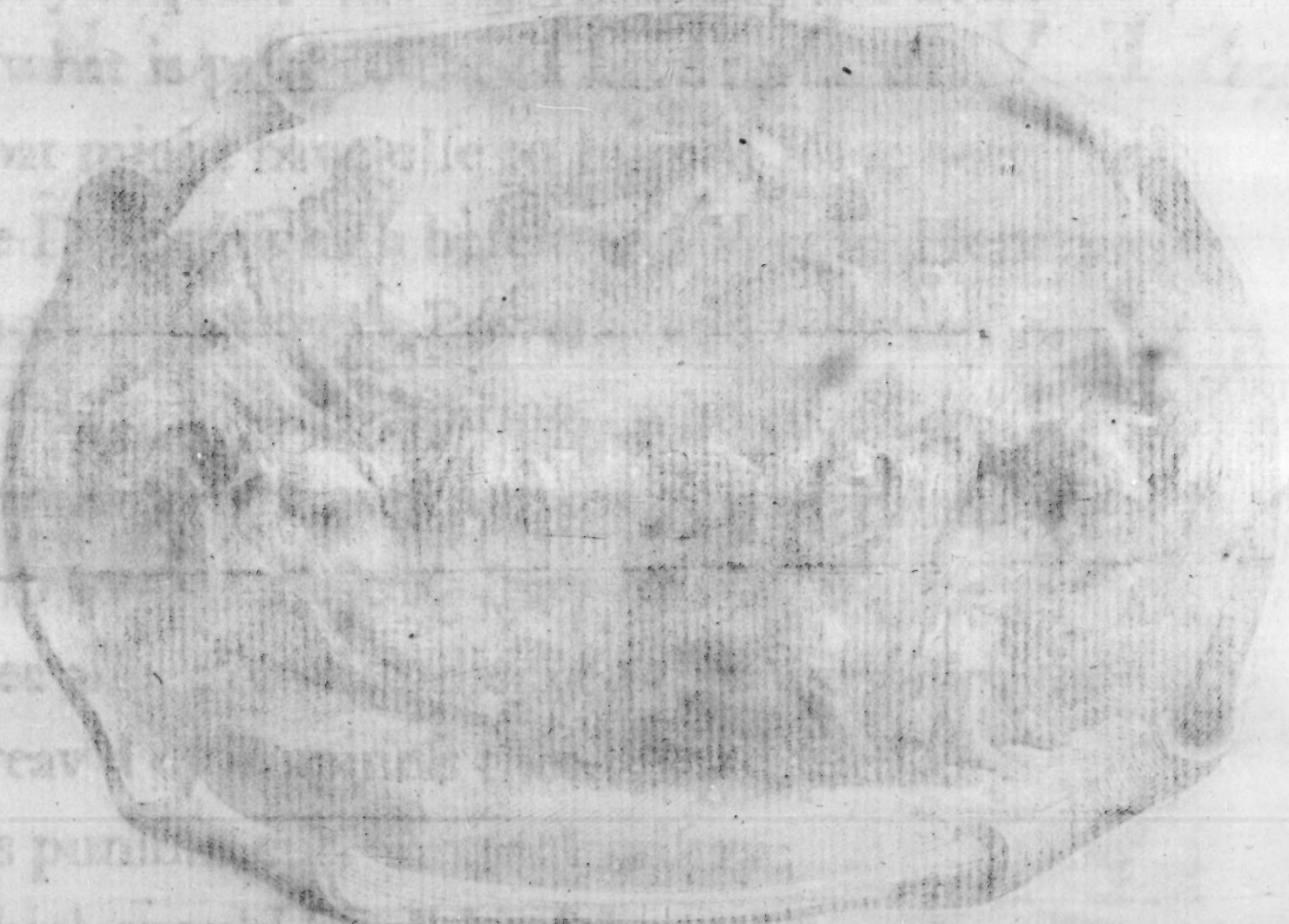
Thy weaker; let it profit thee to have heard
By terrible Example the reward
Of disobedience: firm they might have stood,
Yet fell. Remember, and fear to transgress.

The End of the Sixth Book.



P A R A-

So, Heaven, for it is not to have
Worthiest to Reign: by terrible Example the reward
Of Obedience: firm they might have stood
And Tempted, and fear to transgress.
On high: who saw the light no
The End of the Sixth Book.



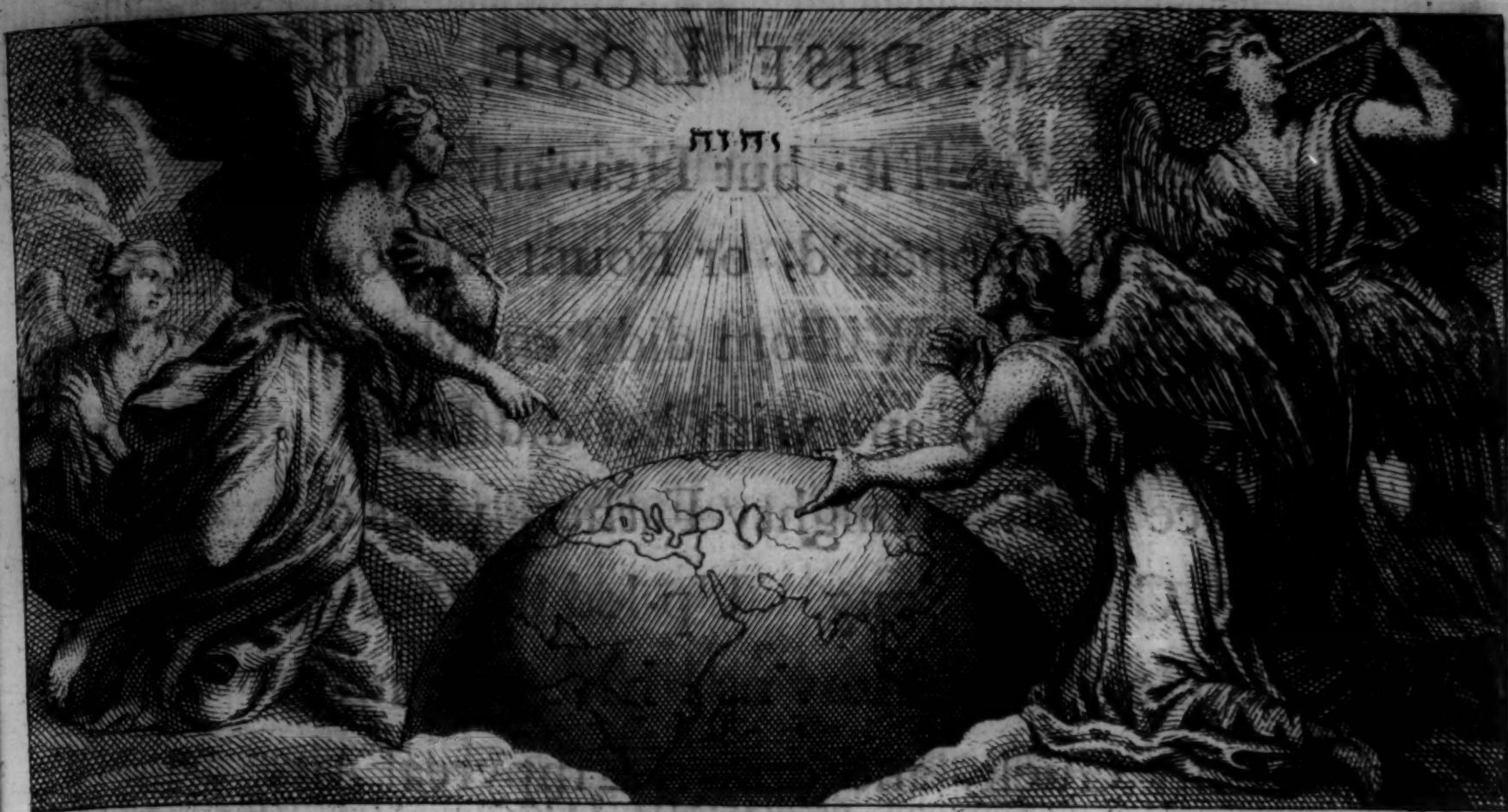
Which would be all the more revenge
As it is done against the most High
That once to gain Companions of his war
But listen not to his Temptations, warn

T H E
S E V E N T H B O O K
O F
PARADISE LOST.

E H T

The ARGUMENT.

Raphael at the request of Adam relates how and wherefore this world was first created; that God, after the expelling of Satan and his Angels out of Heaven, declared his pleasure to create another World, and other Creatures to dwell therein; sends his Son with Glory and attendance of Angels to perform the work of Creation in six days; the Angels celebrate with Hymns the performance thereof, and his reascension into Heaven.



Lud. Cheron inv.

Sam. Gribelin Jun. Sculp.

PARADISE LOST.

BOOK VII.



DESCEND from Heav'n, *Urania*,

by that name

If rightly thou art call'd, whose

Voice divine

Following, above th' *Olympian Hill*

I soare,

Above the flight of *Pegasean* wing.

The Meaning, not the Name I call: for thou 5

Nor of the *Muses Nine*, nor on the top

N n 2

Of

Of old *Olympus* dwell'd; but Heav'nly-born,
Before the Hills appear'd, or Fountain flow'd,
Thou with Eternal Wisdom didst converse,
Wisdom thy Sister, and with her didst play 10
In presence of th' Almighty Father, pleas'd
With thy Celestial Song. Up-led by thee
Into the Heav'n of Heav'ns I have presum'd,
An Earthly Guest, and drawn Empyrean Air,
Thy tempring. With like safety guided down 15
Return me to my Native Element;
Left from this flying Steed unrein'd (as once
Bellerophon, though from a lower clime)
Dismounted, on th' *Aleian* Field I fall
Erroneous there to wander and forlorn. 20
Half yet remains unsung, but narrower bound
Within the visible Diurnal Sphere;
Standing on Earth, not rapt above the Pole,
More safe I sing with Mortal voice, unchang'd
To hoarse or mute, though fall'n on Evil days, 25
On evil days though fall'n, and evil Tongues;
In Darkness, and with Dangers compass'd round,
And Solitude; yet not Alone, while Thou

Visit'st

Visit'ft my flumbers Nightly, or when Morn
Purples the Eaft: ftill govern thou my Song, 30
Urania, and Fit audience find, though Few.

But drive far off the barbarous diffonance
Of *Bacchus* and his revellers, the race

Of that wild rout that tore the *Thracian* Bard
In *Rhodope*, where Woods and Rocks had Ears 35

To rapture, 'till the favage clamour droun'd
Both Harp and Voice; nor could the Mufe defend
Her Son. So fail not thou, who thee implores:
For thou art Heav'nly, fhe an empty Dream.

Say Goddeffs, what enfu'd when *Raphäel*, 40
The affable Arch-Angel, had forewarn'd
Adam by dire example to beware

Apoftafie, by what befel in Heav'n
To thofe Apoftates; left the like befall
In Paradife to *Adam* or his Race, 45

Charg'd not to touch the interdicted Tree,
If they tranfgrefs, and flight that fole command,
So eafily obey'd amid the choice

Of all taftes elfe to please their appetite,
Though wandring. He with his conforred *Eve* 50

The

The story heard attentive, and was fill'd
With admiration, and deep muse to hear
Of things so high and strange, things to their thought
So unimaginable as Hate in Heav'n,
And War so near the Peace of God in Bliss 55
With such confusion: but the Evil soon
Driv'n back redounded as a flood on those
From whom it sprung, impossible to mix
With Blessedness. Whence *Adam* soon repeal'd
The doubts that in his heart arose: and now 60
Led on, yet sinless, with desire to know
What nearer might concern him, how this World
Of Heav'n and Earth conspicuous first began,
When, and whereof created, for what cause,
What within *Eden* or without was done 65
Before his memorie, as one whose drouth
Yet scarce allay'd still eyes the current stream,
Whose liquid murmur heard new thirst excites,
Proceeded thus to ask his Heav'nly Guest.

Great things, and full of wonder, in our ears, 70
Far differing from this World, thou hast reveal'd,
Divine interpreter, by favour sent

Down

Down from the Empyrean to forewarn
 Us timely of what might else have been our loss,
 Unknown, which human knowledge could not reach;
 For which to the infinitely Good we owe 76
 Immortal thanks, and his admonishment
 Receive with solemn purpose to observe
 Immutably his sovran will, the end
 Of what we are. But since thou hast voutsaft 80
 Gently for our instruction to impart
 Things above Earthly thought, which yet concern'd
 Our knowing, as to Highest Wisdom seem'd,
 Deign to descend now lower, and relate
 What may no less perhaps avail us known; 85
 How first began this Heav'n which we behold
 Distant so high, with moving Fires adorn'd
 Innumerable, and this which yields or fills
 All space, the ambient Air wide-interfus'd
 Imbracing round this florid Earth: What cause 90
 Mov'd the Creator in his holy Rest
 Through all Eternity so late to build
 In *Chaos*, and the work begun, how soon
 Absolv'd, if unforbid thou maist unfold

What

What we, not to explore the secrets ask 95
Of his Eternal Empire, but the more
To Magnifie his works, the more we Know:
And the great Light of day yet wants to run
Much of his Race though steep, suspense in Heav'n
Held by thy voice, thy potent voice he hears, 100
And longer will delay to hear thee tell
His Generation, and the rising Birth
Of Nature from the unapparent Deep.
Or if the Star of Evening and the Moon
Haste to thy Audience, Night with her will bring
Silence, and Sleep listning to thee will watch, 106
Or we can bid his absence, 'till thy Song
End, and dismiss thee e'er the Morning shine.

Thus *Adam* his illustrious Guest besought:
And thus the Godlike Angel answer'd mild. 110

This also thy request with caution askt
Obtain: though to recount Almighty works
What words or tongue of Seraph can suffice,
Or heart of man suffice to comprehend?
Yet what thou canst attain, which best may serve 115
To glorifie the Maker, and infer

Thee

Thee also happier, shall not be with-held
Thy hearing: such Commission from above
I have receiv'd, to answer thy desire
Of knowledge within bounds. Beyond abstain 120
To ask, nor let thine own inventions hope
Things not reveal'd, which th' invisable King,
Only Omniscient, hath suppress'd in night,
To none communicable in Earth or Heav'n:
Enough is left besides to search and know. 125
But Knowledge is as Food, and needs no less
Her Temperance over Appetite, to know
In measure what the mind may well contain,
Oppresses else with surfeit, and soon turns
Wisdom to Folly, as Nourishment to Wind. 130

Know then, that after *Lucifer* from Heav'n
(So call him, brighter once amidst the Host
Of Angels, than that Star the Stars among)
Fell with his flaming Legions through the Deep
Into his place, and the great Son return'd 135
Victorious with his Saints, th' Omnipotent
Eternal Father from his Throne beheld
Their multitude, and to his Son thus spake.

O o

At

At least our envious Foe hath fail'd, who thought
All like himself rebellious, by whose aid 140
This inaccessible high strength, the seat
Of Deity supreme, us dispossess,
He trusted to have seisd, and into fraud
Drew many, whom their place knows here no more;
Yet far the greater part have kept, I see, 145
Their station, Heav'n yet populous retains
Number sufficient to possess her Realms
Though wide, and this high Temple to frequent
With Ministeries due and solemn Rites.
But lest his heart exalt him in the harm 150
Already done, to have dispeopled Heav'n,
My damage fondly deem'd, I can repair
That detriment, if such it be to lose
Self-lost, and in a moment will create
Another World, out of one Man a Race 155
Of men innumerable, there to dwell,
Not here, 'till by degrees of Merit rais'd
They open to themselves at length the way
Up hither, under long obedience try'd, 159
And Earth be chang'd to Heav'n, and Heav'n to Earth,
One

One Kingdom, Joy and Union without end.
 Mean while inhabit laxe, ye Powers of Heav'n,
 And thou my Word, begotten Son, by thee
 This I perform: Speak thou, and be it done.
 My overshadowing Spirit and Might with thee 165
 I send along: ride forth, and bid the Deep
 Within appointed Bounds be Heav'n and Earth,
 Boundless the Deep, because I Am who fill
 Infinitude, nor vacuous the space.
 Though I uncircumscrib'd my self retire, 170
 And put not forth my goodness, which is free
 To act or not; Necessity and Chance
 Approach not me, and what I will is Fate.

So spake th' Almighty, and to what he spake
 His Word, the filial Godhead, gave effect. 175
 Immediate are the Acts of God, more swift
 Than time or motion, but to human ears
 Cannot without process of Speech be told,
 So told as earthly notion can receive.
 Great triumph and rejoycing was in Heav'n 180
 When such was heard declar'd th' Almighty's Will;
 Glory they sung to the most High, good will

To future Men, and in their dwellings peace:
Glory to him whose just avenging ire
Had driven out th' ungodly from his sight
And th' habitations of the just; to him
Glory and praise, whose wisdom had ordain'd
Good out of Evil to create, instead
Of Spirits malign a Better race to bring
Into their vacant room, and thence diffuse
His good to Worlds and Ages infinite.

So sang the Hierarchies: Mean while Son
On his great Expedition now appear'd,
Girt with Omnipotence, with Radiance crown'd
Of Majesty Divine; Sapience and Love
Immense, and all his Father in him shon.

About his Chariot numberless were pour'd
Cherub and Seraph, Potentates and Thrones,
And Virtues, winged Spirits, and Chariots wing'd,
From the Armoury of God, where stand of old
Myriads between two brazen Mountains lodg'd
Against a solemn day, harness at hand,
Celestial Equipage; and now came forth
Spontaneous, for within them Spirit liv'd,

and I

Attendant

Attendant on their Lord: Heav'n open'd wide 205

Her everduring Gates, Harmonious found

On golden Hinges moving, to let forth

The King of Glory in his powerful Word

And Spirit coming to create new Worlds. 209

On heav'nly ground they stood, and from the shore

They view'd the vast immeasurable Abyfs

Outrageous as a Sea, dark, wasteful, wild,

Up from the bottom turn'd by furious winds

And surging waves, as mountains to assault

214

Heav'ns heighth, and with the Centre mix the Pole.

Silence, ye troubled waves, and thou Deep, peace,

Said then th' Omnific Word, your discord end:

Nor staid, but on the Wings of Cherubim

Uplifted, in Paternal Glory rode

Far into *Chaos*, and the World unborn: 220

For *Chaos* heard his voice: him all his Train

Follow'd in bright proceffion to behold

Creation, and the wonders of his might.

Then staid the fervid Wheels, and in his hand

He took the Golden Compaffes, prepar'd

225

In God's eternal store, to circumscribe

This

This Universe, and all created things:

One foot he center'd, and the other turn'd

Round through the vast profundity obscur'd,

And said, Thus far extend, thus far thy bounds, 230

This be thy just Circumference, O World.

Thus God the Heav'n created, thus the Earth,

Matter unform'd and void: Darkness profound

Cover'd th' Abyss: but on the watry calm

His brooding wings the Spirit of God outspred, 235

And vital virtue infus'd, and vital warmth

Throughout the fluid Mass, but downward purg'd

The black tartareous cold Infernal dregs

Adverse to life; then founded, then conglob'd

Like things to like, the rest to several place 240

Disparted, and between spun out the Air,

And Earth self-balanc'd on her Center hung.

Let there be Light, said God, and forthwith Light

Ethereal, first of things, quintessence pure

Sprung from the Deep, and from her native East 245

To journey through the aerie gloom began,

Sphear'd in a radiant Cloud, for yet the Sun

Was not; she in a cloudy Tabernacle

Sojourn'd

Sojourn'd

Sojourn'd the while. God saw the Light was good;
 And light from darkness by the Hemisphere 250
 Divided: Light the Day, and Darkness Night
 He nam'd. Thus was the first Day Eev'n and Morn:
 Nor past uncelebrated, nor un Sung
 By the Celestial Choirs, when orient Light
 Exhaling first from Darkness they beheld; 255
 Birth-day of Heav'n and Earth; with joy and shout
 The hollow universal Orb they fill'd,
 And touch'd their Golden Harps, and hymning prais'd
 God and his works, Creator him they sung, 259
 Both when First Eevning was, and when First Morn.

Again, God said, let there be Firmament
 Amid the Waters, and let it divide
 The Waters from the Waters: and God made
 The Firmament, expanse of liquid, pure,
 Transparent, Elemental Air, diffus'd 265
 In circuit to the uttermost convex
 Of this great Round: partition firm and sure,
 The Waters underneath from those above
 Dividing: for as Earth, so he the World
 Built on circumfluous Waters calm, in wide 270

Chrystallin

Cryſtallin Ocean, and the loud miſrule
Of *Chaos*, far remov'd, left fierce extreams
Contiguous might diſtemper the whole frame:
And Heav'n he nam'd the Firmament: So Eev'n
And Morning *Chorus* ſung the Second Day. 275

The Earth was form'd, but in the Womb as yet
Of Waters, Embyron immature involv'd,
Appear'd not: over all the face of Earth
Main Ocean flow'd, not idle, but with warm
Prolifick humour ſoft'ning all her Globe, 280
Fermented the great Mother to conceive,
Sate with genial moiſture, when God ſaid
Be gather'd now ye Waters under Heav'n
Into one place, and let dry Land appear.
Immediately the Mountains huge appear 285
Emergent, and their broad bare backs upheave
Into the Clouds, their tops aſcend the Sky:
So high as heav'd the tumid Hills, ſo low
Down funk a hollow bottom broad and deep,
Capacious bed of Waters: thither they 290
Haſted with glad precipitance, uprowl'd
As drops on duſt conglobing from the dry;

Part rise in chrystal wall, or ridge direct,
For haste; such flight the great command impress'd
On the swift floods. As Armies at the call 295
Of Trumpet (for of Armies thou hast heard)
Troop to their Standard: so the watry throng,
Wave rowling after wave, where way they found,
If steep, with torrent rapture, if through plain,
Soft-ebbing; nor withstood them Rock or Hill, 300
But they, or under ground, or circuit wide
With serpent error wandring, found their way,
And on the washy Ooze deep channels wore,
Easie, e'er God had bid the ground be dry
All but within those banks, where Rivers now 305
Stream, and perpetual draw their humid train.
The dry Land Earth, and the great receptacle
Of congregated Waters he call'd Seas:
And saw that it was good, and said, Let th' Earth
Put forth the verdant Grass, Herb yielding Seed, 310
And Fruit Tree yielding Fruit after her kind,
Whose Seed is in her self upon the Earth.
He scarce had said, when the bare Earth, till then
Desert and bare, unsightly, unadorn'd,

Brought forth the tender Grass, whose verdure clad
Her universal face with pleasant green: 316
Then Herbs of every leaf, that sudden flour'd
Op'ning their various colours, and made gay
Her bosom smelling sweet. And these scarce blown,
Forth flourish'd thick the clustring Vine; forth crept
The smelling Gourd; upstood the corney Reed 321
Embattell'd in her field; and the humble Shrub,
And Bush with frizzl'd hair implicit; last
Rose as in dance the stately Trees, and spread 324
Their branches hung with copious Fruit, or gemm'd
Their blossoms: with high woods the hills were crown'd,
With Tufts the vallies and each fountain side,
With Borders long the Rivers; that Earth now
Seem'd like to Heav'n, a seat where Gods might dwell,
Or wander with delight, and love to haunt 330
Her sacred shades. Though God had yet not rain'd
Upon the Earth, and Man to till the ground
None was, but from the Earth a dewy Mist
Went up and water'd all the ground, and each
Plant of the field, which e'er it was in the Earth 335
God made, and every Herb, before it grew

On

On the green stem; God saw that it was good.
So Eev'n and Morn recorded the Third Day.

Again th' Almighty spake: Let there be Lights
High in th' expanse of Heaven to divide 340
The Day from Night; and let them be for Signs,
For Seasons, and for Days, and circling Years,
And let them be for Lights, as I ordain
Their office in the Firmament of Heav'n
To give Light on the Earth; and it was so. 345
And God made two great Lights, great for their use
To Man, the greater to have rule by Day,
The less by Night alterne: and made the Stars,
And set them in the Firmament of Heav'n
To illuminate the Earth, and rule the Day 350
In their vicissitude, and rule the Night,
And Light from Darkness to divide. God saw,
Surveying his great work, that it was good:
For of celestial bodies first the Sun
A mighty Sphere he fram'd, unlightsome first, 355
Tho' of Ethereal mould: then form'd the Moon
Globose, and every magnitude of Stars,
And sow'd with Stars the Heav'n thick as a field:

Of Light by far the greater part he took,
 Transplanted from her cloudy Shrine, and plac'd
 In the Sun's Orb, made porous to receive
 And drink the liquid Light, firm to retain
 Her gather'd beams, great Palace now of Light.
 Hither as to their Fountain other Stars
 Repairing, in their golden Urns draw Light,
 And hence the Morning Planet gilds his horns;
 By tincture or reflection they augment
 Their small peculiar, though from human sight
 So far remote, with diminution seen.
 First in his East the glorious Lamp was seen,
 Regent of Day, and all th' Horizon round
 Invested with bright rays, jocund to run
 His longitude through Heav'n's high rode: the gray
 Dawn, and the *Pleiades* before him danc'd
 Shedding sweet Influence. Less bright the Moon,
 But opposite in levell'd West was set
 His mirror, with full face borrowing her Light
 From him, for other light she needed none
 In that aspect, and still that distance keeps
 'Till night; then in the East her turn she shines,
 Revolv'd

Revolv'd on Heav'n's great Axle, and her reign
 With thousand lesser Lights dividual holds,
 With thousand thousand Stars, that then appear'd
 Spangling the Hemisphere: then first adorn'd
 With their bright Luminaries that set and rose 385
 Glad Eevning and glad Morn crown'd the Fourth day.

And God said, Let the Waters generate
 Reptil with Spawn abundant, living Soul;
 And let Fowl flie above the Earth, with wings
 Display'd on the open Firmament of Heav'n. 390

And God created the great Whales; and each
 Soul living, each that crept, which plenteously
 The waters generated by their kinds;

And every Bird of wing after his kind:

And saw that it was good, and bless'd them, saying,

Be fruitful, multiply, and in the Seas 396

And Lakes and running Streams the waters fill;

And let the Fowl be multiply'd on the Earth.

Forthwith the Sounds and Seas, each Creek and Bay

With Frie innumerable swarm, and shoals 400

Of Fish that with their fins and shining scales

Glide

Glide under the green wave, in Sculls that oft
Bank the mid Sea: part single or with mate
Graze the Sea weed their pasture, and thro' Groves
Of Coral fray, or sporting with quick glance
Show to the Sun their wav'd coats dropt with gold,
Or in their Pearly shells at ease, attend
Moist nutriment, or under Rocks their food
In jointed Armour watch: on smooth the Seal,
And bended Dolphins play: part huge of bulk
Wallowing unwieldy, enormous in their Gate
Tempest the Ocean: there Leviathan
Hugest of living Creatures, on the Deep
Stretcht like a Promontory fleeps or swims,
And seems a moving Land, and at his Gills
Draws in, and at his Trunk spouts out a Sea.
Mean while the tepid Caves and Fens and Shores
Their Brood, as numerous hatch, from the Egg that soon
Bursting with kindly rupture forth disclos'd
Their callow young, but feather'd soon and fledge
They summ'd their Pens, and soaring th' air sublime
With clang despis'd the Ground, under a cloud

In

In prospect; there the Eagle and the Stork
On Cliffs and Cedar tops their Eyries build:
Part loosely wing the Region, part more wise 425
In common, rang'd in figure wedge their way,
Intelligent of seasons, and set forth
Their Aerie Caravan high over Seas
Flying, and over Lands with mutual wing
Easing their flight; so steers the prudent Cane 430
Her annual voyage, born on Winds; the Air
Floats, as they pass. Fann'd with unnumber'd plumes
From Branch to Branch the smaller Birds with song
Solac'd the Woods, and spread their painted wings
'Till Eev'n, nor then the solemn Nightingal 435
Ceas'd warbling, but all night tun'd her soft layes.
Others on silver Lakes and Rivers bath'd
Their downy breast; the Swan with Arched neck
Between her white wings mantling proudly, rowes
Her state with Oary feet: yet oft they quit 440
The Dank, and rising on stiff Pennons, towre
The mid Aerial Sky. Others on ground
Walk'd firm; the crested Cock whose clarion sounds
The

The silent hours ; and th' other whose gay Train
Adorns him, colour'd with the florid hue 445
Of Rainbows and Starry Eyes. The Waters thus
With Fish replenisht, and the Air with Fowl,
Eevning and Morn solemniz'd the Fifth day.

The Sixth, and of Creation last, arose
With Eevning Harps and Matin, when God said, 450
Let th' Earth bring forth Fowl living in her kind,
Cattel, and Creeping things, and Beast of the Earth,
Each of their kind. The Earth obey'd, and strait
Op'ning her fertil Womb teem'd at a Birth
Innumerable living Creatures, perfect forms, 455
Limb'd and full-grown: out of the ground up-rose
As from his Laire the wild Beast where he wons
In Forest wild, in Thicket, Brake, or Den;
Among the Trees in Pairs they rose, they walk'd:
The Cattel in the Fields and Meadows green: 460
Those rare and solitary, these in flocks
Pasturing at once, and in broad Herds upsprung.
The grassie Clods now Calv'd, now half appear'd
The Tawny Lion, pawing to get free 464

His

His hinder parts, then springs as broke from bonds,
And rampant shakes his brinded main. The Ounce,
The Libbard, and the Tiger, as the Mole
Rising, the crumbl'd Earth above them threw
In hillocks. The swift Stag from under ground
Bore up his branching head. Scarce from his mould
Behemoth, biggest born of Earth, upheav'd 471
His Vastness. Fleec'd the flocks and bleating rose,
As Plants; ambiguous between Sea and Land
The River Horse and scaly Crocodile.
At once came forth whatever creeps the ground,
Insect or Worm: those wav'd their limber Fans 475
For Wings, and smallest Lineaments exact
In all the liveries deck'd of Summer's pride
With spots of gold and purple, azure and green:
These as a line their long dimension drew, 480
Streaking the ground with sinuous trace; not all
Minims of Nature; some of Serpent kind
Wondrous in length and corpulence involv'd
Their snaky foulds, and added wings. First crept
The parsimonious Emmet, provident 485

Of future, in small room large heart enclosed,
Pattern of just equality perhaps
Hereafter, joined in her popular Tribes
Of Commonalty. Swarming next appear'd
The Female Bee that feeds her Husband Drone 490
Deliciously, and builds her waxen cells
With honey stor'd. The rest are numberless,
And thou their Natures know'st, and gav'st them Names,
Needless to thee repeated; nor unknown
The Serpent fittest beast of all the field, 495
Of huge extent sometimes, with brazen Eyes
And hairy Main terrific, though to thee
Not noxious, but obedient at thy call.
Now Heav'n in all her glory shon, and rowl'd
Her motions, as the great first-Mover's hand 500
First wheel'd their course; Earth in her rich attire
Consummate lovely smil'd; Air, Water, Earth,
By Fowl, Fish, Beast, was flown, was swum, was walkt
Frequent; and of the Sixth day yet remain'd;
There wanted yet the Master-work, the End 505
Of all yet done; a Creature who not prone

And

And Brute as other creatures, but endu'd
With Sanctity of Reason, might erect
His Stature, and upright with Front serene
Govern the rest, self-knowing, and from thence 510
Magnanimous to correspond with Heav'n,
But Grateful to acknowledge whence his good
Descends, thither with heart and voice and eyes
Directed in Devotion, to adore
And worship God supreme, who made him chief 515
Of all his works: therefore the Omnipotent
Eternal Father (For where is not he
Present) thus to his Son audibly spake.

Let us make now Man in our Image, Man
In our similitude, and let them rule 520
Over the Fish and Fowl of Sea and Air,
Beast of the Field, and over all the Earth,
And every creeping thing that creeps the ground.

This said, he form'd Thee, *Adam*, thee O Man
Dust of the ground, and in thy nostrils breath'd 525
The breath of life; in his own Image he
Created thee, in the Image of God

Exprefs, and thou becam'ft a living Soul.
Male he created Thee, but thy Confort
Female for Race; then blefs'd Mankind, and faid,
Be fruitful, multiply, and fill the Earth, 531
Subdue it, and throughout dominion hold
Over Fifh of the Sea, and Fowl of the Air,
And every living thing that moves on the Earth,
Where-ever thus created, for no place 535
Is yet diftinct by name. Thence, as thou know'ft,
He brought thee into this delicious Grove,
This Garden, planted with the Trees of God,
Delectable both to behold and tafte;
And freely all their pleafant fruit for food 540
Gave thee, all forts are here that all th'Earth yields.
Variety without end; but of the Tree
Which tafted works knowledge of Good and Evil,
Thou may'ft not; in the day thou eat'ft, thou dy'ft;
Death is the penalty impos'd, beware 545
And govern well thy appetite, left Sin
Surprize thee, and her black attendant Death.
Here finish'd he, and all that he had made

View'd,

View'd, and behold all was entirely good;
 So Eev'n and Morn accomplish'd the Sixth day: 550
 Yet not 'till the Creator from his work
 Desisting, though unwearied, up return'd.

Up to the Heav'n of Heav'ns his high abode,
 Thence to behold this new created World
 Th' addition of his Empire, how it shew'd 555

In prospect from his Throne, how good, how fair,
 Answering his great Idea. Up he rode
 Follow'd with acclamation and the sound
 Symphonious of ten thousand Harps that tun'd
 Angelic harmonies: the Earth, the Air 560

Resounded, (thou remember'st, for thou heardst)
 The Heav'ns and all the Constellations rung,
 The Planets in their station list'ning stood,
 While the bright Pomp ascended jubilant.

Open, ye everlasting Gates, they sung, 565
 Open, ye Heav'ns, your living doors, let in
 The great Creator from his work return'd
 Magnificent, his Six days work, a World;
 Open, and henceforth oft; for God will deign

To

To visit oft the dwellings of just Men 570
Delighted, and with frequent intercourse
Thither will send his winged messengers
On errands of supernal Grace. So sung
The glorious Train ascending: He through Heav'n,
That open'd wide her blazing portals, led 575
To God's eternal house direct the way,
A broad and ample road, whose dust is Gold
And pavement Stars, as Stars to thee appear,
Seen in the Galaxie, that Milky way
Which nightly as a circling Zone thou seest 580
Pouder'd with Stars. And now on Earth the Seventh
Evening arose in *Eden*, for the Sun
Was set, and twilight from the East came on,
Forerunning Night: when at the holy Mount
Of Heav'n's high-seated top, th' Imperial Throne 585
Of Godhead, fixt for ever firm and sure,
The Filial Power arriv'd, and sat him down
With his great Father, for He also Went
Invisible, yet Staid (such priviledge
Hath Omnipresence) and the work ordain'd, 590

Author

Book VII. PARADISE LOST.

303

Author and end of all things, and from work
Now resting, blest'd and hallow'd the Sev'nth day,
As resting on that day from all his work,
But not in Silence holy kept; the Harp
Had work and rested not, the solemn Pipe

595

And Dulcimer, all Organs of sweet stop,
All sounds on fret by string or golden wire
Temper'd soft Tunings, intermixt with Voice
Choral or Unison: of Incense clouds
Fuming from golden Censers hid the Mount.

600

Creation and the Six days acts they sung.

Great are thy works, *Jehovah*, infinite
Thy power; what thought can measure thee, or tongue
Relate thee; greater now in thy return
Than from the Giant Angels; thee that day
Thy Thunders magnify'd; but to create
Is greater than created to destroy.

605

Who can impair thee, mighty King, or bound
Thy Empire? easily the proud attempt
Of Spirits apostat and their counsels vain

610

Thou hast repell'd, while impiously they thought

Thee

Thee to diminish, and from thee withdraw
The number of thy worshippers. Who seeks
To lessen thee, against his purpose serves
To manifest the more thy might: his evil 615
Thou usest, and from thence creat'st more good.
Witness this new-made World, another Heav'n
From Heav'n Gate not far, founded in view
On the clear *Hyaline*, the Glassie Sea:
Of amplitude almost immense, with Stars 620
Numerous, and every Star perhaps a World
Of destin'd habitation; but thou know'st
Their seasons; among these the seat of Men,
Earth with her nether Ocean circumfus'd,
Their pleasant dwelling place. Thrice happy Men, 625
And sons of men, whom God hath thus advanc'd,
Created in his Image, there to dwell
And worship him, and in reward to rule
Over his Works, on Earth, in Sea, or Air;
And multiply a Race of Worshippers 630
Holy and just: thrice happy if they know
Their happiness, and persevere upright.

So fung they, and the Empyrean rung
With *Halleluiabs*: Thus was Sabbath kept.
And thy request think now fulfill'd, that ask'd 635
How first this World and face of things began,
And what before thy memorie was done
From the beginning, that posterity
Inform'd by thee might know; if else thou seek'st
Aught, not surpassing human measure, say. 640

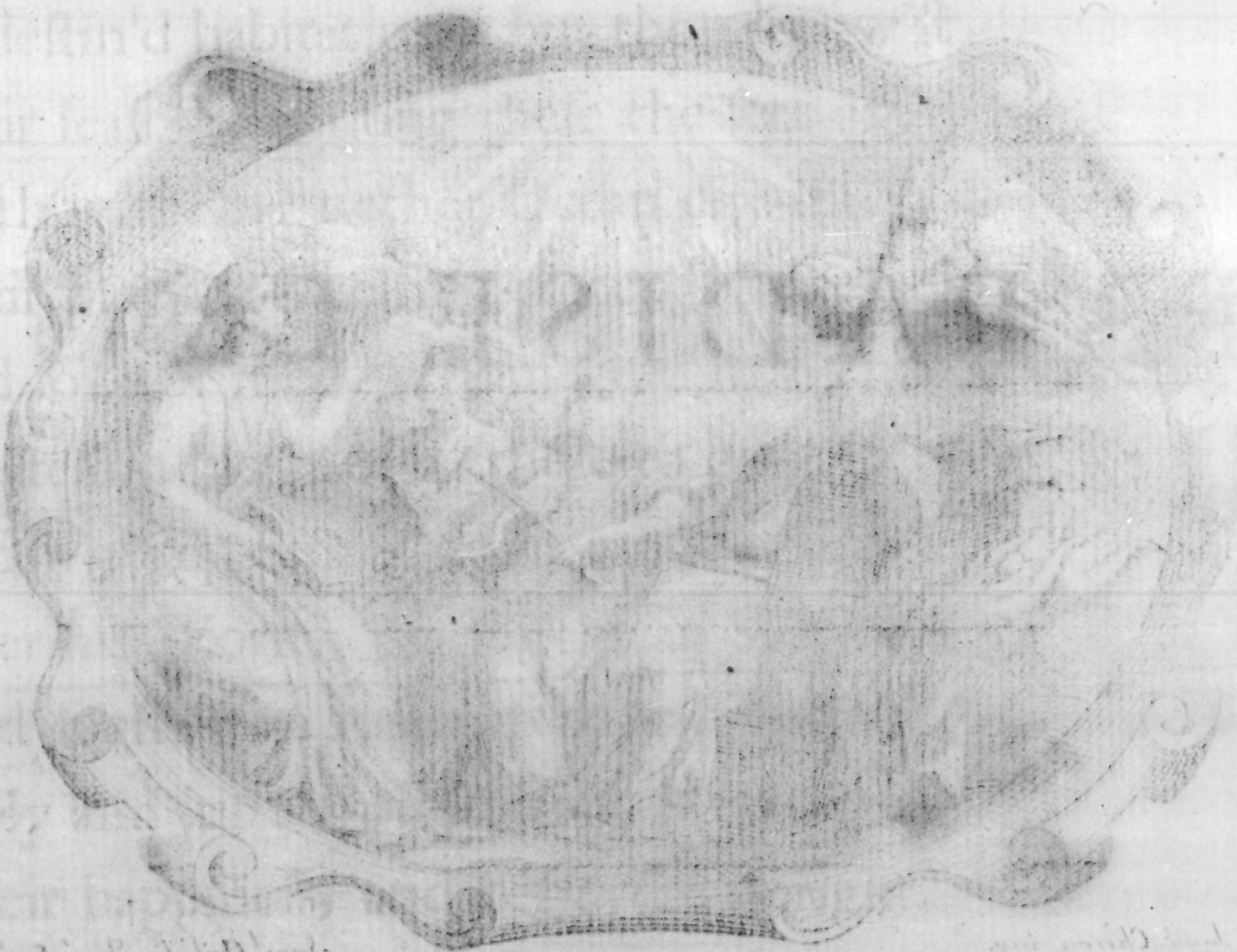
The End of the Seventh Book.



Lud. Cheron inv.

Sam. Gribelin Jun. Sculp.

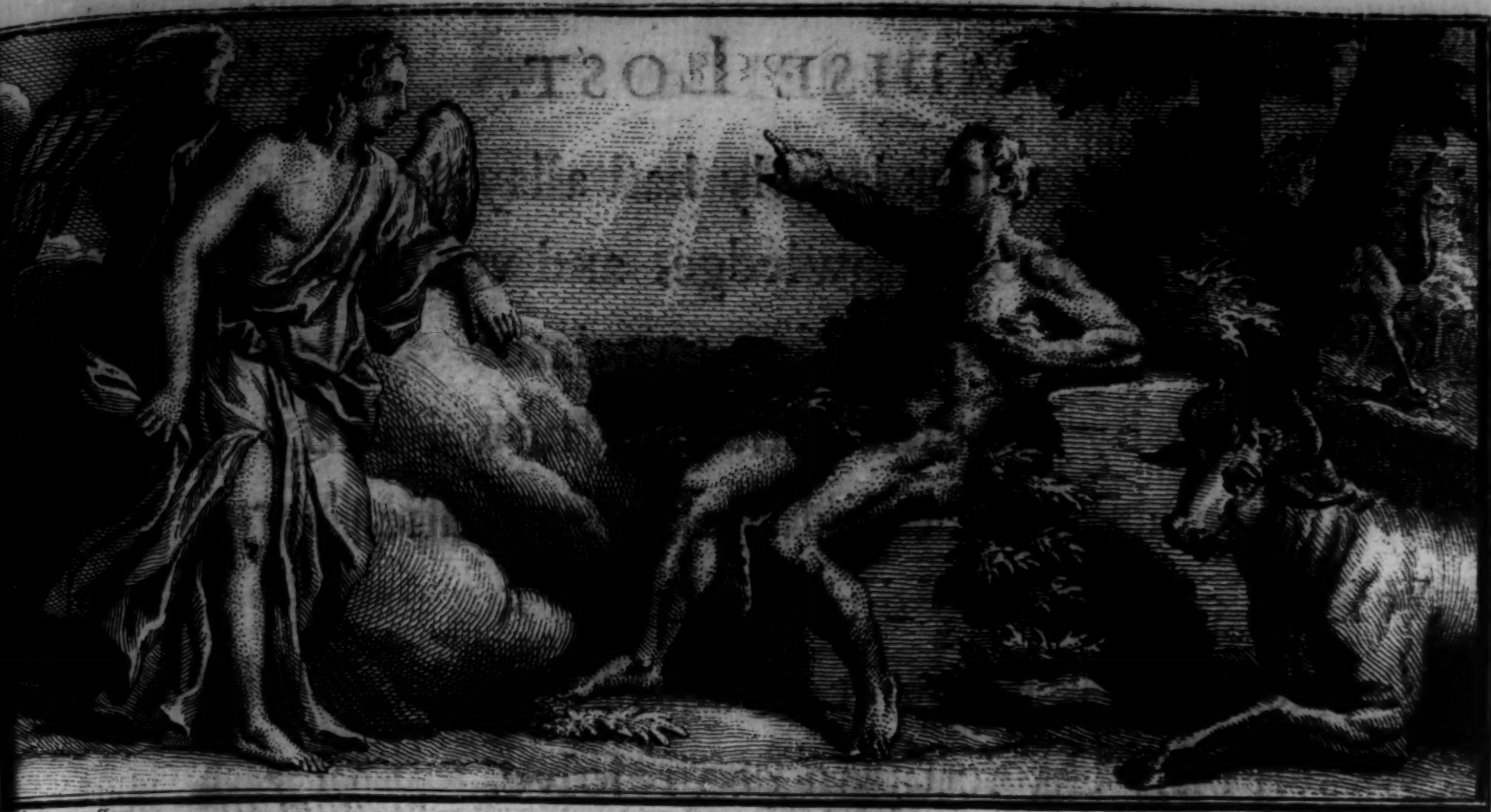
So long they, and the Emphyrean ring
With Halleluiah: Thus was Sabbath kept
And thy request think now fulfill'd, that ask'd
How this World and race of things began,
And what before thy memory was done
From the beginning, that posterity
Might know, if they might know, if else thou seek'st
Aught not supposing human measure, say.



T H E
E I G H T H B O O K
O F
PARADISE LOST.

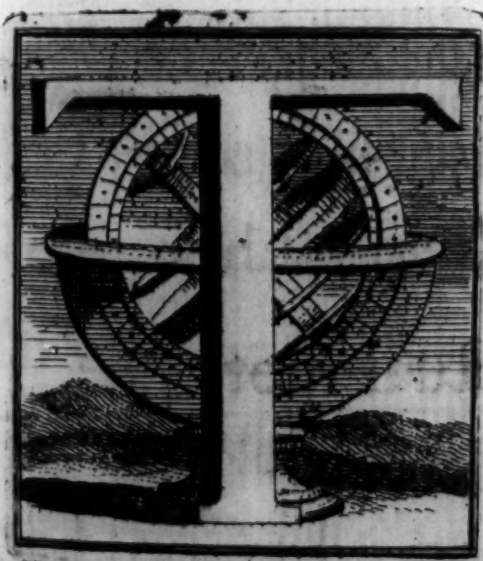
The ARGUMENT.

Adam inquires concerning Celestial Motions, is doubtfully answered, and exhorted to search rather things more worthy of knowledge: Adam assents, and still desirous to detain Raphael, relates to him what he remembered since his own Creation, his placing in Paradise, his talk with God concerning solitude and fit society, his first meeting and Nuptials with Eve, his discourse with the Angel thereupon; who after admonitions repeated departs.



PARADISE LOST.

BOOK VIII.



THE Angel ended, and in *Adam's*
Ear

So charming left his voice, that he
a while

Thought him still speaking, still
stood fixt to hear;

Then as new wak'd thus gratefully reply'd.

What thanks sufficient, or what recompence 5
Equal have I to render thee, Divine

Historian

Historian, who thus largely hast allay'd
 The thirst I had of knowledge, and voutfast
 This friendly condescension to relate
 Things else by me unsearcheable, now heard 10
 With wonder, but delight, and, as is due,
 With glory attributed to the high
 Creator; something yet of doubt remains,
 Which only thy solution can resolve.

When I behold this goodly Frame, this World 15
 Of Heav'n and Earth consisting, and compute
 Their magnitudes, this Earth a spot, a grain,
 An atom, with the Firmament compar'd
 And all her number'd Stars, that seem to rowl
 Spaces incomprehensible, (for such 20
 Their distance argues, and their swift return
 Diurnal) merely to officiate light
 Round this opacous Earth, this punctual spot,
 One day and night; in all their vast survey
 Useless besides, reasoning I oft admire, 25
 How Nature wise and frugal could commit
 Such disproportions, with superfluous hand,
 So many nobler bodies to create,

Greater

Greater so manifold, to this one use,
For ought appears, and on their Orbs impose 30
Such restless revolution day by day
Repeated; while the Sedentary Earth,
That better might with far less compass move,
Serv'd by more noble than her self, attains
Her end without least motion, and receives 35
As tribute such a sumless journey brought
Of incorporeal speed, her warmth and light;
Speed, to describe whose swiftness Number fails.

So spake our Sire, and by his count'nance seem'd
Entering on studious thoughts abstruse, which *Eve* 40
Perceiving where she sat retir'd in sight,
With lowliness majestic from her seat,
And grace that won who saw to wish her stay,
Rose, and went forth among her Fruits and Flours,
To visit how they prosper'd, Bud and Bloom, 45
Her Nursery; they at her coming sprung
And toucht by her fair tendance gladlier grew.
Yet went she not, as not with such discourse
Delighted, or not Capable her ear
Of what was High: such pleasure she reserv'd, 50

Adam,

Adam relating, the sole Auditress;
Her Husband the Relater she preferr'd
Before the Angel, and of him to ask
Chose rather: He, she knew, would intermix
Grateful digressions, and solve high dispute 55
With conjugal caresses: from his Lip,
Not Words alone pleas'd her. O when meet now
Such pairs, in Love and mutual Honour join'd?
With Goddess-like demeanour forth she went;
Not unattended, for on her as Queen 60
A pomp of winning Graces waited still,
And from about her shot darts of desire
Into all eyes to wish her still in sight.
And *Raphael* now to *Adam's* doubt propos'd
Benevolent and facil thus reply'd. 65

To ask or search I blame thee not, for Heav'n
Is as the Book of God before thee set,
Wherein to read his wondrous Works, and learn
His Seasons, Hours, or Days, or Months, or Years:
This to attain, whether Heav'n move or Earth
Imports not, if thou reckon right, the rest
From Man or Angel the great Architect

Did

Did wisely to conceal, and not divulge
His secrets to be scann'd by them who ought
Rather admire; or if they list to try 75
Conjecture, he his Fabric of the Heav'ns
Hath left to their disputes, perhaps to move
His laughter at their quaint Opinions wide
Hereafter, when they come to model Heav'n
And calculate the Stars; how they will weild 80
The mighty frame, how build, unbuild, contrive
To save appearances, how gird the Sphere
With centric and eccentric scribled o'er,
Cycle and epicycle, Orb in Orb.
Already by thy reasoning this I guess, 85
Who art to lead thy off-spring, and supposest
That bodies bright and greater should not serve
The less not bright, nor Heav'n such journies run,
Earth sitting still, when she alone receives
The benefit. Consider first, that Great
Or Bright infers not Excellence: the earth
Though, in comparison of Heav'n, so small,
Nor glistering, may of solid Good contain
More plenty than the Sun that barren shines,

S f

Whose

Whose virtue on it self works no effect,
But in the fruitful Earth; there first receiv'd
His beams, unactive else, their vigour find.
Yet not to Earth are those bright Luminaries
Officious, but to thee Earth's habitant.
And for the Heav'ns wide Circuit, let it speak
The Maker's high magnificence, who built
So spacious, and his Line stretcht out so far,
That Man may know he dwells not in his own;
An Edifice too large for him to fill,
Lodg'd in a small partition, and the rest
Ordain'd for uses to his Lord best known.
The swiftness of those Circles attribute,
Though numberless, to his Omnipotence,
That to corporeal substances could add
Speed almost Spiritual. Me thou thinkst not flow,
Who since the Morning-hour set out from Heav'n
Where God resides, and e'er mid-day arriv'd
In *Eden*, distance inexpressible
By Numbers that have name. But this I urge,
Admitting Motion in the Heav'ns, to shew
Invalid that which thee to doubt it mov'd;

Not that I so affirm, though so it seem
 To thee who hast thy dwelling here on Earth.
 God, to remove his ways from human sense,
 Plac'd Heav'n from Earth so far, that earthly sight,
 If it presume, might err in things too high, 121
 And no advantage gain. What if the Sun
 Be Center to the World, and other Stars
 By his attractive virtue and their own
 Incited, dance about him various rounds? 125
 Their wandring course now high, now low, then hid,
 Progressive, retrograde, or standing still,
 In Six thou seest, and what if Seventh to these
 The Planet Earth, so steadfast though she seem,
 Insensibly three different Motions move? 130
 Which else to several Spheres thou must ascribe,
 Mov'd contrary with thwart obliquities,
 Or save the Sun his labour, and that swift
 Nocturnal and diurnal rhomb suppos'd,
 Invisible else above all Stars, the wheel 135
 Of Day and Night; which needs not thy belief,
 If Earth industrious of her self fetch Day
 Travelling East, and with her part averse

From the Sun's beam meet Night, her other part
 Still luminous by his ray. What if that light 140
 Sent from her through the wide transpicious air,
 To the terrestrial Moon be as a Star
 Enlightning her by Day, as she by Night
 This Earth; reciprocal, if Land be there,
 Fields and Inhabitants: Her spots thou see'st 145
 As Clouds; and Clouds may rain, and Rain produce
 Fruits in her soften'd Soil, for some to eat
 Allotted there; and other Suns perhaps
 With their attendant Moons thou wilt descry
 Communicating Male and Female Light, 150
 Which two great Sexes animate the World,
 Stor'd in each Orb perhaps with some that live.
 For such vast room in Nature unpossess'd
 By living Soul, desert and desolate,
 Only to shine, yet scarce to contribute 155
 Each Orb a glimpse of Light, convey'd so far
 Down to this habitable, which returns
 Light back to them, is obvious to dispute.
 But whether thus these things, or whether not,
 Whether the Sun predominant in Heav'n. 160

Rise on the Earth, or Earth rise on the Sun,
 He from the East his flaming rode begin,
 Or she from West her silent course advance
 With inoffensive pace that spinning sleeps
 On her soft Axle, while she paces even,
 And bears thee soft with the smooth Air along,
 Sollicit not thy thoughts with matters hid,
 Leave them to God above, him serve and fear;
 Of other Creatures, as him pleases best,
 Where-ever plac'd, let him dispose: joy thou 170
 In what he gives to thee, this Paradise
 And thy fair *Eve*; Heav'n is for thee too high
 To know what passes there; be Lowly wife:
 Think only what concerns thee and thy being;
 Dream not of other Worlds, what Creatures there
 Live, in what state, condition or degree, 175
 Contented that thus far hath been reveal'd
 Not of Earth only, but of highest Heav'n.

To whom thus *Adam*, clear'd of doubt, reply'd.
 How fully hast thou satisfy'd me, pure 180
 Intelligence of Heav'n, Angel serene,
 And freed from intricacies, taught to live,

The ,

The easiest way, nor with perplexing thoughts
To interrupt the sweet of Life, from which
God hath bid dwell far off all anxious cares,
And not molest us, unless we our selves
Seek them with wandring thoughts, and notions vain
But apt the Mind or Fancy is to rove
Uncheckt, and of her roving is no end;
'Till warn'd, or by experience taught, she learn,
That not to know at large of things remote
From use, obscure and futtle, but to know
That which before us lies in daily life,
Is the prime Wisdom; what is more, is fume,
Or emptiness, or fond impertinence,
And renders us in things that most concern
Unpractis'd, unprepar'd, and still to seek.
Therefore from this high pitch let us descend
A lower flight, and speak of things at hand
Useful, whence haply mention may arise
Of something not unseasonable to ask
By sufferance, and thy wonted favour deign'd.
Thee I have heard relating what was done
E'er my remembrance; now hear me relate

My Story, which perhaps thou hast not heard; 205
 And Day is yet not spent; 'till then thou see'st
 How fittly to detain thee I devise,
 Inviting thee to hear while I relate,
 Fond, were it not in hope of thy reply:
 For while I sit with thee, I seem in Heav'n, 210
 And sweeter thy discourse is to my ear
 Than Fruits of Palm-tree pleasantest to thirst
 And hunger both, from labour, at the hour
 Of sweet repast: they satiate, and soon fill,
 Tho' pleasant; but thy words with Grace Divine 215
 Imbu'd, bring to their sweetness no satiety.

To whom thus *Raphael* answer'd heav'nly meek.
 Nor are thy lips ungraceful, Sire of men,
 Nor tongue ineloquent; for God on thee
 Abundantly his gifts hath also pour'd 220
 Inward and outward both, his image fair:
 Speaking or mute all comeliness and grace
 Attends thee, and each word, each motion forms,
 Nor less think we in Heav'n of thee on Earth
 Than of our fellow-servant, and inquire 225
 Gladly into the ways of God with Man:

For

For God we see hath honour'd thee, and set
On Man his Equal Love. Say therefore on;
For I that day was absent, as befel,
Bound on a voyage uncouth and obscure,
Far on excursion toward the Gates of Hell;
Squar'd in full Legion (such command we had)
To see that none thence issu'd forth a spy,
Or enemy, while God was in his work,
Lest he incens'd at such eruption bold,
Destruction with Creation might have mixt.
Not that they durst without his leave attempt,
But us he sends upon his high behests
For state, as Sovran King, and to enure
Our prompt obedience. Fast we found, fast shut
The dismal Gates, and barricado'd strong;
But long e'er our approaching heard within
Noise, other than the sound of Dance or Song,
Torment, and loud lament, and furious rage.
Glad we return'd up to the coasts of Light
E'er Sabbath Eev'ning: so we had in charge.
But thy relation now; for I attend,
Pleas'd with thy words no less than thou with mine.

So spake the Godlike Power, and thus our Sire.
For Man to tell how human Life began 250
Is hard; for who himself beginning knew?
Desire with thee still longer to converse
Induc'd me. As new wak'd from soundest sleep
Soft on the flourey herb I found me laid
In balmy Sweat, which with his beams the Sun 255
Soon dry'd, and on the reaking moisture fed.
Strait toward Heav'n my wondring eyes I turn'd,
And gaz'd a-while the ample Sky, 'till rais'd
By quick instinctive motion up I sprung,
As thitherward endeavouring, and upright 260
Stood on my feet. About me round I saw
Hill, Dale, and shady Woods, and funny Plains,
And liquid lapse of murmuring Streams; by these
Creatures that liv'd, and mov'd, and walk'd, or flew,
Birds on the branches warbling; all things smil'd: 265
With fragrance and with joy my heart o'erflow'd.
My self I then perus'd, and Limb by Limb
Survey'd, and sometimes went, and sometimes ran
With supple joints, as lively vigour led:
But who I was, or where, or from what cause, 270

T t

Knew

Knew not; to Speak I try'd, and forthwith spake,
 My Tongue obey'd, and readily could name
 What e'er I saw. Thou Sun, said I, fair Light,
 And thou enlighten'd Earth, so fresh and gay,
 Ye Hills and Dales, ye Rivers, Woods and Plains,
 And ye that live and move, fair Creatures, tell, 276
 Tell, if ye saw, how came I thus, how here?
 Not of my self; by some great Maker then,
 In goodness and in power præeminent:
 Tell me, how may I know him, how adore, 280
 From whom I have that thus I move and live,
 And feel that I am happier than I know.
 While thus I call'd, and stray'd I knew not whither,
 From where I first drew Air, and first beheld
 This happy Light, when answer none return'd, 285
 On a green shady Bank profuse of Flours
 Pensive I sat me down: there gentle Sleep
 First found me, and with soft oppression seiz'd
 My droused sense, untroubled, though I thought
 I then was passing to my former state 290
 Insensible, and forthwith to dissolve:
 When suddenly stood at my Head a Dream,

Whose

Whose inward apparition gently mov'd
My fancy to believe I yet had being, 294
And liv'd: One came, methought, of shape Divine,
And said: "Thy Mansion wants thee, *Adam*, rise
" First Man, of Men innumerable ordain'd
" First Father, call'd by thee I come thy Guide
" To the Garden of bliss, thy seat prepar'd.
So saying, by the hand he took me rais'd, 300
And over Fields and Waters, as in Air
Smooth-sliding without step, last led me up
A woody Mountain; whose high top was plain,
A Circuit wide, enclos'd, with goodliest Trees 304
Planted, with walks, and bowers, that what I saw
Of Earth before scarce pleasant seem'd. Each Tree
Loaden with fairest Fruit that hung to the Eye
Tempting, stirr'd in me sudden appetite
To pluck and eat; whereat I wak'd, and found
Before mine eyes all real, as the Dream 310
Had lively shadow'd. Here had new begun
My wandring, had not he who was my Guide
Up hither, from among the Trees appear'd
Presence Divine. Rejoicing, but with awe

In adoration at his feet I fell
 Submits: he rear'd me, and "Whom thou fought'st I am,
 Said mildly, "Author of all this thou seest
 "Above, or round about thee, or beneath.
 "This Paradise I give thee, count it thine
 "To till and keep, and of the Fruit to eat:
 "Of every Tree that in the Garden grows
 "Eat freely with glad heart; fear here no dearth:
 "But of the Tree whose operation brings
 "Knowledge of Good and Ill, which I have set
 "The Pledge of thy Obedience and thy Faith,
 "Amid the Garden by the Tree of Life,
 "Remember what I warn thee, shun to taste,
 "And shun the bitter consequence; for know,
 "The day thou eat'st thereof, my sole command
 "Transgress, inevitably thou shalt dye;
 "From that day mortal, and this happy State
 "Shalt lose, expell'd from hence into a World
 "Of woe and sorrow." Sternly he pronounc'd
 The rigid interdiction, which resounds
 Yet dreadful in mine ear, though in my choice.
 Not to incur; but soon his clear aspect

Return'd

Return'd, and gracious purpose thus renew'd:
"Not only these fair bounds, but all the Earth
"To thee and to thy Race I give; as Lords
"Possess it, and all things that therein live, 340
"Or live in Sea, or Air, Beast, Fish, and Fowl;
"In sign whereof each Bird and Beast behold
"After their kinds; I bring them to receive
"From thee their Names, and pay thee fealty
"With low subjection; understand the same 345
"Of Fish within their watry residence,
"Not hither summon'd, since they cannot change
"Their Element to draw the thinner Air."

As thus he spake, each Bird and Beast behold
Approaching two and two, These cowering low 350
With blandishment, each Bird stoop'd on his wing.
I Nam'd them, as they pass'd, and understood
Their Nature, with such knowledge God endu'd
My sudden apprehension: but in these
I found not what methought I wanted still; 355
And to the Heav'nly vision thus presum'd.

O by what Name, for thou above all these,
Above mankind, or aught than mankind higher,

Surpass

Surpassest far my naming, how may I
Adore thee? Author of this Universe, 360
And all this good to man, for whose well being
So amply, and with hands so liberal
Thou hast provided all things: but with me
I see not who partakes. In solitude
What happiness, who can enjoy alone, 365
Or all enjoying, what contentment find?

Thus I presumptuous; and the vision bright,
As with a smile more brighten'd, thus reply'd.

What call'st thou Solitude? is not the Earth
With various living creatures, and the Air 370
Replenisht, and all these at thy command
To come and play before thee? know'st thou not
Their language and their ways? they also know,
And reason not contemptibly; with these
Find pastime, and bear rule; thy Realm is large. 375
So spake the Universal Lord, and seem'd
So ordering. I with leave of Speech implor'd,
And humble deprecation thus reply'd.

Let not my words offend thee, Heav'nly Power,
My Maker, be propitious while I speak. 380

Hast

Hast thou not made me here thy Substitute,
 And these inferiour far beneath me set?
 Among Unequals what society
 Can sort, what harmony or true delight?
 Which must be mutual, in proportion due 385
 Giv'n and receiv'd; but in disparity
 The one intense, the other still remiss
 Cannot well suit with either, but soon prove
 Tedious alike: Of fellowship I speak
 Such as I seek, fit to participate 390
 All Rational delight, wherein the brute
 Cannot be human comfort; they rejoice
 Each with their kind, Lion with Lions;
 So fitly them in pairs thou hast combin'd; 394
 Much less can Bird with Beast, or Fish with Fowl
 So well converse; nor with the Ox the Ape;
 Worse then can Man with Beast, and least of all.

Whereto th' Almighty answer'd, not displeas'd.
 A nice and subtle happiness I see
 Thou to thy self propolest, in the choice 400
 Of thy Associates, *Adam*, and wilt taste
 No pleasure, tho' in pleasure, solitary.

What

What think'st thou then of Me, and this my State?
Seem I to thee sufficiently possess'd
Of happiness, or not? who Am Alone 405
From all Eternity, for none I know
Second to me or like, equal much less.
How have I then with whom to hold converse
Save with the Creatures which I made, and those
To me inferior, infinite descents 410
Beneath what other Creatures are to thee?

He ceas'd, I lowly answer'd. To attain
The heighth and depth of thy Eternal ways
All human thoughts come short, Supreme of things;
Thou in thy self art perfect, and in thee 415
Is no deficiency found; not so is Man
But in degree, the cause of his desire
By conversation with his like to help,
Or solace his defects. No need that thou
Should'st Propagate, already Infinite, 420
And through all numbers absolute, though One;
But Man by number is to manifest
His single imperfection, and beget
Like of his like, his Image multiply'd,

In Unity defective, which requires 425
Collateral love, and dearest amity.

Thou in thy secrecie although Alone,
Best with thy self accompany'd, seek'st not
Social communication, yet so pleas'd,
Canst raise thy Creature to what heighth thou wilt
Of Union or Communion, deify'd; 431

I by conversing cannot these erect
From prone, nor in their ways complacence find.

Thus I embolden'd spake, and freedom us'd
Permissive, and acceptance found, which gain'd 435
This answer from the gracious voice Divine.

Thus far to try thee, *Adam*, I was pleas'd,
And find thee knowing not of Beasts alone,
Which thou hast rightly nam'd, but of thy self,
Expressing well the spirit within thee free, 440

My Image, not imparted to the Brute,
Whose fellowship therefore unmeet for thee
Good reason was thou freely should'st dislike,
And be so minded still; I, e'er thou spak'st,
Knew it not good for Man to be Alone, 445

And no such company as then thou saw'st

Intended thee, for tryal only brought,
To see how thou couldst judge of fit and meet:
What next I bring shall please thee, be assur'd,
Thy Likeness, thy Fit help, thy Other self, 450
Thy wish exactly to thy hearts desire.

He ended, or I heard no more, for now
My Earthly by his Heav'nly overpower'd,
Which it had long stood under, strein'd to the height
In that celestial Colloquy sublime 455
As with an object that excels the Sense,
Dazled and spent, sunk down, and sought repair
Of sleep, which instantly fell on me, call'd
By nature as in aid, and clos'd mine Eyes.
Mine eyes he clos'd, but open left the cell 460
Of Fancy, my internal sight, by which
Abstract as in a transe methought I saw,
Though sleeping, where I lay, and saw the shape
Still glorious before whom awake I stood;
Who stooping open'd my left side, and took 465
From thence a Rib, with cordial spirits warm,
And Life-blood streaming fresh; wide was the wound,
But suddenly with flesh fill'd up and heal'd.

The Rib he form'd and fashion'd with his hands;
 Under his forming hands a Creature grew 470
 Manlike, but different Sex, so lovely fair,
 That what seem'd fair in all the World, seem'd now
 Mean, or in her summ'd up, in her contain'd
 And in her looks, which from that time infus'd
 Sweetness into my heart, unfelt before, 475
 And into all things from her Air inspir'd
 The spirit of love and amorous delight.
 She disappear'd, and left me dark; I wak'd
 To find her, or for ever to deplore
 Her loss, and other pleasures all abjure: 480
 When out of hope, behold her, not far off,
 Such as I saw her in my dream, adorn'd
 With what all Earth or Heaven could bestow
 To make her amiable: On she came,
 Led by her Heav'nly Maker, though unseen, 485
 And guided by his voice, nor uniform'd
 Of nuptial Sanctity and marriage Rites:
 Grace was in all her steps, Heav'n in her eye,
 In every gesture dignity and love.
 I overjoy'd could not forbear aloud. 490

This Turn hath made amends; thou hast fulfill'd
Thy words, Creator bounteous and benign,
Giver of all things fair, but fairest this
Of all thy gifts, nor enviest. I now see
Bone of my Bone, Flesh of my Flesh, my Self
Before me; Woman is her Name, of Man
Extracted; for this cause he shall forego
Father and Mother, and to his Wife adhere;
And they shall be one Flesh, one Heart, one Soul.

She heard me thus, and tho' divinely brought,
Yet Innocence and Virgin Modesty,
Her Virtue and the conscience of her Worth,
That would be woo'd, and not unfought be won,
Not obvious, not obtrusive, but retir'd,
The more desirable, or to say all,
Nature her self, though pure of sinful thought,
Wrought in her so, that seeing me, she turn'd;
I follow'd her: she what was Honour knew,
And with obsequious Majesty approv'd
My pleaded reason. To the Nuptial Bowre
I led her blushing like the Morn: all Heav'n,
And happy Constellations on that hour

Shed their selectest influence; the Earth must airt
Gave sign of gratulation, and each Hill;
Joyous the Birds; fresh Gales and gentle Aires 515
Whisper'd it to the Woods, and from their Wings
Flung Rose, flung Odours from the spicy Shrub,
Disporting, till the amorous Bird of Night
Sung spousal, and bid haste the Eev'ning Star
On his Hill top, to light the bridal Lamp. 520

Thus I have told thee all my State, and brought
My Story to the sum of earthly blifs
Which I enjoy, and must confess to find
In all things else Delight indeed, but such
As us'd or not, works in the Mind no change, 525
Nor vehement desire, these delicacies
I mean of Taste, Sight, Smell, Herbs, Fruits, and Flours,
Walks, and the melody of Birds; but here
Far otherwise, Transported I behold,
Transported touch; here Passion first I felt, 530
Commotion strange, in all enjoyments else
Superior and Unmov'd, here only Weak
Against the charm of Beauties powerful glance.
Or Nature fail'd in me, and left some part

Not

Not proof enough such Object to sustain,
 Or from my side subducting, took perhaps
 More than enough; at least on her bestow'd
 Too much of Ornament, in Outward shew
 Elaborate, of Inward less exact.

For well I understand in the prime end
 Of Nature, her th' Inferiour, in the Mind
 And inward faculties, which most excel,
 In outward also her resembling less
 His Image who made both, and less expressing
 The character of that Dominion giv'n

O'er other Creatures; yet when I approach
 Her Loveliness, so absolute she seems
 And in her self complete, so well to know
 Her own, that what she wills to do or say,
 Seems wisest, virtuousest, discreetest, best;

All higher knowledge in her presence falls
 Degraded, Wisdom in discourse with her
 Looses discount'nanc'd, and like folly shews;
 Authority and Reason on her wait,
 As one Intended first, not after made
 Occasionally; and to consummate all,

Greatness

Greatness of mind and nobleness their feat
Build in her loveliest, and create an awe
About her, as a guard Angelic plac'd.

To whom the Angel with contracted brow. 560

Accuse not Nature, she hath done her part;
Do thou but thine, and be not diffident
Of Wisdom; she deserts thee not, if thou
Dismiss not her, when most thou needst her nigh,
By attributing overmuch to things 565
Less excellent, as thou thy self perceiv'st.

For what admir'st thou, what transports thee so,
An outside? Fair no doubt, and worthy well
Thy cherishing, thy honouring, and thy love,
Not thy Subjection: weigh with her thy self; 570

Then value: Oft-times nothing profits more
Than self-esteem, grounded on just and right
Well manag'd; of that skill the more thou knowst,
The more she will acknowledge thee her Head,
And to Realities yield all her Shows: 575

Made so Adorne for thy delight the more,
So Awful, that with honour thou may'st love
Thy mate, who sees when thou art seen least wife.

But

But if the sense of Touch whereby mankind
Is propagated seem such dear delight 580
Beyond all other, think the same voutsaft
To Cattel and each Beast; which would not be
To them made common and divulg'd, if aught
Therein enjoy'd were worthy to subdue
The Soul of Man, or Passion in him move. 585
What higher in her society thou find'st
Attractive, human, rational, love still;
In loving thou dost well, in passion not,
Wherein true Love consists not; Love refines
The thoughts, and heart enlarges, hath his seat 590
In Reason, and is judicious, is the scale
By which to heav'nly Love thou may'st ascend,
Not sunk in carnal pleasure, for which cause
Among the Beasts no Mate for thee was found.

To whom thus half abash'd *Adam* reply'd. 595
Neither her Outside form'd so fair, nor aught
In procreation common to all kinds
(Though higher of the genial Bed by far,
And with mysterious reverence I deem)
So much delights me, as those graceful acts, 600

Those

Those thousand Decencies that daily flow
 From all her words and actions mixt with Love
 And sweet compliance, which declare unfeign'd
 Union of Mind, or in us both One soul;
 Harmony to behold in wedded pair 605

More grateful than harmonious sound to the ear.
 Yet these subject not; I to thee disclose
 What inward thence I feel, not therefore foil'd,
 Who meet with various objects, from the sense
 Variouſly repreſenting; yet ſtill free 610

Approve the beſt, and follow what I approve.
 To Love thou blaſt me not, for Love thou ſay'ſt
 Leads up to Heav'n, is both the way and guide;
 Bear with me then, if lawful what I aſk; 614

Love not the heav'nly Spirits, and how their Love
 Expreſs they, by looks only, or do they mix
 Irradiance, virtual or immediate touch?

To whom the Angel, with a Smile that glow'd
 Celeſtial roſe red, Love's proper hue,
 Answer'd. Let it ſuffice thee that thou know'ſt 620
 Us happy, and without Love no happineſs.

Whatever pure thou in thy body enjoy'ſt

And

X x

(And

(And pure thou wert created) we enjoy
In eminence, and obstacle find none
Of membrane, joynt, or limb, exclusive bars; 625
Easier than Air with Air, if Spirits embrace,
Total they mix, Union of Pure with Pure
Desiring; nor restrain'd conveyance need
As Flesh to mix with Flesh, or Soul with Soul.
But I can now no more; the parting Sun 630
Beyond the Earth's green Cape and verdant Isles
Hesperian sets, my Signal to depart.
Be strong: live happy, and love: but first of all
Him whom to love is to obey, and keep
His great command; take heed lest Passion sway 635
Thy Judgment to do ought, which else free Will
Would not admit; thine and of all thy Sons
The weal or woe in Thee is plac'd; beware.
I in thy persevering shall rejoyce,
And all the Blest: stand fast; to stand or fall 640
Free in thine own Arbitrement it lies,
Perfect within, no outward aid require;
And all temptation to transgress repel.

So saying, he arose; whom *Adam* thus

Follow'd

Follow'd with benediction. Since to part,
Go heav'nly Guest, Ethereal Messenger,
Sent from whose sov'reign goodness I adore.
Gentle to me and affable hath been

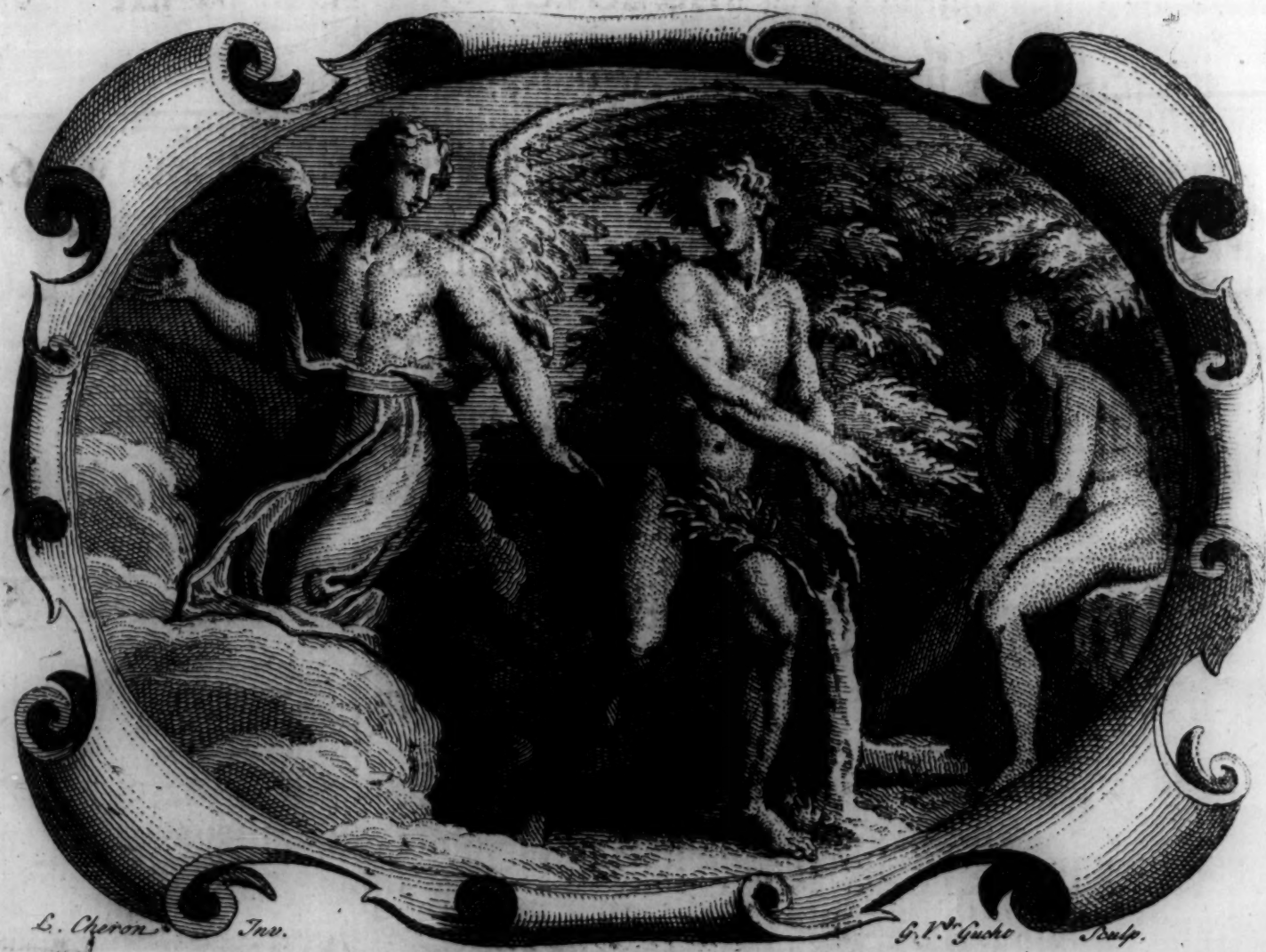
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Thy condescension, and shall be honour'd ever
With grateful Memorie: thou to mankind
Be good and friendly still, and oft return.

650

So parted they, the Angel up to Heav'n
From the thick shade, and *Adam* to his Bowre.

The End of the Eighth Book.



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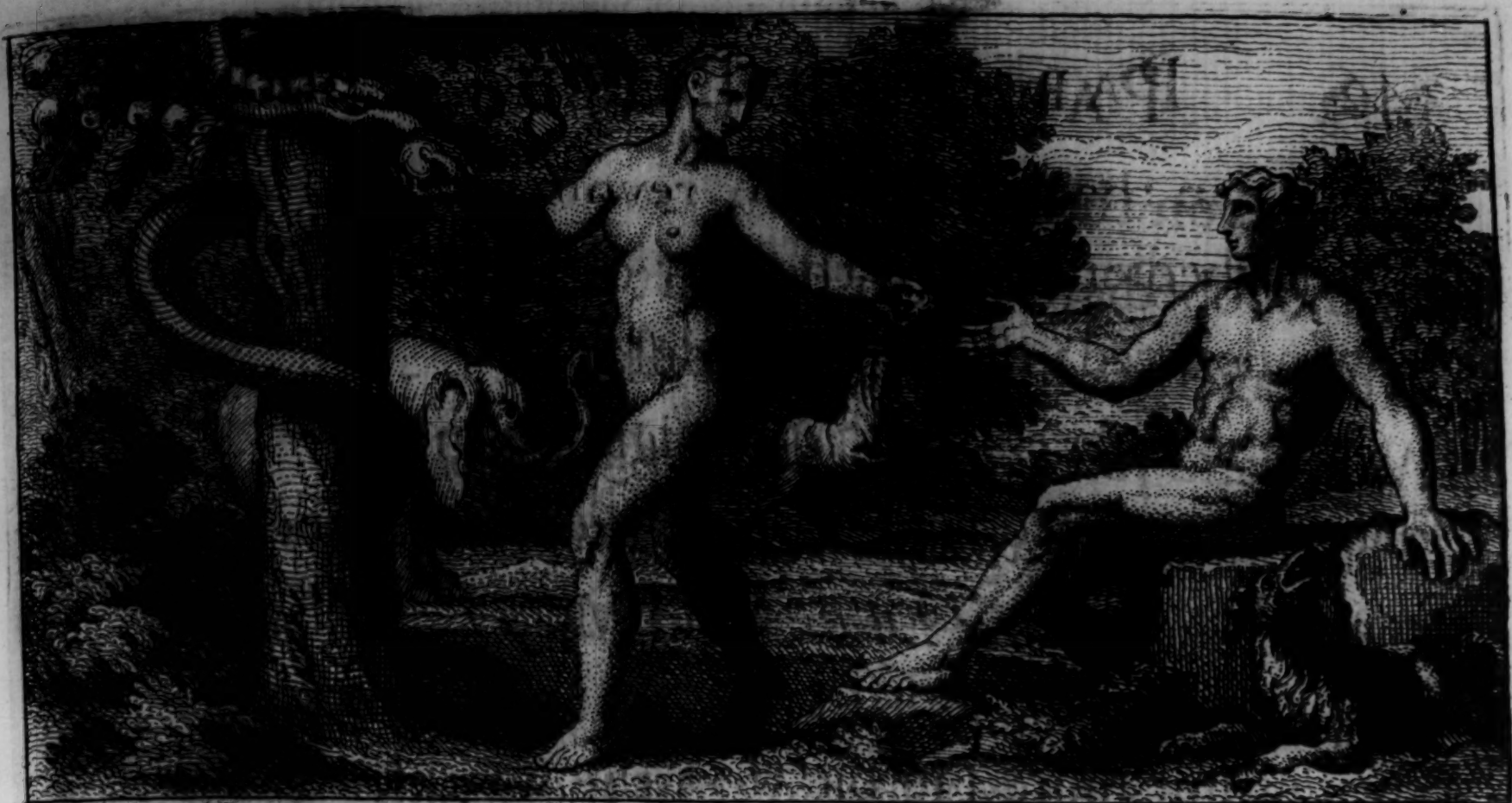
NINTH BOOK

OF

PARADISE LOST.

The ARGUMENT.

Satan having compass'd the Earth, with meditated guile returns as a mist by Night, into Paradise, and enters into the Serpent sleeping. Adam and Eve in the Morning go forth to their labours, which Eve proposes to divide in several places, each labouring apart: Adam consents not, alleging the danger lest that Enemy, of whom they were forewarned, should attempt her found alone: Eve, loath to be thought not circumspect or firm enough, urges her going apart, the rather desirous to make tryal of her strength; Adam at last yields: The Serpent finds her alone; his subtle approach, first gazing, then speaking, with much flattery extolling Eve above all other Creatures. Eve wondring to hear the Serpent speak, asks how he attained to human speech and such understanding not 'till now; the Serpent answers, that by tasting of a certain Tree in the Garden he attained both to Speech and Reason, 'till then void of both: Eve requires him to bring her to that Tree, and finds it to be the Tree of Knowledge forbidden: The Serpent now grown bolder, with many wiles and arguments induces her at length to eat; she pleas'd with the taste deliberates a while whether to impart thereof to Adam or not, at last brings him of the Fruit, relates what persuaded her to eat thereof: Adam at first amazed, but perceiving her lost, resolves through vehemence of love to perish with her; and extenuating the trespass eats also of the Fruit: The Effects thereof in them both; they seek to cover their nakedness; then fall to variance and accusation of one another.



L. Cheron. sculpsit

C. DuBosc. fecit

PARADISE LOST.

BOOK IX.



O more of talk where God or An-
gel Guest

With Man, as with his Friend, fa-
miliar us'd

To sit indulgent, and with him
partake

Rural repast, permitting him the while

Venial discourse unblam'd: I now must change 5

Those Notes to Tragic: foul distrust, and breach

Disloyal

Disloyal on the part of Man, revolt,
And disobedience: On the part of Heav'n
Now alienated, distance and distaste,
Anger and just rebuke, and judgment giv'n, 10
That brought into this World a world of woe,
Sin and her shadow *Death*, and Misery
Death's Harbinger; Sad task, yet argument
Not less but more Heroic than the wrath
Of stern *Achilles* on his Foe pursu'd 15
Thrice Fugitive about *Troy* Wall; or rage
Of *Turnus* for *Lavinia* disespous'd,
Or *Neptune's* ire, or *Juno's* that so long
Perplex'd the *Greek* and *Cytherea's* Son;
If answerable style I can obtain 20
Of my Celestial Patroness, who deigns
Her nightly visitation unimplor'd,
And dictates to me slumbring, or inspires
Easie my unpremeditated verse:
Since first this Subject for Heroic Song 25
Pleas'd me long chusing, and beginning late;
Not sedulous by Nature to indite
Wars, hitherto the only Argument

Heroic

Heroic deem'd, chief mast'ry to dissect
With long and tedious havoc fabled Knights 30
In Battels feign'd; the better fortitude
Of Patience and Heroic Martyrdom
Unsung; or to describe Races and Games,
Or tilting Furniture, emblazon'd Shields,
Impresses quaint, Caparisons and Steeds, 35
Bases and tinsel Trappings, gorgeous Knights
At Joust and Tournament; then marshal'd Feast
Serv'd up in Hall with Sewers, and Seneshals;
The skill of Artifice or Office mean,
Not that which justly gives Heroic name 40
To Person or to Poem. Me of these
Nor skill'd nor studious higher Argument
Remains, sufficient of it self to raise
That name, unless an age too late, or cold
Climate, or Years damp my intended wing 45
Deprest: and much they may, if all be Mine,
Not Hers who brings it nightly to my ear.

The Sun was sunk, and after him the Star
Of *Hesperus*, whose office is to bring
Twilight upon the Earth, short arbiter 50

'Twixt day and night, and now from end to end
Night's Hemisphere had veil'd the Horizon round:
When *Satan*, who late fled before the threats
Of *Gabriel* out of *Eden*, now improv'd
In meditated fraud and malice, bent 55
On man's destruction, maugre what might hap
Of heavier on himself, fearless return'd.
By night he fled, and at midnight return'd
From compassing the earth, cautious of day,
Since *Uriel* Regent of the Sun descry'd 60
His entrance, and forewarn'd the Cherubim,
That kept their watch; thence full of anguish driv'n,
The space of seven continu'd nights he rode
With darkness, thrice the Equinoctial Line
He circled, four times cross'd the Car of night 65
From Pole to Pole, traversing each Colure;
On the eighth return'd, and on the coast averse
From entrance or Cherubick Watch, by stealth
Found unsuspected way. There was a place, 69
Now not, tho' Sin, not Time, first wrought the change,
Where *Tigris* at the foot of Paradise
Into a Gulph shot under ground, 'till part

Rose up a Fountain by the Tree of Life;
In with the River sunk, and with it rose
Satan, involv'd in rising Mist, then fought 75
Where to lye hid; Sea he had searcht and Land
From *Eden* over *Pontus*, and the Pool
Mæotis, up beyond the River *Ob*;
Downward as far Antarctic; and in length
West from *Orontes* to the Ocean barr'd 80
At *Darien*, thence to the Land where flows
Ganges and *Indus*: thus the Orb he roam'd
With narrow search; and with inspection deep
Consider'd every Creature, which of all
Most opportune might serve his Wiles, and found
The Serpent fittest Beast of all the field. 86
Him after long debate, irresolute
Of thoughts revolv'd, his final sentence chose
Fit Vessel, fittest Imp of fraud, in whom
To enter, and his dark suggestions hide 90
From sharpest sight: for in the wily Snake,
Whatever fleights none would suspicious mark,
As from his wit and native fittlety
Proceeding, which in other Beasts observ'd

Doubt might beget of Diabolic pow'r 95

Active within beyond the sense of Brute.

Thus he resolv'd, but first from inward grief

His bursting passion into plaints thus pour'd:

O Earth, how like to Heav'n, if not preferr'd

More justly, Seat worthier of Gods, as built 100

With Second thoughts, reforming what was old!

For what God after Better Worse would build?

Terrestrial Heav'n, danc'd round by other Heav'ns

That shine, yet bear their bright officious Lamps,

Light above Light, for Thee alone, as seems, 105

In thee concentrating all their precious beams

Of sacred influence: As God in Heav'n

Is Center, yet extends to all, so thou

Centring receiv'st from all those Orbs; in thee,

Not in themselves, all their known virtue appears

Productive in Herb, Plant, and nobler birth 111

Of Creatures animate with gradual life

Of Growth, Sense, Reason, all summ'd up in Man.

With what delight could I have walkt thee round,

If I could joy in aught, sweet interchange 115

Of Hill, and Valley, Rivers, Woods and Plains,

Now

Now Land, now Sea, and Shores with Forest crown'd,
Rocks, Dens, and Caves; but I in none of these
Find place or refuge; and the more I see
Pleasures about me, so much more I feel 120
Torment within me, as from the hateful siege
Of contraries; all good to me becomes
Bane, and in Heav'n much worse would be my state.
But neither here seek I no nor in Heav'n
To dwell, unless by mastering Heav'n's Supreme; 125
Nor hope to be my self less miserable
By what I seek, but others to make such
As I, though thereby worse to me redound:
For only in destroying I find ease
To my relentless thoughts; and him destroy'd, 130
Or won to what may work his utter loss,
For whom all this was made, all this will soon
Follow, as to him linkt in weal or woe:
In woe then; that destruction wide may range:
To me shall be the glory sole among 135
The infernal Powers, in One day to have marr'd
What he *Almighty* styl'd, Six nights and days
Continu'd making, and who knows how long
Before

Before had been contriving, though perhaps
Not longer than since I in one night freed 140
From servitude inglorious well nigh half
Th' Angelic Name, and thinner left the throng
Of his Adorers. He to be aveng'd,
And to repair his numbers thus impair'd,
Whether such virtue spent of old now fail'd 145
More Angels to Create, if they at least
Are his Created, or to spite us more
Determin'd to advance into our room
A Creature form'd of Earth, and him endow,
Exalted from so base original, 150
With Heav'nly spoils, our spoils. What he decreed
He effected; Man he made, and for him built
Magnificent this World, and Earth his seat,
Him Lord pronounc'd, and, O indignity!
Subjected to his service Angel wings, 155
And flaming Ministers to watch and tend
Their Earthy charge. Of these the vigilance
I dread, and to elude, thus wrapt in mist
Of midnight vapor glide obscure, and pry
In every bush and brake, where hap may find 160
The

The Serpent sleeping, in whose mazy foulds
To hide me, and the dark intent I bring.
O foul descent! that I who erst contended
With Gods to sit the highest, am now constrain'd
Into a Beast, and mixt with bestial slime, 165
This essence to incarnate and imbrute,
That to the height of Deity aspir'd.
But what will not Ambition and Revenge
Descend to? who aspires must down as low
As high he soar'd, obnoxious first or last 170
To basest things. Revenge, at first though sweet,
Bitter e'er long back on it self recoiles;
Let it; I reck not, so it light well aim'd,
Since higher I fall short, on him who next
Provokes my envy, this new Favourite 175
Of Heav'n, this Man of Clay, Son of despite,
Whom us the more to spite, his Maker rais'd
From dust: spite then with spite is best repaid.

So saying, through each Thicket dank or dry,
Like a black Mist low creeping, he held on 180
His midnight search, where soonest he might find
The Serpent: him fast sleeping soon he found

In

In Labyrinth of many a round self-rowl'd,
His head the midst well stor'd with futtle wiles;
Not yet in horrid Shade or dismal Den; 185
Nor nocent yet, but on the grassie Herb
Fearless unfear'd he slept: in at his Mouth
The Devil enter'd, and his brutal sense,
In heart or head, possessing soon inspir'd
With act intelligential; but his sleep 190
Disturb'd not, waiting close th' approach of Morn.

Now when as sacred Light began to dawn
In *Eden*, on the humid Flours, that breath'd
Their Morning incense, when all things that breath,
From th' Earth's great Altar send up silent praise 195
To the Creator, and his Nostrils fill
With grateful Smell, forth came the Human pair
And join'd their vocal Worship to the Quire
Of Creatures wanting voice; that done, partake
The season, prime for sweetest Scents and Airs: 200
Then commune how that day they best may ply
Their growing work: for much their work outgrew
The hands dispatch of two gardning so wide.
And *Eve* first to her Husband thus began.

Adam

Adam, well may we labour still to dress 205
This Garden, still to tend Plant, Herb and Flour,
Our pleasant task enjoyn'd, but till more hands
Aid us, the work under our labour grows
Luxurious by restraint; what we by day
Lop overgrown, or prune, or prop, or bind, 210
One night or two with wanton growth derides
Tending to wild. Thou therefore now advise
Or hear what to my mind first thoughts present;
Let us Divide our labours: Thou where choice
Leads thee, or where most needs, whether to wind
The Woodbine round this Arbour, or direct 216
The clasping Ivy where to climb; while I
In yonder Spring of Roses intermixt
With Myrtle, find what to redress till Noon:
For while so near each other thus all day 220
Our task we chuse, what wonder if so near
Looks intervene and smiles, or object new
Casual discourse draw on, which intermits
Our days work brought to little, though begun
Early, and th' hour of Supper comes unearn'd. 225
To whom mild answer *Adam* thus return'd.

Sole *Eve*, Associate sole, to me beyond
Compare above all living creatures dear,
Well hast thou motion'd, well thy thoughts employ'd
How we might best fulfil the work which here 230
God hath assign'd us, nor of me shalt pass
Unprais'd: for nothing lovelier can be found
In Woman, than to study household good,
And good works in her Husband to promote.
Yet not so strictly hath our Lord impos'd 235
Labour, as to debar us when we need
Refreshment, whether food, or talk between,
Food of the mind, or this sweet intercourse
Of looks and smiles; for smiles from Reason flow,
To brute deny'd, and are of Love the food, 240
Love, not the lowest end of human life.
For not to Irkfome toil, but to Delight
He made us, and delight to Reason joyn'd.
The paths and bowers doubt not but our joynt hands
Will keep from Wilderneys with ease, as wide 245
As we need walk, till younger hands e'er long
Assist us: But if much converse perhaps
Thee satiate, to short absence I could yield.

For solitude sometimes is best society,
And short retirement urges sweet return. 250
But other doubt possesses me, lest harm
Befal thee sever'd from me; for thou know'st
What hath been warn'd us, what malicious Foe
Envyng our happiness, and of his own
Despairing, seeks to work us woe and shame 255
By sly assault; and somewhere nigh at hand
Watches, no doubt, with greedy hope to find
His wish and best advantage, us Asunder,
Hopeless to circumvent us Joyn'd, where each
To other speedy aid might lend at need; 260
Whether his first design be to withdraw
Our fealty from God, or to disturb
Conjugal Love, than which perhaps no bliss
Enjoy'd by us excites his envy more;
Or this, or worse: leave not the faithful side 265
That gave thee being, still shades thee and protects.
The Wife, where danger or dishonour lurks,
Safest and seemliest by her Husband stays,
Who guards her, or with her the worst endures.
To whom the Virgin Majesty of *Eve*, 270

As one who loves, and some unkindness meets,
With sweet austere composure thus reply'd.

Off-spring of Heav'n and Earth, and all Earth's Lord,
That such an Enemy we have, who seeks
Our ruine, both by thee inform'd I learn, 275

And from the parting Angel over-heard
As in a shady nook I stood behind,
Just then return'd at shut of evening flours.

But that thou shouldst my Firmness therefore doubt
To God or thee, because we have a foe 280
May tempt it, I expected not to hear.

His Violence thou fear'st not, being such
As we, not capable of death or pain,
Can either not receive, or can repel.

His Fraud is then thy fear, which plain infers 285
Thy equal fear that my firm Faith and Love
Can by his fraud be shaken or seduc'd;

Thoughts, which how found they harbour in thy breast.
Adam, mis-thought of her to thee so dear?

To whom with healing words *Adam* reply'd. 290

Daughter of God and Man, immortal *Eve*,
For such thou art, from sin and blame entire;

Not Diffident of thee do I dissuade
Thy absence from my sight, but to avoid
Th' attempt it self, intended by our Foe. 295

For he who tempts, though in vain, at least asperges
The tempted with dishonour foul, suppos'd
Not incorruptible of faith, not proof

Against temptation: thou thy self with scorn
And anger would'st resent the offer'd wrong, 300

Though ineffectual found: misdeem not then
If such affront I labour to avert

From Thee alone, which on us both at once
The Enemy, though bold, will hardly dare,
Or daring, first on Me th' assault shall light. 305

Nor thou his malice and false guile contemn;
Suttle he needs must be, who could seduce
Angels, nor think superfluous other's aid.

I from the influence of thy looks receive
Access in every virtue, in thy sight 310

More wise, more watchful, stronger, if need were
Of outward strength; while shame, thou looking on,
Shame to be overcome or over-reacht

Would utmost vigour raise, and rais'd unite.

Why

Why shouldst not thou like sense within thee feel 315

When I am present, and thy tryal chuse

With me, best witness of thy Virtue try'd.

So spake domestic *Adam* in his care

And Matrimonial Love; but *Eve*, who thought

Less attributed to her Faith sincere,

320

Thus her reply with accent sweet renew'd.

If this be our condition, thus to dwell

In narrow circuit straiten'd by a Foe,

Suttle or violent, we not endu'd

Single with like defence, where-ever met,

325

How are we happy, still in fear of harm?

But harm precedes not sin: only our Foe

Tempting affronts us with his foul esteem

Of our integrity; his foul esteem

Sticks no dishonour on our front, but turns

330

Foul on himself; then wherefore shun'd or fear'd

By us? who rather double honour gain

From his surmise prov'd false, find peace within,

Favour from Heav'n, our witness from th' event.

And what is Faith, Love, Virtue unaffay'd,

335

Alone, without exterior help sustain'd?

Let

Let us not then suspect our happy State
Left so imperfect by the Maker wise,
As not secure to single or combin'd;
Frail is our happiness, if this be so, 340
And *Eden* were no *Eden* thus expos'd.

To whom thus *Adam* fervently reply'd.

O Woman, best are all things as the will
Of God ordain'd them, his creating hand.
Nothing imperfect or deficient left 345
Of all that he created, much less Man,
Of aught that might his happy State secure,
Secure from Outward force; within himself
The danger lyes, yet lyes within his power:
Against his Will he can receive no harm, 350
But God left free the Will, for what obeys
Reason is free, and Reason he made right,
But bid her well beware, and still erect,
Left by some fair appearing good surpriz'd
She dictate false, and misinform the Will 355
To do what God expressly hath forbid.
Not then Mistrust, but tender Love enjoyns,
That I should mind thee oft; and thou mind me.

Firm

Firm we subsist, yet possible to swerve,
Since Reason not impossibly may meet
Some specious object by the Foe suborn'd,
And fall into deception unaware,
Not keeping strictest watch, as she was warn'd.
Seek not temptation then, which to avoid
Were better, and most likely if from me
Thou sever not: Tryal will come unfought.
Wouldst thou approve thy constancy, approve
First thy obedience; th' other who can know,
Not seeing thee attempted, who attest?
But if thou think, tryal unfought may find
Us both securer than thus warn'd thou seem'st,
Go; for thy stay, not free, absents thee more;
Go in thy native innocence, rely
On what thou hast of virtue, summon all,
For God towards thee hath done his part, do thine.

So spake the Patriarch of Mankind; but *Eve*
Persisted, yet submiss, though last, reply'd.

With thy permission then, and thus forewarn'd
Chiefly by what thy own last reasoning words
Touch'd only, that our tryal, when least fought,

May

May find us both perhaps far less prepar'd,
The willinger I go, nor much expect
A Foe so proud will first the Weaker seek;
So bent, the more shall shame him his repulse.

Thus saying, from her Husband's hand her hand 385
Soft she withdrew, and like a Wood-nymph light
Oread or *Dryad*, or of *Delia's* Train,
Betook her to the Groves, but *Delia's* self
In gait surpass'd, and goddess-like deport,
Though not as she with bow and quiver arm'd, 390
But with such Gardning Tools as Art yet rude,
Guiltless of fire had form'd, or Angels brought.
To *Pales* or *Pomona* thus adorn'd
Likeliest she seem'd, *Pomona* when she fled
Vertumnus, or to *Ceres* in her prime, 395
Yet Virgin of *Proserpina* from *Jove*.
Her long with ardent look his eye pursu'd
Delighted, but desiring more her stay.
Oft he to her his charge of quick return
Repeated, she to him as oft engag'd 400
To be return'd by Noon amid the Bowre,
And all things in best order to invite

A a a

Noontide

Noontide repast, or Afternoon's repose.
O much deceiv'd, much failing, hapless *Eve*,
Of thy presum'd return! event perverse! 405
Thou never from that hour in Paradise
Found'st either sweet repast, or sound repose:
Such ambush laid among sweet flours and shades
Waited with hellish rancour imminent
To intercept thy way, or send thee back 410
Despoil'd of Innocence, of Faith, of Bliss.

For now, and since first break of dawn, the Fiend,
Mere Serpent in appearance, forth was come,
And on his quest, where likeliest he might find
The only two of Mankind, but in them 415
The whole included Race, his purpos'd prey.
In bowre and field he sought, where any tuft
Of grove or garden-plot more pleasant lay,
Their tendance or plantation for delight,
By Fountain or by shady Rivulet. 420
He sought them both, but wish'd his hap might find
Eve separate; he wish'd, but not with hope
Of what so seldom chanc'd, when to his wish,
Beyond his hope, *Eve* separate he spies,

Veil'd

Veil'd in a cloud of fragrance, where she stood, 425
Half spy'd, so thick the Roses blushing round
About her glow'd, half stooping to support
Each Flour of slender stalk, whose head though gay
Carnation, Purple, Azure, or speckt with Gold,
Hang drooping unsustain'd, them she upstays 430
Gently with Myrtle band; mindless the while,
Her self, though fairest unsupported Flour,
From her best prop so far, and storm so nigh.
Nearer he drew, and many a walk travers'd
Of stateliest covert, Cedar, Pine, or Palm, 435
Then voluble and bold, now hid, now seen
Among thick woven arborets and flours
Imborder'd on each Bank, the hand of *Eve*:
Spot more delicious than those Gardens feign'd
Or of reviv'd *Adonis*, or renown'd 440
Alcinous, host of old *Laertes* Son,
Or that, not mystic, where the Sapiient King
Held dalliance with his fair *Egyptian* Spouse.
Much he the Place admir'd, the Person more.

As one who long in populous City pent, 445
Where Houses thick and Sewers annoy the Air,

Forth issuing on a Summer's Morn to breathe
Among the pleasant Villages and Farms
Adjoyn'd, from each thing met conceives delight,
The smell of Grain, or tedded Grass, or Kine, 450
Or Dairy, each rural sight, each rural sound;
If chance with Nymphlike step fair Virgin pass,
What pleasing seem'd, for her now pleases more,
She most, and in her Look sums all Delight.
Such pleasure took the Serpent to behold 455
This Floury Plat, the sweet recess of *Eve*
Thus early, thus alone; her heav'nly form
Angelic, but more soft, and feminine,
Her graceful Innocence, her every Air
Of gesture or least Action overaw'd 460
His Malice, and with rapine sweet bereav'd
His fierceness of the fierce intent it brought:
That space the Evil one abstracted stood
For his own evil, and for the time remain'd
Stupidly good, of enmity disarm'd, 465
Of guile, of hate, of envy, of revenge.
But the hot Hell that always in him burns,
Though in mid Heav'n, soon ended his delight,

And

And tortures him now more, the more he fees
Of Pleasure not for him ordain'd; then soon 470
Fierce hate he recollects, and all his thoughts
Of mischief, gratulating, thus excites.

Thoughts, whither have ye led me, with what sweet
Compulsion thus transported to forget
What hither brought us: hate; not love, or hope
Of Paradise for Hell, hope here to taste 476
Of pleasure, but all pleasure to destroy,
Save what is in destroying, other joy
To me is lost. Then let me not let pass
Occasion which now smiles: behold alone 480
The Woman, opportune to all attempts,
Her Husband, for I view far round, not nigh,
Whose higher intellectual more I shun,
And strength, of courage haughty, and of limb
Heroic built, though of terrestrial mould, 485
Foe not formidable, exempt from wound,
I not; so much hath Hell debas'd, and pain
Infeebl'd me, to what I was in Heav'n.
She fair, divinely fair, fit Love for Gods,
Not terrible, though terror be in Love 490

And beauty, not approacht by stronger hate,
 Hate stronger, under shew of Love well feign'd,
 The way which to her ruin now I tend.

So spake the Enemy of Mankind, enclos'd
 In Serpent, inmate bad, and toward Eve 495
 Address'd his way, not with indented wave,
 Prone on the ground, as fince, but on his rear,
 Circular base of rising foulds, that tow'r'd
 Fould above fould a furling Maze, his Head
 Crested aloft, and Carbuncle his Eyes; 505
 With burnisht Neck of verdant Gold, erect
 Amidst his circling Spires, that on the grass
 Floted redundant: pleasing was his shape,
 And lovely, never fince of Serpent kind
 Lovelier, not those that in *Ilyria* chang'd 505
Hermione and *Cadmus*, or the God
 In *Epidaurus*; nor to which transform'd
Ammonian Jove, or *Capitoline* was seen,
 He with *Olympias*, this with her who bore
Scipio the height of *Rome*. With tract oblique 510
 At first, as one who sought access, but fear'd
 To interrupt, fide-long he works his way.

As when a Ship by skilful Steersman wrought
Nigh River's mouth or Foreland, where the Wind
Veers oft, as oft so steers, and shifts her Sail: 515

So vary'd he, and of his tortuous Train
Curl'd many a wanton wreath in fight of *Eve*,
To lure her eye; she busied heard the sound
Of rustling Leaves, but minded not, as us'd
To such disport before her through the Field, 520
From every Beast, more duteous at her call,
Then at *Circean* call the Herd disguis'd.

He bolder now, uncall'd before her stood;
But as in gaze admiring: oft he bow'd
His turret Crest, and sleek enamel'd Neck, 525
Fawning, and lick'd the ground whereon she trod.
His gentle dumb expression turn'd at length
The eye of *Eve* to mark his play; he glad
Of her attention gain'd, with Serpent Tongue
Organic, or impulse of vocal Air, 530
His fraudulent temptation thus began.

Wonder not, sov'ran Mistress, if perhaps
Thou canst, who art sole Wonder, much less arm
Thy looks, the Heav'n of mildness, with disdain,

Displeas'd

Displeas'd that I approach thee thus, and gaze 535
Infatiate, I thus single, nor have fear'd
Thy awful brow, more awful thus retir'd.
Fairest resemblance of thy Maker fair,
Thee all things living gaze on, all things thine
By gift, and thy Celestial Beauty adore 540
With ravishment beheld, there best beheld
Where universally admir'd; but here
In this enclosure wild, these Beasts among,
Beholders rude, and shallow to discern
Half what in thee is fair, one Man except 545
Who sees thee? (and what is one?) who shouldst be seen
A Goddess among Gods, ador'd and serv'd
By Angels numberless, thy daily Train.

So glaz'd the Tempter, and his Proem tun'd;
Into the Heart of *Eve* his words made way, 550
Though at the voice much marvelling; at length
Not unamaz'd she thus in answer spake.

What may this mean? Language of Man pronounc'd
By Tongue of Brute, and human sense exprest?
The first at least of these I thought deny'd 555
To Beasts, whom God on their Creation-Day

Created

Created mute to all articulate found;
The latter I demur, for in their looks
Much reason, and in their actions oft appears.
Thee, Serpent, fittest beast of all the field 560
I knew, but not with human voice endu'd;
Redouble then this miracle, and say,
How cam'st thou speakable of mute, and how
To me so friendly grown above the rest
Of brutal kind, that daily are in fight? 565
Say, for such wonder claims attention due.

To whom the guileful Tempter thus reply'd.
Empress of this fair World, resplendent *Eve*,
Easie to me it is to tell thee all 569
What thou commandst, and right thou should'st be
I was at first as other Beasts that graze [obey'd:
The trodden herb, of abject thoughts and low,
As was my food, nor aught but food discern'd
Or sex, and apprehended nothing high:
Till on a day roving the field, I chanc'd 575
A goodly Tree far distant to behold
Loaden with fruit of fairest colours mixt,
Ruddy and gold: I nearer drew to gaze;

When from the boughs a savoury odour blown,
Grateful to appetite, more pleas'd my sense 580
Than smell of sweetest Fenel or the Teats
Of Ewe or Goat dropping with Milk at Eevn,
Unfuckt of Lamb or Kid, that tend their play.
To fatisfie the sharp desire I had
Of tasting those fair Apples, I resolv'd 585
Not to defer; hunger and thirst at once,
Powerful persuaders, quicken'd at the scent
Of that alluring fruit, urg'd me so keen.
About the mossie Trunk I wound me soon,
For high from ground the branches would require 590
Thy utmost reach or *Adam's*: Round the Tree
All other Beasts that saw, with like desire
Longing and envying stood, but could not reach.
Amid the Tree now got, where plenty hung
Tempting so nigh, to pluck and eat my fill 595
I spar'd not, for such pleasure till that hour
At Feed or Fountain never had I found.
Sated at length, e'er long I might perceive
Strange alteration in me, to degree
Of Reason in my inward powers, and Speech 600

Wanted

Wanted not long, though to this shape retain'd.
Thenceforth to Speculations high or deep
I turn'd my Thoughts, and with capacious mind
Consider'd all things visible in Heav'n,
Or Earth, or Middle, all things fair and good; 605
But all that fair and good in thy Divine
Semblance, and in thy Beauties heav'nly Ray
United I beheld: no Fair to thine
Equivalent or second, which compell'd
Me thus, though importune perhaps, to come 610
And gaze, and worship thee of right declar'd
Sov'ran of Creatures, universal Dame.

So talk'd the spirited fly Snake; and *Eve*
Yet more amaz'd unwary thus reply'd.

Serpent, thy overpraising leaves in doubt 615
The virtue of that Fruit, in thee first prov'd:
But say, where grows the Tree, from hence how far?
For many are the Trees of God that grow
In Paradise, and various, yet unknown
To us, in such abundance lyes our choice, 620
As leaves a greater store of Fruit untouch'd,
Still hanging incorruptible, till men

Grow up to their provision, and more hands
Help to disburden nature of her birth.

To whom the wily Adder, blithe and glad. 625
Empress, the way is ready, and not long,
Beyond a row of Myrtles, on a Flat,
Fast by a Fountain, one small Thicket past
Of blowing Myrrh and Balm; if thou accept
My conduct, I can bring thee thither soon. 630

Lead then, said *Eve*. He leading swiftly rowl'd
In tangles, and made intricate seem strait,
To mischief swift. Hope elevates, and joy
Brightens his Crest. As when a wandring Fire,
Compact of unctuous vapour, which the Night 635
Condenses, and the cold environs round,
Kindled through agitation to a flame,
Which oft, they say, some evil Spirit attends,
Hovering and blazing with delusive Light,
Misleads th' amaz'd Night-wanderer from his way 640
Through Bogs and Mires, and oft thro' Pond or Pool,
There swallow'd up and lost, from succour far:
So glister'd the dire Snake, and into fraud
Led *Eve* our credulous Mother, to the Tree

Book IX. PARADISE LOST. 373

Of prohibition, root of all our woe; 645

Which when she saw, thus to her guide she spake.

Serpent, we might have spar'd our coming hither:

Fruitless to me, though Fruit be here to excess,

The credit of whose virtue rest with thee,

Wondrous indeed, if cause of such effects. 650

But of this Tree we may not taste nor touch,

God so commanded, and left that Command

Sole daughter of his voice: the rest, we live

Law to our selves, our Reason is our Law.

To whom the Tempter guilefully reply'd. 655

Indeed? hath God then said that of the Fruit

Of all these Garden Trees ye shall not eat,

Yet Lords declar'd of all in Earth or Air?

To whom thus *Eve* yet sinless. Of the Fruit

Of each Tree in the Garden we may eat, 660

But of the Fruit of this fair Tree amidst

The Garden, God hath said, Ye shall not eat:

Thereof, nor shall ye touch it, lest ye die.

She scarce had said, tho' brief, when now more bold

The Tempter, but with shew of Zeal and Love. 665

To Man, and indignation at his wrong,

New

New part puts on, and as to passion mov'd,
Fluctuates disturb'd, yet comely, and in act
Rais'd, as of some great matter to begin.

As when of old some Orator renown'd 670

In *Athens* or free *Rome*, where Eloquence
Flourish'd, since mute, to some great cause addrest,
Stood in himself collected, while each part,

Motion, each act won audience e'er the Tongue,

Sometimes in height began, as no delay 675

Of Preface brooking through his Zeal of Right:

So standing, moving, or to height up-grown

The Tempter all impassion'd thus began.

O Sacred, Wise, and Wisdom-giving Plant,

Mother of Science, Now I feel thy Power 680

Within me clear, not only to discern

Things in their Causes, but to trace the ways

Of highest Agents, deem'd however wise.

Queen of this Universe, do not believe

Those rigid threats of Death; ye shall not die: 685

How should ye? by the Fruit? it gives you Life

To Knowledge? by the Threatner? look on me,

Me who have touch'd and tasted, yet both live,

And

And Life more perfect have attain'd than Fate
Meant me, by venturing higher than my Lot. 690
Shall that be shut to Man, which to the Beast
Is open? or will God incense his ire
For such a petty trespass, and not praise
Rather your dauntless virtue, whom the pain
Of Death denounc'd, whatever thing Death be, 996
Deterr'd not from atchieving what might lead
To happier life, knowledge of Good and Evil;
Of good, how just? of evil, if what is evil
Be real, why not known, since easier shunn'd?
God therefore cannot hurt ye, and be just; 700
Not just, not God; not fear'd then, nor obey'd:
Your fear it self of Death removes the fear.
Why then was this forbid? why but to awe,
Why but to keep ye low and ignorant,
His worshippers; he knows that in the day 705
Ye eat thereof, your Eyes that seem so clear,
Yet are but dim, shall perfectly be then
Open'd and clear'd, and ye shall be as Gods,
Knowing both Good and Evil, as they know.
That ye shall be as Gods, since I as Man, 710

Internal Man, is but proportion meet,
I of brute human, ye of human Gods.
So ye shall die perhaps, by putting off
Human, to put on Gods: death to be wisht, 714
Tho' threaten'd, which no worse than this can bring.
And what are Gods that Man may not become
As they, participating God-like food?
The Gods are first, and that advantage use
On our belief, that all from them proceeds;
I question it, for this fair Earth I see, 720
Warm'd by the Sun, producing every kind,
Them nothing: If they all things, who enclos'd
Knowledge of Good and Evil in this Tree,
That whoſo eats thereof, forthwith attains
Wisdom without their leave? and wherein lyes 725
Th' offence, that Man ſhould thus attain to know?
What can your knowledge hurt him, or this Tree
Impart againſt his Will, if all be his?
Or is it Envy, and can Envy dwell
In Heav'nly breasts? theſe, theſe and many more 730
Causes import your need of this fair Fruit.
Goddeſs Humane, reach then, and freely taſte.

He

He ended, and his words replete with guile
 Into her heart too easie entrance won:
 Fixt on the Fruit she gaz'd, which to behold 735
 Might tempt alone, and in her ears the sound
 Yet rung of his perswasive words, impregn'd
 With reason, to her seeming, and with truth.
 Mean while the hour of Noon drew on, and wak'd
 An eager appetite, rais'd by the smell 740
 So savoury of that Fruit, which with desire,
 Inclenable now grown to touch or taste,
 Sollicited her longing eye; yet first
 Pausing awhile, thus to her self she mus'd.

Great are thy Virtues, doubtless, best of fruits, 745
 Though kept from Man, and worthy to be admir'd,
 Whose taste too long forborn, at first assay
 Gave elocution to the mute, and taught
 The tongue not made for Speech to speak thy praise:
 Thy praise he also who forbids thy use 750
 Conceals not from us, naming thee the Tree
 Of Knowledge, knowledge both of good and evil;
 Forbids us then to taste, but his forbidding
 Commends thee more, while it infers the good

By thee communicated, and our want: 755

For good unknown sure is not had, or had

And yet unknown, is as not had at all.

In plain then, what forbids he but to know,

Forbids us good, forbids us to be wise?

Such prohibitions bind not. But if Death 760

Bind us with after-bands, what profits then

Our inward freedom? In the day we eat

Of this fair fruit, our doom is, we shall die.

How dies the Serpent? he hath eat'n and lives,

And knows, and speaks, and reasons, and discerns, 765

Irrational till then. For us alone

Was death invented? or to us deny'd

This intellectual food, for Beasts reserv'd?

For Beasts it seems: yet that one Beast which first

Hath tasted, envies not, but brings with joy 770

The good befall'n him, Author unsuspect,

Friendly to man, far from deceit or guile.

What fear I then, rather what know to fear

Under this ignorance of Good and Evil,

Of God or Death, of Law or Penalty? 775

Here grows the Cure of all, this Fruit Divine,

Fair

Fair to the Eye, inviting to the Taste,
Of virtue to make wise: What hinders then
To reach, and feed at once both Body and Mind?

So saying, her rash hand in evil hour 780
Forth reaching to the Fruit, she pluck'd, she eat:
Earth felt the wound, and Nature from her seat
Sighing through all her Works gave signs of woe
That all was lost. Back to the Thicket flunk

The guilty Serpent, and well might, for *Eve* 785
Intent now wholly on her taste naught else
Regarded, such delight till then, as seem'd,

In Fruit she never tasted, whether true
Or fancy'd so, through expectation high
Of knowledge, nor was God-head from her thought.

Greedily she ingorg'd without restraint, 791
And knew not eating Death: Sate at length,
And heighten'd as with Wine, jocund and boon,
Thus to her self she pleasingly began.

O sov'ran, virtuous, precious of all Trees 795
In Paradise, of operation blest
To Sapience, hitherto obscur'd, infam'd,
And thy fair fruit let hang, as to no end

Created; but henceforth my early care, 799
Not without Song, each Morning, and due praise
Shall tend thee, and the fertil burden ease
Of thy full branches offer'd free to all;
Till dieted by thee I grow mature
In knowledge, as the Gods who all things know;
Though others envy what they cannot give; 805
For had the gift been theirs, it had not here
Thus grown. Experience, next to thee I owe,
Best guide; not following thee, I had remain'd
In ignorance, thou open'st Wisdom's way,
And giv'st access, though secret she retire. 810
And I perhaps am secret: Heav'n is high,
High and remote to see from thence distinct
Each thing on Earth; and other care perhaps
May have diverted from continual watch
Our great Forbidder, safe with all his Spies 815
About him. But to *Adam* in what sort
Shall I appear? shall I to him make known
As yet my change, and give him to partake
Full happiness with me, or rather not,
But keep the odds of Knowledge in my power 820
Without

Without Copartner? so to add what wants
In Female Sex, the more to draw his Love,
And render me more equal, and perhaps,
A thing not undefirable, sometime
Superior; for inferior who is free? 825

This may be well: but what if God have seen,
And Death ensue? then I shall be no more,
And *Adam* wedded to another *Eve*,
Shall live with her enjoying, I extinct;
A death to think. Confirm'd then I resolve, 830
Adam shall share with me in blis or woe:

So dear I love him, that with him all Deaths
I could endure, without him live no Life.

So saying, from the Tree her step she turn'd,
But first low reverence done, as to the power 835
That dwelt within, whose presence had infus'd
Into the plant sciential sap, deriv'd
From Nectar, drink of Gods. *Adam* the while
Waiting desirous her return, had wove
Of chicest Flours a Garland to adorn 840

Her Tresses, and her rural labours crown,
As Reapers oft are wont their Harvest Queen.

Great

Great joy he promis'd to his thoughts, and new
Solace in her return, so long delay'd;
Yet oft his heart, divine of something ill, 845
Misgave him; he the faulting measure felt;
And forth to meet her went, the way she took
That Morn when first they parted; by the Tree
Of Knowledge he must pass, there he her met,
Scarce from the Tree returning; in her hand 850
A bough of fairest Fruit that downy smil'd,
New gather'd, and ambrosial smell diffus'd.
To him she hasted, in her face excuse
Came prologue, and apology to prompt
Which with bland words at will she thus addrest. 855

Hast thou not wonder'd, *Adam*, at my stay?
Thee I have mis'd, and thought it long, depriv'd
Thy presence, agony of love till now
Not felt, nor shall be twice, for never more
Mean I to try, what rash untry'd I fought, 860
The pain of absence from thy sight. But strange
Hath been the cause, and wonderful to hear:
This Tree is not as we are told, a Tree
Of danger tasted, nor to evil unknown

Op'ning

Op'ning the way; but of divine effect 865
 To open Eyes, and make them Gods who taste;
 And hath been tasted such; the Serpent wife,
 Or not restrain'd as we, or not obeying,
 Hath eaten of the fruit, and is become
 Not dead, as we are threaten'd, but thenceforth 870
 Endu'd with Human voice and Human sense,
 Reasoning to admiration, and with me
 Persuasively hath so prevail'd, that I
 Have also tasted, and have also found
 Th' effects to correspond, opener mine Eyes, 875
 Dim erst, dilated Spirits, ampler Heart,
 And growing up to Godhead; which for thee
 Chiefly I fought, without thee can despise.
 For bliss, as thou hast part, to me is bliss,
 Tedious, unshar'd with thee, and odious soon. 880
 Thou therefore also taste, that equal Lot
 May joyn us, equal Joy, as equal Love;
 Lest thou not tasting, different degree
 Disjoyn us, and I then too late renounce
 Deity for thee, when Fate will not permit. 885
 Thus *Eve* with Count'nance blithe her story told;
 But

But in her Cheek distemper flushing glow'd.
On th' other side, *Adam*, soon as he heard
The fatal Trespas done by *Eve*, amaz'd,
Astonied stood and blank, while horror chill 890
Ran through his veins, and all his joints relax'd;
From his slack hand the Garland wreath'd for *Eve*
Down drop'd, and all the faded Roses shed:
Speechless he stood and pale, till thus at length
First to himself he inward silence broke. 895

O fairest of Creation, last and best
Of all God's works, Creature in whom excell'd
Whatever can to sight or thought be form'd,
Holy, divine, good, amiable, or sweet?
How art thou lost, how on a sudden lost, 900
Defac'd, deflour'd, and now to Death devote?
Rather how hast thou yielded to transgress
The strict forbiddance, how to violate
The sacred Fruit forbidden! some cursed fraud
Of Enemy hath beguil'd thee, yet unknown, 905
And me with thee hath ruin'd, for with thee
Certain my resolution is to Die;
How can I live without thee, how forgo

Thy

Thy sweet converse and love, so dearly joyn'd,
To live again in these wild woods forlorn? 910

Should God create another *Eve*, and I
Another Rib afford, yet loss of Thee
Would never from my heart; no, no, I feel
The link of Nature draw me: Flesh of Flesh,
Bone of my Bone thou art, and from thy state 915
Mine never shall be parted, bliss or woe.

So having said, as one from sad dismay
Recomforted, and after thoughts disturb'd
Submitting to what seem'd remediless,
Thus in calm mood his words to *Eve* he turn'd. 920

Bold deed thou hast presum'd, adventurous *Eve*,
And peril great provok'd, who thus hast dar'd
Had it been only coveting to Eye
That sacred fruit, sacred to abstinence,
Much more to Taste it under banne to touch. 925
But past who can recal, or done undo?

Not God Omnipotent, nor Fate: yet so
Perhaps thou shalt not Die, perhaps the fact
Is not so hainous now, foretasted fruit,

D d d

Profan'd

Profan'd first by the Serpent, by him first 930
Made common and unhallo'd, ere our taste;
Nor yet on him found deadly, he yet lives,
Lives, as thou saidst, and gains to live as Man
Higher degree of Life, inducement strong
To us, as likely tasting to attain 935
Proportional ascent, which cannot be
But to be Gods, or Angels Demi-gods.
Nor can I think that God, Creator wise,
Though threatening, will in earnest so destroy
Us his Prime creatures, dignify'd so high, 940
Set over all his works, which in our Fall,
For us created, needs with us must fail,
Dependent made; so God shall uncreate,
Be frustrate, do, undo, and labour lose,
Not well conceiv'd of God, who tho' his Power 945
Creation could repeat, yet would be loath
Us to abolish, lest the Adversary
Triumph and say; "Fickle their State whom God
"Most favours; who can please him long? Me first
"He ruin'd, now Mankind; whom will he next? 950

Matter

Matter of scorn, not to be given the Foe.
However I with thee have fixt my Lot,
Certain to undergo like doom, if Death
Consort with thee, Death is to me as Life;
So forcible within my heart I feel

955

The Bond of Nature draw me to my own,
My own in thee, for what thou art is mine;
Our State cannot be sever'd, we are one,
One Flesh; to lose thee were to lose my self.

So *Adam*, and thus *Eve* to him reply'd,
O glorious tryal of exceeding Love,
Illustrious evidence, example high!
Engaging me to emulate, but short
Of thy perfection, how shall I attain?

960

Adam, from whose dear side I boast me sprung,
And gladly of our Union hear thee speak,
One Heart, one Soul in both; whereof good proof
This day affords, declaring thee resolv'd,
Rather than Death or aught than Death more dread
Shall separate us, linkt in Love so dear,
To undergo with me one Guilt, one Crime,

965

970

If any be, of tasting this fair Fruit;
Whose virtue (for of good still good proceeds,
Direct, or by occasion) hath presented
This happy tryal of thy Love, which else 975
So eminently never had been known.
Were it I thought Death menac'd would Enfue
This my attempt, I would sustain Alone
The worst, and not persuade thee, rather die
Deserted, than oblige thee with a fact 980
Pernicious to thy peace, chiefly assur'd
Remarkably so late of thy so true
So faithful Love unequal'd; but I feel
Far otherwise th' event, nor Death, but Life
Augmented, open'd Eyes, new Hopes, new Joys, 985
Taste so divine, that what of sweet before
Hath touch'd my sense, flat seems to this, and harsh.
On my experience, *Adam*, freely taste,
And fear of Death deliver to the Winds.

So saying, she embrac'd him, and for joy 990
Tenderly wept, much won that he his Love
Had so ennobled, as of choice to incur

Divine

Divine displeasure for her sake, or Death.
In recompence (for such compliance bad
Such recompence best merits) from the bough 995
She gave him of that fair enticing Fruit
With liberal hand: he scrupled not to eat
Against his better knowledge, not deceiv'd,
But fondly overcome with Female charm.
Earth trembl'd from her entrails, as again 1000
In pangs, and Nature gave a second groan.
Sky lowr'd and, muttering Thunder, some sad drops
Wept at compleating of the mortal Sin
Original; while *Adam* took no thought,
Eating his fill, nor *Eve* to iterate 1005
Her former trespasses fear'd, the more to sooth
Him with her lov'd society, that now
As with new Wine intoxicated both
They swim in mirth, and fancy that they feel
Divinity within them breeding wings 1010
Wherewith to scorn the Earth: but that false Fruit
Far other operation first display'd,
Carnal desire enflaming, he on *Eve*

Began

Began to cast lascivious Eyes, she him
As wantonly repaid; in lust they burn, 1015
Till *Adam* thus 'gan *Eve* to dalliance move.

Eve, now I see thou art exact of taste,
And elegant, of Sapience no small part,
Since to each meaning favour we apply,
And Palate call judicious; I the praise 1020
Yield thee, so well this day thou hast purvey'd.
Much pleasure we have lost, while we abstain'd
From this delightful Fruit, nor known till now
True relish, tasting; if such pleasure be
In things to us forbidden, it might be wish'd, 1025
For this one Tree had been forbidden ten.
But come, so well refresh'd, now let us play,
As meet is, after such delicious fare;
For never did thy Beauty since the day
I saw thee first and wedded thee, adorn'd 1030
With all perfections, so enflame my sense
With ardor to enjoy thee, fairer now
Than ever, bounty of this virtuous Tree.

So said he, and forbore not glance or toy

Of

Of amorous intent, well understood 1035

Of *Eve*, whose Eye darted contagious fire.

Her hand he seiz'd, and to a shady bank,

Thick overhead with verdant roof imbower'd

He led her nothing loath; Flours were the Couch,

Pansies, and Violets, and Asphodel, 1040

And Hyacinth, Earth's freshest softest lap.

There they their fill of Love and Loves disport

Took largely; of their mutual guilt the Seal,

The solace of their sin, till dewy sleep

Oppress'd them, wearied with their amorous play.

Soon as the force of that fallacious Fruit, 1045

That with exhilarating vapour bland

About their spirits had plaid, and inmost powers

Made err, was now exhal'd, and groffer sleep

Bred of unkindly fumes, with conscious dreams 1050

Encumber'd, now had left them; up they rose

As from unrest, and each the other viewing,

Soon found their Eyes how open'd, and their Minds

How darken'd. Innocence, that as a veil

Had shadow'd them from knowing ill, was gone,

Just

Just Confidence, and native Righteousness 1055
 And Honour from about them, naked left
 To guilty Shame: He cover'd, but his robe
 Uncover'd more. So rose the *Danite* strong
Herculean Sampson from the Harlot-lap
 Of *Philistean Dalilah*, and wak'd 1060
 Shorn of his strength. They destitute and bare
 Of all their virtue; silent, and in face
 Confounded long they sat, as stricken mute,
 Till *Adam*, though no less than *Eve* abash'd, 1064
 At length gave utterance to these words constrain'd.

O *Eve*, in evil hour thou didst give ear
 To that false Worm, of whomsoever taught
 To counterfeit Man's voice, true in our Fall,
 False in our promis'd Rising; since our Eyes 1070
 Open'd we find indeed, and find we know
 Both Good and Evil, Good lost, and Evil got,
 Bad Fruit of Knowledge, if this be to know,
 Which leaves us naked thus, of Honour void,
 Of Innocence, of Faith, of Purity, 1075
 Our wonted Ornaments now soil'd and stain'd,

And

And in our Faces evident the signs
Of foul concupiscence, whence evil store;
Even shame, the last of evils; of the first
Be sure then. How shall I behold the face 1080
Henceforth of God or Angel, earst with joy
And rapture so oft beheld? those heav'nly shapes
Will dazle now this earthly, with their blaze
Insufferably bright. O might I here
In solitude live savage, in some glade 1085
Obscur'd, where highest Woods impenetrable
To Star, or Sun-light, spread their umbrage broad
And brown as Evening: Cover me ye Pines,
Ye Cedars, with innumerable boughs
Hide me, where I may never see them more. 1090
But let us now, as in bad plight, devise,
What best may for the present serve to hide
The Parts of each from other, that seem most
To shame obnoxious, and unseemliest seen,
Some Tree whose broad smooth Leaves together sow'd,
And girded on our loyns may cover round 1096
Those middle parts, that this new comer, Shame,

E e e

There

There sit not, and reproach us as unclean.

So counsel'd he, and both together went
Into the thickest Wood; there soon they chose 1100
The Fig-tree, not that kind for Fruit renown'd,
But such as at this day to *Indians* known
In *Malabar* or *Decan*, spreads her arms
Branching so broad and long, that in the ground
The bended twigs take root, and daughters grow
About the mother tree, a Pillar'd shade 1106
High over-arch'd, and echoing walks between;
There oft the *Indian* herdsman shunning heat
Shelters in cool, and tends his pasturing herds
At loop-holes cut thro' thickest shade. Those leaves
They gather'd broad, as *Amazonian* Targe, 1111
And with what skill they had, together sow'd,
To gird their waste, vain Covering if to hide
Their guilt and dreaded shame; O how unlike
To that first naked Glory. Such of late 1115
Columbus found th' *American* so girt
With feather'd Cincture, naked else and wild
Among the trees on Isles and woody Shores.

Thus

Thus fenc'd, and as they thought their shame in part
Cover'd, but not at rest or ease of Mind, 1120

They fate them down to weep, nor only Tears
Rain'd at their Eyes, but high Winds worse within
Began to rise, high Passions, Anger, Hate,
Mistrust, Suspicion, Discord, and shook fore
Their inward state of Mind, calm region once 1125

And full of Peace, now tost and turbulent:
For Understanding rul'd not, and the Will
Heard not her lore, but in subjection now
To sensual Appetite, who from beneath
Usurping over sov'ran Reason claim'd 1130

Superior sway: from thus distemper'd breast,
Adam, estrang'd in look and alter'd stile,
Speech intermitted thus to *Eve* renew'd.

Would thou hadst harken'd to my words, and stay'd
With me, as I besought thee, when that strange
Desire of wandring this unhappy morn, 1136
I know not whence possess'd thee; we had then
Remain'd still happy, not as now, dispoil'd
Of all our good, sham'd, naked, miserable.

Let none henceforth seek needless cause to approve
The Faith they owe; when earnestly they seek 1141
Such proof, conclude, they then begin to fail.

To whom soon mov'd with touch of blame thus *Eve*.
What words have past thy Lips, *Adam* severe,
Imput'st thou that to my default or will 1145
Of wandring, as thou call'st it, which who knows
But might as ill have happen'd thou being by,
Or to thy self perhaps: hadst thou been there,
Or here th' attempt, thou couldst not have discern'd
Fraud in the Serpent, speaking as he spake; 1150
No ground of enmity between us known,
Why he should mean me ill, or seek to harm?
Was I to have never parted from thy side?
As good have grown there still a lifeless Rib.
Being as I am, why didst not thou the Head 1155
Command me absolutely not to go,
Going into such danger, as thou saidst?
Too facil then thou didst not much gainsay,
Nay didst permit, approve, and fair dismiss.
Hadst thou been firm and fixt in thy dissent 1160

Neither

Neither had I transgress'd, nor thou with me.

To whom then first incens'd *Adam* reply'd.

Is this the Love, is this the Recompence

Of mine to thee, ingrateful *Eve*, exprest

Immutable when thou wert lost, not I, 1165

Who might have liv'd, and joy'd immortal bliss,

Yet willingly chose rather Death with thee:

And am I now upbraided, as the cause

Of thy transgressing? not enough severe,

It seems, in my restraint: what could I more? 1170

I warn'd thee, I admonish'd thee, foretold

The danger, and the lurking Enemy

That lay in wait; beyond this had been force,

And force upon free will hath here no place.

But Confidence then bore thee on, secure 1175

Either to meet no danger, or to find

Matter of glorious trial; and perhaps

I also err'd, in overmuch admiring

What seem'd in thee so perfect, that I thought

No evil durst attempt thee; but I rue 1180

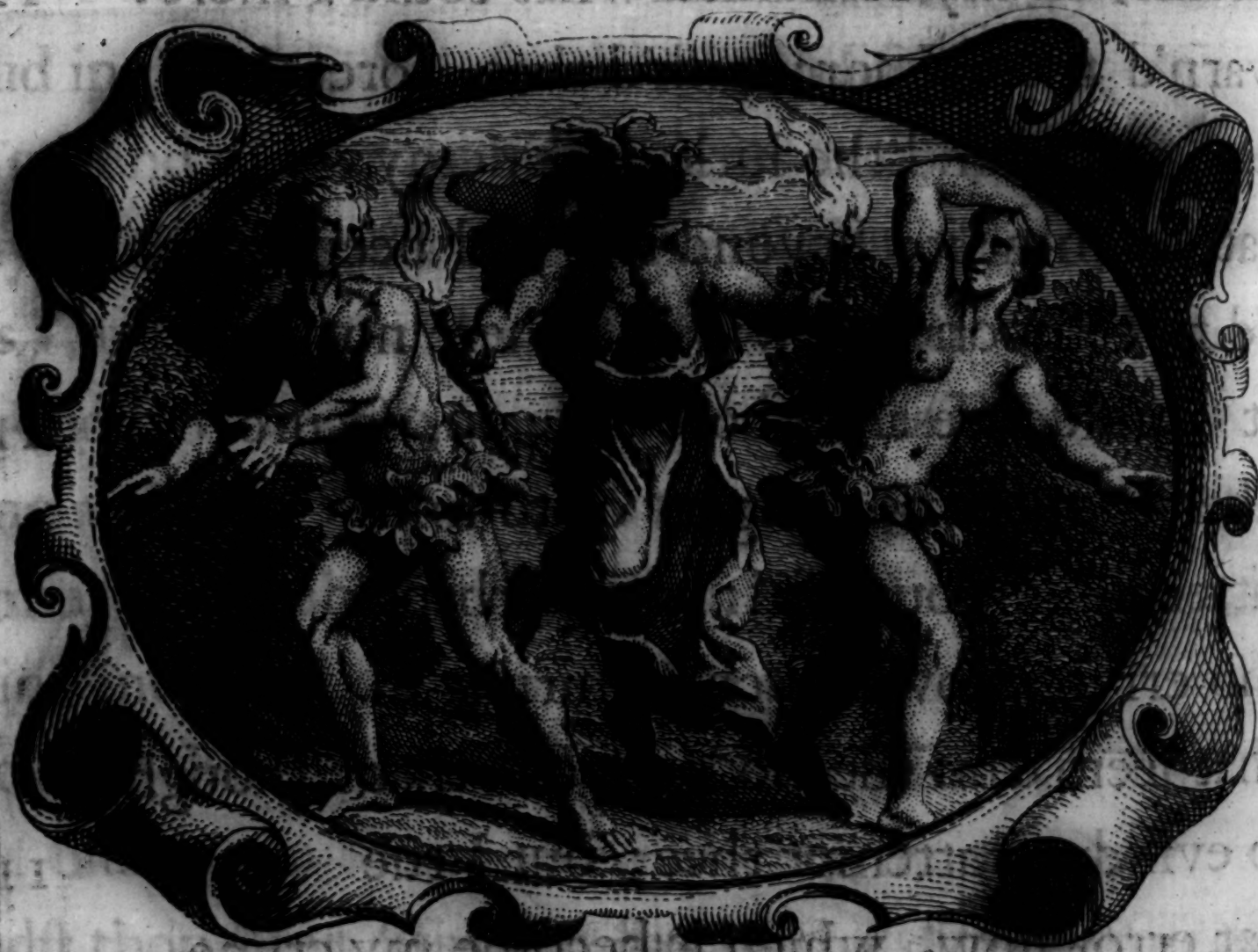
That error now, which is become my crime,

And

And thou th' accuser. Thus it shall befall
Him who to Worth in women overtrusting
Lets her Will rule; restraint she will not brook,
And left to her self, if evil thence ensue, 1185
She first his weak indulgence will accuse.

Thus they in mutual accusation spent
The fruitless hours, but neither self-condemning,
And of their vain contest appear'd no end.

The End of the Ninth Book.



T H E

THE ARGUMENT

THE

TENTH BOOK

OF

PARADISE LOST.

The ARGUMENT.

Man's transgression known, the Guardian Angels forsake Paradise, and return up to Heaven to approve their vigilance, and are approved, God declaring that the entrance of Satan could not be by them prevented. He sends his Son to judge the Transgressors, who descends and gives Sentence accordingly; then in pity cloaths them both, and re-ascends. Sin and Death sitting till then at the Gates of Hell, by wondrous Sympathy feeling the success of Satan in this new World, and the sin by Man there committed, resolve to sit no longer confined in Hell, but to follow Satan their Sire up to the place of Man: To make the way easier from Hell to this World to and fro, they pave a broad High-way or Bridge over Chaos, according to the Track that Satan first made; then preparing for Earth, they meet him proud of his success returning to Hell; their mutual gratulation. Satan arrives at Pandemonium, in full Assembly relates with boasting his success against Man; instead of applause is entertain'd with a general hiss by all his audience, transformed with himself also suddenly into Serpents, according to his doom given in Paradise; then deluded with a shew of the forbidden Tree springing up before them, they greedily reaching to taste of the Fruit, chew dust and bitter ashes. The proceedings of Sin and Death; God foretels the final Victory of his Son over them, and the renewing of all things; but for the present commands his Angels to make several alterations in the Heavens and Elements. Adam more and more perceiving his fallen condition heavily bewails, rejects the condolment of Eve; she persists, and at length appeases him: then to evade the Curse likely to fall on their Off-spring, proposes to Adam violent ways which he approves not, but conceiving better hope, puts her in mind of the late Promise made them, that her Seed should be reveng'd on the Serpent, and exhorts her with him to seek Peace of the offended Deity, by repentance and supplication.



Lud. Cheron inv.

Jam. Gribelin Jun. Sculp.

PARADISE LOST.

BOOK X.



MEAN while the hainous and de-
spiteful act
Of *Satan* done in Paradise, and
how
He in the Serpent had perver-
ted *Eve*,

Her Husband she, to taste the fatal fruit,
Was known in Heav'n; for what can scape the Eye 5
Of God All-seeing, or deceive his Heart

Fff

Omniscient,

Omniscient, who, in all things wise and just,
Hinder'd not *Satan* to attempt the mind
Of Man, with strength entire, and Free-will arm'd,
Complete to have discover'd and repuls'd 10
Whatever wiles of Foe or seeming Friend.
For still they knew, and ought to have still remember'd
The high Injunction, not to taste that Fruit,
Whoever tempted; which they not obeying
Incurr'd, what could they less, the Penalty, 15
And manifold in sin, Deserv'd to fall.

Up into Heav'n from Paradise in haste
Th' Angelic Guards ascended, mute and sad
For Man, for of his state by this they knew,
Much wondring how the subtle Fiend had stoln 20
Entrance unseen. Soon as th' unwelcome news
From Earth arriv'd at Heaven-Gate, displeas'd
All were who heard, dim Sadness did not spare
That time Celestial visages, yet mixt
With Pity, violated not their blifs. 25
About the new-arriv'd in multitudes
Th' ethereal People ran, to hear and know
How all befel: they towards the Throne Supreme

Accountable

Accountable made haste to make appear
With righteous plea, their utmost vigilance, 30
And easily approv'd; when the most High
Eternal Father from his secret cloud
Amidst, in Thunder, utter'd thus his voice.

Assembled Angels, and ye Powers return'd
From unsuccessful charge, be not dismay'd, 35
Nor troubled at these tidings from the Earth,
Which your sincerest care could not prevent,
Foretold so lately what would come to pass,
When first this Tempter cross'd the Gulf from Hell.

I told ye then he should prevail and speed 40
On his bad errand, Man should be seduc'd
And flatter'd out of all, believing lies
Against his Maker; no Decree of mine
Concurring to necessitate his Fall,
Or touch with lightest moment of impulse 45
His Free-will, to her own inclining left
In even scale. But fall'n he is, and now
What rests but that the mortal Sentence pass
On his transgression, Death denounc'd that day,
Which he presumes already vain and void, 50

Because not yet inflicted, as he fear'd,
By some immediate stroke; but soon shall find
Forbearance no Acquittance e'er day end.
Justice shall not return as Bounty scorn'd.
But whom send I to judge them? whom but thee 55
Vicegerent Son, to thee I have transferr'd
All Judgment whether in Heav'n, or Earth, or Hell.
Easie it might be seen that I intend
Mercy colleague with Justice sending thee
Man's Friend, his Mediator, his design'd 60
Both Ransom and Redeemer voluntary,
And destin'd Man himself to judge Man fall'n.

So spake the Father, and unfoulding bright
Toward the right hand his Glory, on the Son
Blaz'd forth unclouded Deity; he full 65
Resplendent all his Father manifest
Express'd, and thus divinely answer'd mild.

Father Eternal, thine is to decree,
Mine both in Heav'n and Earth to do thy will
Supreme, that thou in me thy Son belov'd 70
May'st ever rest well pleas'd. I go to judge
On Earth these thy transgressors, but thou know'st,

Whoever

Whoever judg'd, the worst on me must light,
When time shall be, for so I undertook
Before thee; and not repenting this obtain 75
Of right, that I may mitigate their doom
On me deriv'd; yet I shall temper so
Justice with Mercy, as may illustrate most
Them fully satisfy'd, and thee appease.

Attendance none shall need, nor Train, where none
Are to behold the Judgment, but the judg'd, 81
Those two; the third best absent is condemn'd:
Convict by flight, and Rebel to all Law,
Conviction to the Serpent none belongs.

Thus saying, from his radiant Seat he rose 85
Of high collateral glory: him Thrones and Powers,
Princedom, and Dominations ministrant,
Accompany'd to Heaven Gate, from whence
Eden, and all the Coast in prospect lay.

Down he descended strait; the speed of Gods 90
Time counts not, tho' with swiftest minutes wing'd.
Now was the Sun in Western cadence low
From Noon, and gentle airs due at their hour
To fan the Earth now wak'd, and usher in

The

The Eevning cool, when he from wrath more cool
Came the mild Judge and Intercessor both 96
To sentence Man: the voice of God they heard,
Now walking in the Garden, by soft winds
Brought to their ears, while day declin'd, they heard,
And from his presence hid themselves among 100
The thickest Trees, both Man and Wife, till God
Approaching, thus to *Adam* call'd aloud.

Where art thou *Adam*, wont with joy to meet
My coming seen far off? I miss thee here,
Not p'leas'd, thus entertain'd with solitude, 105
Where obvious duty e'er while appear'd unsought:
Or come I less conspicuous, or what change
Absents thee, or what chance detains? Come forth.

He came, and with him *Eve*, more loth, tho' first
To offend, discount'nanc'd both, and discompos'd;
Love was not in their looks, either to God 111
Or to each other, but apparent guilt,
And shame, and perturbation, and despair,
Anger, and obstinacy, and hate, and guile.

Whence *Adam* fault'ring long, thus answer'd brief.

I heard thee in the Garden, and of thy voice 116

Afraid,

Afraid, being Naked, hid my self. To whom
The gracious Judge without revile reply'd.

My voice thou oft hast heard, and hast not fear'd.
But still rejoyc'd, how is it now become 120
So dreadful to thee? that thou art Naked who
Hath told thee? hast thou eaten of the Tree
Whereof I give thee charge thou shouldst not eat?

To whom thus *Adam* fore beset reply'd.
O Heav'n! in evil strait this day I stand 125
Before my Judge, either to undergo
My self the Total crime, or to accuse
My other self, the partner of my life;
Whose failing, while her Faith to me remains,
I should conceal, and not expose to blame 130
By my complaint; but strict necessity
Subdues me, and calamitous constraint,
Lest on my head both sin and punishment,
However insupportable, be all 134
Devolv'd; though should I hold my peace, yet thou
Wouldst easily detect what I conceal.
This Woman whom thou mad'st to be my Help,
And gav'st me as thy perfect gift, so good,

So

So fit, so acceptable, so divine,
That from her hand I could suspect no ill, 140
And what she did, whatever in it self,
Her doing seem'd to justify the deed;
She gave me of the Tree, and I did eat.

To whom the sov'ran Presence thus reply'd.
Was she thy God, that her thou didst obey 145
Before his voice? or was she made thy Guide,
Superior, or but Equal, that to her
Thou didst resign thy Manhood, and the place
Wherein God set thee above her made of thee,
And for thee, whose perfection far excell'd 150
Hers in all real dignity? Adorn'd
She was indeed, and lovely to attract
Thy Love, not thy Subjection; and her gifts
Were such as under Government well seem'd,
Unseemly to bear rule, which was thy part 155
And person, hadst thou known thy self aright.

So having said, he thus to *Eve* in few:
Say Woman, what is this which thou hast done?

To whom sad *Eve* with shame nigh overwhelm'd,
Confessing soon, yet not before her Judge 160

Bold or loquacious, thus abasht reply'd.

The Serpent me beguil'd, and I did eat.

Which when the Lord God heard, without delay
To Judgment he proceeded on th' accus'd
Serpent though brute, unable to transfer

165

The Guilt on him who made him instrument
Of mischief, and polluted from the end

Of his Creation; justly then accurst,

As vitiated in Nature. More to know

Concern'd not Man (since he no further knew)

170

Nor alter'd his offence; yet God at last

To *Satan*, first in sin, his doom apply'd,

Though in mysterious terms, judg'd as then best;

And on the Serpent thus his curse let fall.

Because thou hast done this, thou art accurst

175

Above all Cattle, each Beast of the field;

Upon thy Belly groveling thou shalt go,

And dust shalt eat all the days of thy life.

Between thee and the Woman I will put

Enmity; and between thine and her Seed;

180

Her Seed shall bruise thy Head, thou bruise his Heel.

So spake this Oracle, then verify'd

G g g

When

When *Jesus* son of *Mary*, second *Eve*,
Saw *Satan* fall like Lightning down from Heav'n,
Prince of the Air; then rising from his Grave 185
Spoil'd Principalities and Powers, triumpht
In open shew, and with ascension bright
Captivity led captive through the Air,
The Realm it self of *Satan* long usurpt,
Whom he shall tread at last under our feet; 190
Even he who now foretold his fatal bruise,
And to the Woman thus his Sentence turn'd.

Thy Sorrow I will greatly multiply
By thy Conception; Children thou shalt bring
In sorrow forth, and to thy Husband's will 195
Thine shall submit, he over thee shall rule.

On *Adam* last thus judgment he pronounc'd.
Because thou hast hearken'd to the voice of thy Wife,
And eaten of the Tree, concerning which
I charg'd thee, saying, Thou shalt not eat thereof, 200
Curs'd is the ground for thy sake, thou in sorrow
Shalt eat thereof all the days of thy Life;
Thorns also and Thistles it shall bring thee forth
Unbid, and thou shalt eat th' Herb of the Field.

In the sweat of thy face shalt thou eat Bread, 205
Till thou return unto the ground, for thou
Out of the ground wast taken: know thy Birth,
For Dust thou art, and shalt to Dust return.

So judg'd he Man, both Judge and Saviour sent,
And th' instant stroke of Death denounc'd that day
Remov'd far off; then pitying how they stood 211

Before him Naked to the air, that now
Must suffer change, disdain'd not to begin
Thenceforth the form of Servant to assume,
As when he wash'd his servants feet, so now 215

As Father of his Family he clad
Their nakedness with Skins of Beasts, or slain,
Or as the Snake with youthful Coat repaid;
And thought not much to clothe his Enemies.
Nor he their outward only with the Skins 220

Of Beasts, but inward nakedness much more
Opprobrious, with his Robe of Righteousness
Arraying, cover'd from his Father's sight.
To him with swift ascent he up return'd,
Into his blissful bosom re-assum'd 225

In glory as of old; to him appeas'd,

All, tho' all-knowing, what had past with Man
Recounted, mixing intercession sweet.

Mean while, ere thus was fin'd and judg'd on Earth,
Within the Gates of Hell sat *Sin* and *Death*,
In counterview within the Gates, that now
Stood open wide, belching outrageous flame
Far into *Chaos*, since the Fiend pass'd through,
Sin opening, who thus now to *Death* began.

O Son, why sit we here each other viewing
Idlely, while *Satan* our great Author thrives
In other Worlds, and happier Seat provides
For us his Off-spring dear? It cannot be
But that Success attends him; if Mishap,
Ere this he had return'd, with fury driv'n
By his Avengers, since no place like this
Can fit his punishment, or their revenge.
Methinks I feel new strength within me rise,
Wings growing, and Dominion giv'n me large
Beyond this Deep; whatever draws me on,
Or Sympathy, or some connatural force
Powerful at greatest distance to unite
With secret amity things of like kind

By secretest conveyance. Thou my Shade
Inseparable must with me along: 250
For *Death* from *Sin* no power can separate,
But lest the difficulty of passing baffing back
Stay his return perhaps over this Gulf
Impassable, impervious, let us try
Adventrous work, yet to thy power and mine 255
Not unagreeable, to found a path
Over this Main from Hell to that new World
Where *Satan* now prevails, a Monument
Of merit high to all th' infernal host,
Easing their passage hence, for intercourse, 260
Or transmigration, as their lot shall lead.
Nor can I miss the way, so strongly drawn
By this new felt Attraction and Instinct.

Whom thus the meagre Shadow answer'd soon.
Go whither Fate and Inclination strong 265
Leads thee, I shall not lag behind, nor err
The way, thou leading, such a scent I draw
Of Carnage, prey innumerable, and taste
The favour of Death from all things there that live:
Nor shall I to the work thou enterprisest 270

Be

Be wanting, but afford thee equal aid.

So saying, with delight he snuff'd the smell
Of mortal change on Earth. As when a flock
Of ravenous Fowl, though many a League remote,
Against the day of Battel, to a Field,

Where Armies lie encampt, come flying, lur'd
With scent of living Carcasses design'd

For death, the following day, in bloody fight.
So scented the grim Feature, and upturn'd
His Nostrils wide into the murky Air,
Sagacious of his Quarry from so far.

Then both from out Hell Gates into the waste
Wide Anarchy of *Chaos* damp and dark

Flew diverse, and with Power (their Power was great)
Hovering upon the Waters; what they met
Solid or slimy, as in raging Sea

Toft up and down, together crowded drove
From each side shoaling towards the mouth of Hell.

As when two Polar Winds blowing adverse
Upon the *Cronian* Sea, together drive

Mountains of Ice, that stop'd th' imagin'd way
Beyond *Petsera* Eastward, to the rich

Cathaian

Cathaian Coast. The aggregated Soyl
Death with his Mace petrific, cold and dry,
As with a Trident smote, and fix'd as firm 295
As *Delos* floating once; the rest his look
Bound with *Gorgonian* rigor not to move,
And with *Asphaltic* slime; broad as the Gate,
Deep to the Roots of Hell the gather'd beach
They fasten'd, and the Mole immense wrought on 300
Over the foaming Deep, high Archt, a Bridge
Of length prodigious joyning to the Wall
Immovable of this now fenceless world
Forfeit to Death; from hence a Passage broad,
Smooth, easie, inoffensive down to Hell. 305
So, if great things to small may be compar'd,
Xerxes, the Liberty of *Greece* to yoke,
From *Susa* his *Memnonian* Palace high
Came to the Sea, and over *Hellespont*
Bridging his way, *Europe* with *Asia* joyn'd. 310
And scourg'd with many a stroke th' indignant waves.
Now had they brought the work by wondrous Art
Pontifical, a ridge of pendent Rock
Over the vext Abyss, following the track

Of

Of *Satan*, to the self-same place where he 315
First lighted from his Wing, and landed safe
From out of *Chaos* to the outside bare
Of this round World: with Pins of Adamant
And Chains they made all fast, too fast they made
And durable; and now in little space 320
The confines met of Empyrean Heav'n
And of this World, and on the left hand Hell
With long reach interpos'd; three sev'ral ways
In sight, to each of these three places led.

And now their way to Earth they had descry'd, 325
To Paradise first tending, when behold
Satan in likeness of an Angel bright
Betwixt the *Centaure* and the *Scorpion* steering
His *Zenith*, while the Sun in *Aries* rose
Disguis'd he came, but those his Children dear 330
Their Parent soon discern'd, though in disguise.
He after *Eve* seduc'd, unminded slunk
Into the Wood fast by, and changing shape
To observe the sequel, saw his guileful act
By *Eve*, though all unweeting, seconded 335
Upon her Husband, saw their shame that sought

Vain covertures; but when he saw descend
The Son of God to judge them, terrify'd
He fled, not hoping to Escape, but shun
The Present, fearing guilty what his wrath 340
Might suddenly inflict; that past, return'd
By Night, and listening where the hapless Pair
Sate in their sad discourse and various plaint,
Thence gather'd his own doom, which understood
Not instant, but of future time, with joy 345
And tidings fraught to Hell he now return'd,
And at the brink of *Chaos*, near the foot
Of this new wondrous Pontifice, unhop'd
Met who to meet him came, his Off-spring dear.
Great joy was at their meeting, and at sight 350
Of that stupendious Bridge his joy encreas'd.
Long he admiring stood, till *Sin*, his fair
Inchanting Daughter, thus the silence broke.

O Parent, these are thy magnific deeds,
Thy Trophies which thou view'st as not thine own,
Thou art their Author and prime Architect: 356
For I no sooner in my Heart divin'd,
My Heart, which by a secret harmony

H h h

Still

Still moves with thine, join'd in connexion sweet,
That thou on Earth hadst prosper'd, which thy looks
Now also evidence, but strait I felt, 361
Though distant from thee Worlds between, yet felt
That I must after thee with this thy Son,
Such fatal consequence unites us three:
Hell could no longer hold us in her bounds, 365
Nor this unvoyageable Gulf obscure
Detain from following thy illustrious track.
Thou hast achiev'd our liberty, confin'd
Within Hell Gates till now, thou us impower'd
To fortifie thus far, and overlay 370
With this portentous Bridge the dark Abyfs.
Thine now is all this World, thy virtue hath won
What thy hands builded not, thy Wisdom gain'd
With odds what War hath lost, and fully aveng'd
Our foil in Heav'n; here thou shalt Monarch reign,
There didst not; there let him still Victor sway, 376
As Battel hath adjudg'd, from this new World
Retiring, by his own doom alienated,
And henceforth Monarchy with thee divide
Of all things, parted by th' Empyrean bounds, 380
His

His Quadrature, from thy Orbicular World,
Or try thee now more dang'rous to his Throne.

Whom thus the Prince of Darkness answer'd glad.
Fair Daughter, and thou Son and Grandchild both,
High proof ye now have giv'n to be the Race 385
Of *Satan* (for I glory in the name,
Antagonist of Heav'ns Almighty King)
AmPLY have merited of me, of all
Th' infernal Empire, that so near Heav'ns door
Triumphal with triumphal act have met, 390
Mine with this glorious work, and made one Realm
Hell and this World, our Realm, one Continent
Of easie thorough-fare. Therefore while I
Descend through Darkness, on your Rode with ease
To my associate Powers, them to acquaint 395
With these successes, and with them rejoyce,
You two this way, among these numerous Orbs
All yours, right down to Paradise descend;
There dwell and Reign in bliss, thence on the Earth
Dominion exercise, and in the Air, 400
Chiefly on Man, sole Lord of all declar'd,
Him first make sure your thrall, and lastly kill.

My Substitutes I send ye, and create
Plenipotent on Earth, of matchless might
Issuing from me: on your joynt vigour now 405
My hold of this new Kingdom all depends,
Through Sin to Death expos'd by my exploit.
If your joynt power prevail, th'affairs of Hell
No detriment need fear: go and be strong.

So saying he dismiss'd them. They with speed 410
Their course through thickest Constellations held
Spreading their bane; the blasted Stars lookt wan,
And Planets, Planet-strook, real Eclipse
Then suffer'd. Th'other way *Satan* went down
The Causeway to Hell Gate; on either side 415
Disparted *Chaos* over-built exclaim'd,
And with rebounding surge the bars assail'd,
That scorn'd his indignation: through the Gate
Wide open and unguarded, *Satan* pass'd,
And all about found desolate; for those 420
Appointed to sit there, had left their charge,
Flown to the upper World; the rest were all
Far to th'inland retir'd, about the walls
Of *Pandæmonium*, City and proud seat

Of *Lucifer*, so by allusion call'd
 Of that bright Star to *Satan* paragon'd
 There kept their watch the Legions, while the Grand
 In Council sat, solicitous what chance
 Might intercept their Emperor sent; so he
 Departing gave command, and they observ'd. 430
 As when the *Tartar* from his *Russian* Foe
 By *Astracan* over the Snowy Plains
 Retires, or *Bactrian* Sophi from the horns
 Of *Turkish* Crescent, leaves all waste beyond
 The Realm of *Aladule*, in his retreat 435
 To *Taurus* or *Casbeen*. So these, the late
 Heav'n-banish'd Host, left desert utmost Hell
 Many a dark League, reduc'd in careful Watch
 Round their Metropolis, and now expecting
 Each hour their great adventurer from the search 440
 Of Foreign Worlds: he through the midst unmark'd,
 In shew Plebeian Angel militant
 Of lowest order, past; and from the door
 Of that *Plutonian* Hall, invisible
 Ascended his high Throne, which under state 445
 Of richest texture spread, at th' upper end

Was

Was plac'd in regal lustre. Down a while
He sat, and round about him saw unseen:
At last as from a Cloud his fulgent head
And shape Star-bright appear'd, or brighter, clad 450
With what permissive glory since his fall
Was left him, or false glitter: All amaz'd
At that so sudden blaze the *Stygian* throng
Bent their aspect, and whom they wish'd beheld,
Their mighty Chief return'd: loud was th' acclaim:
Forth rush'd in haste the great consulting Peers, 456
Rais'd from their Dark *Divan*, and with like joy
Congratulant approach'd him, who with hand
Silence, and with these words attention won.

Thrones, Dominations, Princedoms, Virtues, Powers,
For in possession such, not only of right, 461
I call ye and declare ye now, return'd
Successful beyond hope, to lead ye forth
Triumphant out of this infernal Pit
Abominable, accurs'd, the house of woe, 465
And Dungeon of our Tyrant: Now possess,
As Lords, a spacious World, to our native Heaven
Little inferiour, by my adventure hard

With

With peril great atchiev'd. Long were to tell
What I have done, what suffer'd, with what pain
Voyag'd th' unreal, vast, unbounded deep 471
Of horrible confusion, over which
By *Sin* and *Death* a broad way now is pav'd
To expedite your glorious march; but I
Toil'd out my uncouth passage, forc'd to ride 475
Th' untractable Abyfs, plung'd in the womb
Of unoriginal *Night* and *Chaos* wild,
That jealous of their secrets, fiercely oppos'd
My journey strange, with clamorous uproar
Protesting Fate supreme; thence how I found 480
The new created World, which fame in Heav'n
Long had foretold, a Fabrick wonderful
Of absolute perfection, therein Man
Plac'd in a Paradise, by our exile
Made happy: Him by fraud I have seduc'd 485
From his Creator, and the more t'encrease
Your wonder, with an Apple; he thereat
Offended, worth your laughter, hath giv'n up
Both his beloved Man, and all his World,
To *Sin* and *Death* a prey, and so to us, 490

Without

Without our hazard, labour, or alarm,
To range in, and to dwell, and over Man
To rule, as over all he should have rul'd.
True is, Me also he hath judg'd, or rather
Me not, but the brute Serpent in whose shape 495
Man I deceiv'd: that which to me belongs,
Is enmity, which he will put between
Me and Mankind; I am to bruise his heel;
His Seed, when is not set, shall bruise my head:
A World who would not purchase with a Bruise, 500
Or much more grievous pain? Ye have th' account
Of my performance: What remains, ye Gods,
But up, and enter now into full blifs.

So having said, awhile he stood, expecting
Their universal shout and high applause 505
To fill his ear, when contrary he hears
On all sides, from innumerable tongues
A dismal universal Hiss, the sound
Of publick Scorn; he wonder'd, but not long
Had leifure, wondring at himself now more; 510
His visage drawn he felt to sharp and spare,
His Arms clung to his Ribs, his Legs entwining
Each

Each other, till supplanted down he fell
A monstrous Serpent on his belly prone,
Reluctant, but in vain; a greater power 515
Now rul'd him, punisht in the shape he sinn'd,
According to his doom: he would have spoke,
But hiss for hiss return'd with forked tongue
To forked tongue, for now were all transform'd
Alike to Serpents, all as accessaries 520
To his bold Riot. Dreadful was the din
Of hissing through the Hall, thick swarming now
With complicated monsters head and tail,
Scorpion and Asp, and *Amphisbæna* dire,
Cerastes horn'd, *Hydrus*, and *Ellops* drear, 525
And *Dipsas* (not so thick swarm'd once the soil
Bedropt with blood of *Gorgon*, or the Isle
Ophiusa) but still greatest He the midst,
Now Dragon grown, larger than whom the Sun
Ingender'd in the *Pythian* Vale on slime, 530
Huge *Python*, and his Power no less he seem'd
Above the rest still to retain; they all
Him follow'd issuing forth to th' open Field,
Where all yet left of that revolted Rout

Heav'n-fall'n in station stood or just array 535
Sublime with expectation when to see
In Triumph issuing forth their glorious Chief.
They saw, but other sight instead, a croud
Of ugly Serpents; horror on them fell,
And horrid sympathy; for what they saw, 540
They felt themselves now changing; down their arms,
Down fell both Spear and Shield, down they as fast,
And the dire hiss renew'd, and the dire form
Catcht by Contagion, like in punishment, 544
As in their crime. Thus was th' applause they meant,
Turn'd to exploding hiss, triumph to shame
Cast on themselves from their own mouths. There stood
A Grove hard by, sprung up with this their change,
His will who reigns above, to aggravate
Their patience, laden with fruit, like that 550
Which grew in Paradise, the bait of *Eve*
Us'd by the Tempter: on that prospect strange
Their earnest Eyes they fix'd, imagining
For one forbidden Tree a multitude
Now ris'n, to work them further woe or shame; 555
Yet parcht with scalding thirst and hunger fierce,

Though

Though to delude them sent, could not abstain,
 But on they roll'd in heaps, and up the Trees
 Climbing, fate thicker than the snaky locks
 That curl'd *Megara*: greedily they pluck'd 560
 The frutage fair to fight, like that which grew
 Near that bituminous Lake where *Sodom* flam'd;
 This more delusive, not the touch, but taste
 Deceiv'd; they fondly thinking to allay
 Their appetite with gust, instead of Fruit 565
 Chew'd bitter Ashes, which th' offended taste
 With spattering noise rejected: oft they assay'd,
 Hunger and thirst constraining, drug'd as oft
 With hatefullest disrelish writh'd their Jaws
 With soot and cinders fill'd; so oft they fell 570
 Into the same illusion, not as Man
 Whom they triumph'd once lapst. Thus were they [plagu'd
 And worn with Famine, long and ceaseless hiss,
 Till their lost shape, permitted, they resum'd;
 Yearly enjoin'd, some say, to undergo 575
 This Annual humbling certain number'd days,
 To dash their pride, and joy for Man seduc'd.
 However some tradition they dispers'd

Among the Heathen of their purchase got,
And Fabl'd how the Serpent, whom they call'd 580
Ophion with *Eurynome*, the wide
Encroaching *Eve* perhaps, had first the rule
Of high *Olympus*, thence by *Saturn* driv'n
And *Ops*, e'er yet *Dictæan Jove* was born.

Mean while in Paradise the hellish pair 585
Too soon arriv'd, *Sin* there in power before,
Once actual, now in body, and to dwell
Habitual habitant; behind her *Death*,
Close following pace for pace, not mounted yet
On his pale Horse: to whom *Sin* thus began. 590

Second of *Satan* sprung, all-conquering *Death*,
What think'st thou of our Empire now, tho' earn'd
With travel difficult, not better far
Than still at Hell's dark threshold to have fate watch,
Unnam'd, undreaded, and thy self half starv'd? 595

Whom thus the Sin-born Monster answer'd soon.
To me, who with eternal famine pine,
Alike is Hell, or Paradise, or Heav'n,
There best, where most with ravin I may meet;
Which here, tho' plenteous, all too little seems 600

To

To stuff this Maw, this vast unhide-bound Corps.

To whom th' incestuous Mother thus reply'd.

Thou therefore on these Herbs, and Fruits, and Flours

Feed first, on each Beast next, and Fish, and Fowl,

No homely morsels, and whatever thing 605

The Scithe of Time mows down, devour unspar'd,

Till I in Man residing through the Race

His thoughts, his looks, words, actions all infect,

And season him thy last and sweetest prey.

This said, they both betook them several ways, 610

Both to destroy, or unimmortal make

All kinds, and for destruction to mature

Sooner or later; which th' Almighty seeing,

From his transcendent Seat the Saints among,

To those bright Orders utter'd thus his voice. 615

See with what heat these Dogs of Hell advance

To waste and havoc yonder World, which I

So fair and good created, and had still

Kept in that State, had not the folly of Man

Let in these wasteful Furies, who impute 620

Folly to me; so doth the Prince of Hell

And his Adherents, that with so much ease

I suffer them to enter and possess
A place so heav'nly, and conniving seem
To gratifie my scornful Enemies 625
That laugh, as if, transported with some fit
Of Passion, I to them had quitted all,
At random yielded up to their misrule;
And know not that I call'd and drew them thither
My Hell-hounds, to lick up the draff and filth 630
Which Man's polluting Sin with taint had shed
On what was pure; till cramm'd and gorg'd, nigh burst
With suckt and glutted offal, at one sling
Of thy victorious arm, well-pleasing Son,
Both *Sin* and *Death*, and yawning *Grave* at last 635
Through *Chaos* hurl'd, obstruct the mouth of Hell
For ever, and seal up his ravenous Jaws.
Then Heav'n and Earth renew'd shall be made pure
To sanctity that shall receive no stain:
Till then the Curse pronounc'd on both precedes. 640
He ended, and the heav'nly Audience loud
Sung *Halleluiab*, as the sound of Seas,
Through multitude that sung: Just are thy ways,
Righteous are thy Decrees on all thy Works;

Who

Who can extenuate thee? Next, to the Son 645
Destin'd restorer of Mankind, by whom
New Heav'n and Earth shall to the Ages rise,
Or down from Heav'n descend. Such was their song,
While the Creator calling forth by name
His mighty Angels gave them several charge, 650
As sort'd best with present things. The Sun
Had first his precept so to move, so shine,
As might affect the Earth with cold and heat
Scarce tollerable, and from the North to call
Decrepit Winter, from the South to bring 655
Solstitial Summers heat. To the blanc Moon
Her office they prescrib'd; to th' other Five
Their planetary motions and aspects.
In *Sextile*, *Square*, and *Trine*, and *Opposite*
Of noxious efficacy, and when to joyn 660
In Synod unbenign, and taught the fixt
Their influence malignant when to shewre,
Which of them rising with the Sun, or falling,
Should prove tempestuous: To the Winds they set
Their corners, when with bluster to confound 665
Sea, Air, and Shore; the Thunder when to rowle

With terror through the dark Aerial Hall.
Some say he bid his Angels turn ascanse
The Poles of earth twice ten degrees and more
From the Sun's Axle; they with labour push'd 670
Oblique the Centric Globe: Some say the Sun
Was bid turn Reins from th' Equinoctial Rode
Like distant breadth to *Taurus* with the Sev'n
Atlantic Sisters, and the *Spartan* Twins
Up to the *Tropic* Crab; thence down amain 675
By *Leo* and the *Virgin* and the *Scales*,
As deep as *Capricorne*, to bring in change
Of Seasons to each Clime; else had the Spring
Perpetual smil'd on Earth with vernant Flours,
Equal in Days and Nights, except to those 680
Beyond the Polar Circles; to them Day
Had unbenighted shon, while the low Sun
To recompence his distance, in their sight
Had rounded still th' *Horizon*, and not known
Or East or West, which had forbid the Snow 685
From cold *Estotiland*, and South as far
Beneath *Magellan*. At that tasted Fruit
The Sun, as from *Thyestean* Banquet, turn'd

His

His course intended; else how had the World
Inhabited, though finless, more than now, 690
Avoided pinching cold and scorching heat?
These changes in the Heav'ns, though slow, produc'd
Like change on Sea and Land, fideral blast,
Vapour, and mist, and exhalation hot,
Corrupt and pestilent: Now from the North 695
Of *Norumbega*, and the *Samoed* shore
Bursting their brazen dungeon, arm'd with ice
And snow and hail and stormy gust and flaw,
Boreas and *Cæcias* and *Argestes* loud
And *Thracias* rend the woods and seas up-turn; 700
With adverse blast up-turns them from the South
Notus and *Afer* black with thundrous clouds
From *Serrationa*; thwart of these as fierce
Forth rush the *Levant* and the *Ponent* Winds
Eurus and *Zephir* with their lateral noise. 705
Sirocco, and *Libeccio*. Thus began
Outrage from lifeless things; but Discord first,
Daughter of Sin, among th' irrational,
Death introduc'd through fierce antipathy: 709
Beast now with Beast gan war, and Fowl with Fowl,

And Fish with Fish; to graze the Herb all leaving,
 Devour'd each other; nor stood much in awe
 Of Man, but fled him, or with count'nance grim
 Glar'd on him passing: these were from without
 The growing miseries, which *Adam* saw 715
 Already in part, though hid in gloomiest shade,
 To sorrow abandon'd, but worse felt within,
 And in a troubled sea of Passion tost,
 Thus to disburden fought with sad complaint.

O miserable of happy! is this the end 720
 Of this new glorious World, and Me so late
 The Glory of that Glory, who now become
 Accurs'd of blessed, hide me from the face
 Of God, whom to behold was then my height
 Of happiness; yet well, if here would end 725
 The misery; I deserv'd it, and would bear
 My own deservings; but this will not serve;
 All that I eat or drink, or shall beget,
 Is propagated Curse. O voice once heard
 Delightfully, *Encrease and Multiply*, 730
 Now Death to hear! for what can I encrease
 Or multiply, but curses on my head?

Who

Who of all Ages to succeed, but feeling
 The evil on him brought by me, will curse
 My Head? "Ill fare our Ancestor impure, 735
 "For this we may thank *Adam*;" but his thanks
 Shall be the execration; so besides
 Mine own that bide upon me, all from me
 Shall with a fierce reflux on me redound,
 On me as on their natural center light 740
 Heavy, though in their place. Oh fleeting joyes
 Of Paradise, dear bought with lasting woes!
 Did I request thee, Maker, from my Clay
 To mould me Man, did I solicit thee
 From darkness to promote me, or here place 745
 In this delicious Garden? as my Will
 Concurr'd not to my being, it were but right
 And equal to reduce me to my dust,
 Desirous to resign, and render back
 All I receiv'd, unable to perform 750
 Thy terms too hard, by which I was to hold
 The good I fought not. To the loss of that,
 Sufficient penalty, why hast thou added
 The sense of endless woes? inexplicable

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Thy

Thy Justice seems; yet to say truth, too late, 755
I thus contest; then should have been refus'd
These terms whatever, when they were propos'd:
Thou didst accept them; wilt thou enjoy the Good,
Then cavil the Conditions? and though God
Made thee without thy leave, what if thy Son 760
Prove disobedient, and reprov'd, retort,
“Wherefore didst thou beget me? I sought it not:”
Wouldst thou admit for his contempt of thee
That proud excuse? yet him not thy Election,
But natural Necessity begot. 765
God made thee of choice his own, and of his own
To serve him, thy reward was of his Grace,
Thy punishment then justly is at his Will.
Be it so, for I submit, his doom is fair,
That dust I am, and shall to dust return: 770
O welcome hour whenever! why delays
His hand to execute what his decree
Fixt on this day? why do I overlive,
Why am I mockt with death, and lengthen'd out
To deathless pain? how gladly would I meet 775
Mortality my sentence, and be Earth

Insensible,

Inferable, how glad would lay me down
As in my Mother's lap? there I should rest
And sleep secure; his dreadful voice no more
Would thunder in my ears, no fear of worse
To me and to my off-spring would torment me
With cruel expectation. Yet one doubt
Pursues me still, lest All I cannot die,
Lest that pure Breath of life, the Spirit of Man
Which God inspir'd, cannot together perish
With this corporeal Clod; then in the grave,
Or in some other dismal place who knows
But I shall die a living death? O thought
Horrid, if true! yet why? it was but Breath
Of life that sinn'd; what dies but what had life
And sin? the Body properly hath neither.
All of me then shall die; let this appease
The doubt, since human reach no further knows.
For though the Lord of all be Infinite,
Is his Wrath also? be it, Man is not so,
But Mortal doom'd. How can he exercise
Wrath without end on Man whom Death must end?
Can he make deathless Death? that were to make

Strange

Strange contradiction, which to God himself
Impossible is held, as argument
Of Weakness, not of Power. Will he draw out,
For Anger's sake, finite to infinite
In punish'd man, to satisfy his rigour,
Satisfy'd never; that were to extend
His Sentence beyond dust and nature's law,
By which all Causes else according still
To the reception of their matter act,
Not to th' extent of their own sphere. But say
That Death be not one stroke, as I suppos'd,
Bereaving sense, but Endless misery
From this day onward, which I feel begun
Both in me, and without me, and so last
To perpetuity; ay me! that fear
Comes thundring back with dreadful revolution
On my defenceless head; both Death and I
Am found Eternal, and incorporate both.
Nor I on my part single, in me all
Posterity stands curst! Fair Patrimony
That I must leave ye, Sons; O were I able
To waste it all my self, and leave ye none!

So disinherited how would ye bless
Me now your curse! Ah, why should all mankind
For One man's fault thus guiltless be condemn'd,
If guiltless? But from me what can proceed,
But all corrupt, both Mind and Will deprav'd, 825
Not to Do only, but to Will the same
With me? how can they then acquitted stand
In sight of God? Him after all Disputes
Forc'd I absolve: all my evasions vain
And reasonings, tho' thro' Mazes, lead me still 830
But to my own conviction: first and last
On me, me only, as the source and spring
Of all corruption all the Blame lights due;
So might the Wrath. Fond wish! couldst thou support
That Burden heavier than the earth to bear 835
Than all the world much heavier, though divided
With that bad Woman? Thus what thou desir'st
And what thou fear'st, alike destroys all hope
Of refuge, and concludes thee miserable
Beyond all past example and future, 840
To *Satan* only like both crime and doom.
O Conscience, into what abyss of fears

And

And horrors hast thou driv'n me; out of which
I find no way, from deep to deeper plung'd!

Thus *Adam* to himself lamented loud 845

Through the still Night, not now, as e'er man fell,

Wholsom and cool, and mild, but with black Air

Accompany'd, with damps and dreadful gloom,

Which to his evil Conscience represented

All things with double terror: on the ground 850

Outstretch'd he lay, on the cold ground, and oft

Curs'd his Creation, Death as oft accus'd

Of tardy execution, since denounc'd

The day of his offence. Why comes not Death,

Said he, with one thrice acceptable stroke 855

To end me? shall Truth fail to keep her word,

Justice Divine not hasten to be just?

But Death comes not at call, Justice Divine

Mends not her slowest pace for prayers or cries.

O Woods, O Fountains, Hillocks, Dales and Bow'rs,

With other echo late I taught your shades 861

To answer, and resound far other Song.

Whom thus afflicted when sad *Eve* beheld,

Desolate where she sate, approaching nigh,

Soft

Soft words to his fierce Passion she assay'd: 865

But her with stern regard he thus repell'd.

Out of my sight, thou Serpent! that name best
Befits thee, with him leagu'd, thy self as false
And hateful; nothing wants, but that thy shape,
Like his, and colour Serpentine may shew. 870

Thy inward fraud, to warn all Creatures from thee
Henceforth; lest that too heav'nly form pretended
To hellish falshood snare them. But for thee

I had persisted happy, had not thy pride

And wandring vanity, when least was safe, 875

Rejected my forewarning, and disdain'd

Not to be trusted, longing to be seen

Though by the Devil himself, him overweening

To over-reach, but with the Serpent meeting

Fool'd and beguil'd, by him thou, I by thee 880

To trust thee from my side, imagin'd wise,

Constant, mature, proof against all assaults,

And understood not all was but a Shew

Rather than solid Virtue, all but a Rib

Crooked by nature, bent, as now appears, 885

More to the part sinister from me drawn,
Well if thrown out, as supernumerary
To my just number found. O why did God,
Creator wise, that peopled highest Heav'n
With Spirits Masculine, create at last 890
This Novelty on earth, this fair Defect
Of nature, and not fill the World at once
With Men as Angels without Feminine,
Or find some other way to generate
Mankind? this mischief had not then befallen, 895
And more that shall befall, innumerable
Disturbances on Earth through Female snares,
And straight conjunction with this Sex, for either
He never shall find out fit Mate, but such
As some misfortune brings him, or mistake; 900
Or, whom he wishes most shall seldom gain
Through her perverseness, but shall see her gain'd
By a far worse; or if she love, with-held
By Parents; or his happiest choice too late
Shall meet, already link'd and Wedlock-bound 905
To a fell adversary, his hate or shame:

Which

Which infinite calamity shall cause
To human Life, and household peace confound.

He added not, and from her turn'd; but *Eve*
Not so repulst, with tears that ceas'd not flowing,
And tresses all disorder'd, at his feet 911
Fell humble, and embracing them, besought
His peace, and thus proceeded in her plaint.

Forfake me not thus, *Adam*; witness Heav'n
What love sincere, and reverence in my heart 915
I bear thee, and unweeting have offended,
Unhappily deceiv'd; thy suppliant
I beg, and clasp thy knees; bereave me not,
Whereon I live, thy gentle looks, thy aid,
Thy counsel in this uttermost distress, 920
My only strength and stay: forlorn of thee,
Whither shall I betake me, where subsist?
While yet we live, scarce one short hour perhaps,
Between us two let there be Peace, both joining,
As join'd in injuries, one enmity 925
Against a Foe by doom express assign'd us,
That cruel Serpent: on me exercise not.

Thy hatred for this misery befall'n,
On me already lost, me than thy self
More miserable; both have sinn'd, but thou 930
Against God only, I against God and thee,
And to the place of judgment will return,
There with my cries importune Heav'n, that all
The sentence from thy head remov'd may light
On me, sole cause to thee of all this woe, 935
Me, me, only just Object of his Ire.

She ended weeping, and her lowly plight,
Immoveable till peace obtain'd from fault
Acknowledg'd and deplor'd, in *Adam* wrought
Commiseration; soon his heart relented 940
Towards her, his life so late and sole delight,
Now at his feet submissive in distress,
Creature so fair his reconciliation seeking,
His counsel, whom she had displeas'd, his aid.
As one disarm'd, his anger all he lost, 945
And thus with peaceful words uprais'd her soon.

Unwary, and too desirous, as before
So now of what thou know'st not, who desir'st

The

The punishment all on thy self; alas,
Bear thine own first, ill able to sustain 950
His Full wrath whose thou feel'st as yet least part,
And My displeasure bear'st so ill. If Prayers
Could alter high Decrees, I to that place
Would speed before thee, and be louder heard,
That on my head all might be visited, 955
Thy frailty and infirmer Sex forgiv'n,
To me committed and by me expos'd.
But rise, let us no more contend, nor blame
Each other, blam'd enough elsewhere, but strive
In offices of Love, how we may lighten 960
Each others burthen, in our share of woe;
Since this day's Death denounc'd, if aught I see,
Will prove no sudden, but a slow-pac'd evil,
A long day's dying to augment our pain,
And to our Seed (O hapless Seed) deriv'd. 965

To whom thus *Eve*, recovering heart, reply'd.
Adam, by sad experiment I know
How little weight my words with thee can find,
Found so erroneous, thence by just event

Found

Found so unfortunate; nevertheless, 970
Restor'd by thee, vile as I am, to place
Of new acceptance, hopeful to regain
Thy Love, the sole contentment of my heart
Living or dying, from thee I will not hide
What thoughts in my unquiet breast are risen, 975
Tending to some relief of our extremes,
Or end, though sharp and sad, yet tolerable,
As in our evils, and of easier choice.
If care of our descent perplex us most,
Which must be born to certain woe, devour'd 980
By Death at last, and miserable it is
To be to others cause of misery,
Our own begotten, and of our loins to bring
Into this cursed World a woful Race,
That after wretched Life must be at last 985
Food for so foul a Monster, in thy power
It lies, yet e'er Conception, to prevent
The Race unblest, to being yet unbegot.
Childless thou art, Childless remain: So Death
Shall be deceiv'd his glut, and with us two 990

Be

Be forc'd to fatisfie his rav'nous Maw.
But if thou judge it hard and difficult,
Conversing, looking, loving, to abstain
From Love's due Rites, Nuptial embraces sweet,
And with desire to languish without hope, 995
Before the present object languishing
With like desire, which would be misery
And torment less than none of what we dread;
Then both our selves and Seed at once to free
From what we fear for both, let us make short, 1000
Let us seek Death; or he not found supply
With our own hands his office on our selves.
Why stand we longer shivering under fears,
That shew no end but Death, and have the power,
Of many ways to die the shortest chusing, 1005
Destruction with destruction to destroy?

She ended here, or vehement despair
Broke off the rest; so much of Death her thoughts
Had entertain'd, as dy'd her Cheeks with pale.
But *Adam* with such counsel nothing sway'd, 1010
To better hopes his more attentive mind

Labouring

Labouring had rais'd, and thus to *Eve* reply'd:

Eve, thy contempt of life, and pleasure seems
To argue in thee something more sublime
And excellent than what thy mind contemns; 1015
But self-destruction, therefore fought, refutes
That excellence thought in thee, and implies
Not thy contempt but anguish and regret
For loss of life and pleasure over-lov'd.
Or if thou covet Death, as utmost end 1020
Of misery, so thinking to evade
The penalty pronounc'd, doubt not but God
Hath wiselier arm'd his vengeful ire than so
To be forestall'd; much more I fear lest Death
So snatch'd will not exempt us from the pain 1025
We are by doom to pay; rather such acts
Of contumacy will provoke the highest
To make Death in us live: Then let us seek
Some safer resolution, which methinks
I have in view, calling to mind with heed 1030
Part of our sentence, that thy Seed shall bruise
The Serpent's head; piteous amends, unless

Be

Be meant, whom I conjecture, our grand Foe
Satan, who in the Serpent hath contriv'd
Against us this deceit: to crush his head 1035
Would be revenge indeed; which will be lost
By Death brought on our selves, or Childless days
Resolv'd as thou propolest; so our Foe
Shall scape his punishment ordain'd, and we
Instead shall double ours upon our heads. 1040
No more be mention'd then of violence
Against our selves, and wilful barrenness
That cuts us off from hope, and favours only
Rancour and pride, impatience and despite,
Reluctance against God and his just yoke 1045
Laid on our necks. Remember with what mild
And gracious temper he both heard and judg'd
Without wrath or reviling: we expected
Immediate dissolution, which we thought
Was meant by Death that day; when lo, to Thee
Pains only in child-bearing were foretold, 1051
And bringing forth, soon recompenc'd with joy,
Fruit of thy womb: On Me the Curse aslope

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Glanc'd

Glanc'd on the Ground, with Labour I must earn
My bread; what harm? Idleness had been worse;
My labour will sustain me; and lest Cold 1056
Or Heat should injure us, his timely care
Hath unbefought provided, and his hands
Cloath'd us unworthy, pitying while he judg'd.
How much more, if we pray him, will his ear 1060
Be open, and his heart to pity incline,
And teach us further by what means to shun
Th' inclement Seasons, Rain, Ice, Hail and Snow,
Which now the Sky with various face begins
To shew us in this mountain, while the Winds 1065
Blow moist and keen, shattering the graceful locks
Of these fair spreading Trees; which bids us seek
Some better shroud, some better warmth to cherish
Our Limbs benumm'd, e'er this diurnal Star
Leave cold the Night, how we his gather'd beams
Reflected may with matter sere foment, 1071
Or by collision of two bodies grind
The Air attrite to Fire, as late the Clouds
Jostling or push'd with Winds rude in their flock

Tine the flant Lightning, whose thwart flame driv'n
Kindles the gummy bark of Fir and Pine, [down
And sends a comfortable heat from far,

Which might supply the Sun: such Fire to use,
And what may else be remedy or cure 1079

To evils which our own mis-deeds have wrought,

He will instruct us praying, and of Grace

Beseeching him, so as we need not fear

To pass commodiously this life, sustain'd

By him with many comforts, till we end

In Dust, our final rest and native home. 1085

What better can we do, than to the place

Repairing where he judg'd us, prostrate fall

Before him reverent, and there confess

Humbly our faults, and pardon beg, with tears

Watering the ground, and with our sighs the air

Frequenting, sent from hearts contrite, in sign 1091

Of sorrow unfeign'd, and humiliation meek.

Undoubtedly he will relent and turn

From his displeasure; in whose look serene,

When angry most he seem'd and most severe, 1095

What else but favour, grace, and mercy shon?

So spake our Father penitent, nor *Eve*
 Felt less remorse: they forthwith to the place
 Repairing where he judg'd them prostrate fell
 Before him reverent, and both confess'd 1100
 Humbly their faults, and pardon beg'd, with tears
 Watering the ground, and with their sighs the air
 Frequenting, sent from hearts contrite, in sign
 Of sorrow unfeign'd, and humiliation meek.

The End of the Tenth Book.



Lud. Chéron inv.

Sam. Gribelin Jun. Sc.

T H E

THE
ELEVENTH BOOK
OF
PARADISE LOST.

The ARGUMENT.

The Son of God presents to his Father the Prayers of our first Parents now repenting, and intercedes for them: God accepts them, but declares that they must no longer abide in Paradise; sends Michael with a Band of Cherubim to dispossess them; but first to reveal to Adam future things. Michael's coming down. Adam shews to Eve certain ominous signs; he discerns Michael's approach goes out to meet him: the Angel denounces their departure. Eve's Lamentation. Adam pleads, but submits: The Angel leads him up to a high Hill, sets before him in Vision what shall happen till the Flood.



PARADISE LOST.

BOOK XI.



THUS they in lowliest plight re-
 pentant stood
 Praying, for from the Mercy-seat
 above
 Prevenient Grace descending had re-
 mov'd

The stony from their hearts, and made new flesh
 Regenerate grow instead, that sighs now breath'd 5
 Unutterable, which the Spirit of Prayer

Inspir'd,

Inspir'd, and wing'd for Heav'n with speedier flight
Than loudest Oratory: yet their port
Not of mean suitors, nor important less
Seem'd their petition, than when th' ancient Pair 10
In Fables old, less ancient yet than these,
Deucalion and chaste *Pyrrha*, to restore
The Race of mankind drown'd, before the shrine
Of *Themis* stood devout. To Heav'n their Pray'rs
Flew up, nor mis'd the way, by envious winds 15
Blown vagabond or frustrate: in they pass'd
Dimensionless thro' heav'nly dores; then clad
With Incense, where the Golden Altar fum'd,
By their great Intercessor, came in fight
Before the Father's Throne: Then the glad Son 20
Presenting, thus to intercede began.

See, Father, what first fruits on Earth are sprung
From thy implanted Grace in Man, these Sighs
And Prayers, which in this golden Censer mixt
With Incense, I thy Priest before thee bring, 25
Fruits of more pleasing favour from thy Seed
Sown with contrition in his heart, than those
Which his own hand manuring all the Trees

Of

Of Paradise could have produc'd, e'er fall'n
From innocence. Now therefore bend thine ear 30
To supplication, hear his sighs though mute;
Unskilful with what words to pray, let Me
Interpret for him, me his Advocate
And Propitiation, all his works on me
Good or not good ingraft, my Merit those 35
Shall perfect, and for these my Death shall pay.
Accept me, and in me from these receive
The smell of peace toward mankind, let him live
Before thee reconcil'd, at least his days
Number'd, tho' sad, till Death, his doom (which I
To mitigate thus plead, not to reverse) 41
To better life shall yield him, where with me
All my redeem'd may dwell in joy and blifs,
Made one with me as I with thee am one.

To whom the Father, without Cloud, serene. 45
All thy Request for Man, accepted Son,
Obtain, all thy Request was my Decree:
But longer in that Paradise to dwell
The Law I gave to Nature him forbids:
Those pure immortal Elements that know 50

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No

No grofs, no unharmonious mixture foul,
Eject him tainted now, and purge him off,
As a diftemper grofs, to air as grofs,
And Mortal food, as may difpofe him beft
For diffolution wrought by Sin, that firft 55
Diftemper'd all things, and of incorrupt
Corrupted. I at firft with two fair gifts
Created him endow'd, with Happinefs
And Immortality: that fondly loft,
This other ferv'd but to eternize woe; 60
Till I provided Death; fo Death becomes
His final Remedy, and after life
Try'd in fharp tribulation, and refin'd
By Faith and faithful works, to fecond Life,
Wak'd in the renovation of the juft, 65
Refigns him up with Heav'n and Earth renew'd.
But let us call to Synod all the Bleft
Thro' Heav'n's wide bounds; from them I will not hide
My judgments, how with mankind I proceed,
As how with peccant Angels late they faw; 70
And in their ftate, tho' firm, flood more confirm'd.
He ended, and the Son gave fignal high

To the bright Minister that watch'd; he blew
His Trumpet, heard in *Oreb* since perhaps
When God descended, and perhaps once more 75
To found at general Doom. Th' Angelic blast
Fill'd all the regions: from their blisful bow'rs
Of *Amarantin* shade, fountain or spring,
By the waters of life, where-e'er they fate
In fellowships of joy the Sons of Light 80
Hasted, resorting to the summons high,
And took their seats; till from his Throne supreme
Th' Almighty thus pronounc'd his Sov'ran Will.

O Sons, like one of us Man is become
To know both Good and Evil, since his taste 85
Of that defended fruit; but let him boast
His knowledge of Good lost, and Evil got;
Happier, had it suffic'd him to have known
Good by it self, and Evil not at all.
He sorrows now, repents, and prays contrite, 90
My motions in him, longer than they move,
His heart I know, how variable and vain
Self-left. Lest therefore his now bolder hand
Reach also of the Tree of Life, and eat,

And live for-ever, Dream at least to live 95

For-ever, to remove him I decree,

And send him from the Garden forth to Till

The Ground whence he was taken, fitter soil.

Michael, this my behest have thou in charge,

Take to thee from among the Cherubim 100

Thy choice of flaming warriors, lest the Fiend

Or in behalf of Man, or to invade

Vacant possession some new trouble raise:

Haste thee, and from the Paradise of God

Without remorse drive out the sinful Pair, 105

From hallow'd ground th' unholy, and denounce

To them and to their Progeny from thence

Perpetual banishment. Yet lest they faint

At the sad Sentence rigorously urg'd,

For I behold them soften'd and with tears 110

Bewailing their excess, all Terror hide.

If patiently thy bidding they obey,

Dismiss them not disconsolate; reveal

To *Adam* what shall come in future days,

As I shall thee enlighten, intermix 115

My Cov'nant in the Woman's seed renew'd;

So

So fend them forth, tho' forrowing, yet in peace:
And on the East-side of the Garden place,
Where entrance up from *Eden* easiest climbs,
Cherubic watch, and of a Sword the flame 120
Wide-waving, all approach far off to fright,
And guard all passage to the Tree of Life:
Left Paradise a receptacle prove
To Spirits foul, and all my Trees their prey,
With whose stol'n Fruit Man once more to delude.

He ceas'd; and th' Archangelic Pow'r prepar'd 126
For swift descent, with him the Cohort bright
Of watchful Cherubim; four faces each
Had, like a double *Fanus*, all their shape
Spangled with eyes more numerous than those 130
Of *Argus*, and more wakeful than to drouze,
Charm'd with *Arcadian* pipe, the past'ral reed
Of *Hermes*, or his opiate rod. Mean while
To resalute the World with sacred Light
Leucothea wak'd, and with fresh dew's imbalm'd 135
The Earth, when *Adam* and first Matron *Eve*
Had ended now their Orisons, and found
Strength added from above, new hope to spring

Out

Out of despair, joy, but with fear yet linkt;
Which thus to *Eve* his welcome words renew'd. 140

Eve, easily may Faith admit, that all
The good which we enjoy, from Heav'n descends;
But that from us aught should ascend to Heav'n
So prevalent as to concern the mind
Of God high-blest, or to incline his will, 145

Hard to belief may seem; yet this will Prayer,
Or one short sigh of human breath, up-born
Ev'n to the seat of God. For since I sought
By Pray'r th' offended Deity to appease,
Kneel'd and before him humbled all my heart, 150

Methought I saw him placable and mild,
Bending his ear; persuasion in me grew
That I was heard with favour; peace return'd
Home to my breast, and to my memory
His promise, that thy Seed shall bruise our Foe; 155

Which then not minded in dismay, yet now
Assures me that the bitterness of death
Is past, and we shall Live. Whence Hail to thee,
Eve rightly call'd, Mother of all Mankind,
Mother of all things living, since by thee 160

Man

Man is to live, and all things live for Man.

To whom thus *Eve* with sad demeanour meek.
Ill worthy I such title should belong
To me transgressor, who for thee ordain'd
A Help, became thy Snare; to me reproach 165
Rather belongs, distrust and all dispraise;
But infinite in pardon was my Judge,
That I who first brought Death on all, am grac'd
The Source of life; next favourable thou,
Who highly thus to entitle me voutsaf'st, 170
Far other name deserving. But the Field
To labour calls us now with sweat impos'd,
Though after sleepless Night: for see the Morn,
All unconcern'd with our unrest, begins
Her rosie progress smiling; let us forth, 175
I never from thy side henceforth to stray,
Where-e'er our days-work lyes, though now enjoin'd
Laborious, till day droop; while here we dwell,
What can be toilsom in these pleasant Walks?
Here let us live, though in fall'n state, content. 180

So spoke, so wish'd much-humbled *Eve*, but Fate
Subscrib'd not; Nature first gave Signs, imprest

On

On Bird, Beast, Air; Air suddenly eclips'd
After short blush of Morn; nigh in her sight
The Bird of *Jove*, stoopt from his aery tour, 185
Two Birds of gayest plume before him drove:
Down from a Hill the Beast that reigns in Woods,
First Hunter then, pursu'd a gentle brace,
Goodliest of all the forest, Hart and Hinde;
Direct to th' Eastern Gate was bent their flight. 190
Adam observ'd, and with his eye the chase
Pursuing, not unmov'd to *Eve* thus spake.

O *Eve*, some further change awaits us nigh,
Which Heav'n by these mute signs in Nature shews
Forerunners of his purpose, or to warn 195
Us haply too secure of our discharge
From penalty, because from death releas'd
Some days; how long, and what till then our life,
Who knows, or more than this, that we are Dust,
And thither must return and be no more. 200
Why else this double object in our sight
Of flight pursu'd in th' Air and o'er the ground
One way the self-same hour? why in the East
Darkness e'er Day's mid-course, and Morning light

More

More orient in yon western Cloud that draws 205

O'er the blue Firmament a radiant white,

And slow descends, with something heav'nly fraught.

He err'd not, for by this the heav'nly Bands

Down from a Sky of Jasper lighted now

In Paradise, and on a Hill made alt, 210

A glorious Apparition, had not doubt

And carnal fear that day dimm'd *Adam's* eye.

Not that more glorious, when the Angels met

Jacob in *Mahanaim*, where he saw

The field pavilion'd with his Guardians bright; 215

Nor that which on the flaming mount appear'd

In *Dothan*, cover'd with a Camp of Fire,

Against the *Syrian* King, who to surprize

One man, Affassine-like, had levied War,

War unproclaim'd. The Princely Hierarch 220

In their bright stand, there left his Pow'rs to seise

Possession of the Garden; he alone,

To find where *Adam* shelter'd, took his way,

Not unperceiv'd of *Adam*, who to *Eve*,

While the great Visitant approach'd, thus spake. 225

Eve, now expect great tidings, which perhaps

O o o

Of

Of us will soon determine, or impose
New Laws to be observ'd; for I descry
From yonder blazing Cloud that veils the Hill
One of the heav'nly Host, and by his gait 230
None of the meanest, some great Potentate
Or of the Thrones above, such Majesty
Invests him coming; yet not Terrible,
That I should fear, nor sociably Mild,
As *Raphael*, that I should as much confide, 235
But Solemn and sublime, whom not t' offend,
With reverence I must meet, and thou retire.

He ended; and th' Archangel soon drew nigh,
Not in his shape Celestial, but as Man
Clad to meet Man; over his lucid Arms 240
A military vest of purple flow'd
Livelier than *Melibæan*, or the grain
Of *Serra*, worn by Kings and Heroes old
In time of truce; *Iris* had dipt the wooff;
His starry Helm unbuckled shew'd him prime 245
In Manhood where Youth ended; by his side
As in a glistering *Zodiac* hung the Sword,
Satan's dire dread, and in his hand the Spear.

Adam

Adam bow'd low, he Kingly from his State
Inclin'd not, but his coming thus declar'd. 250

Adam, Heav'n's high behest no Preface needs:
Sufficient that thy Prayers are heard, and Death,
Then due by sentence when thou didst transgress,
Defeated of his seizure many days
Giv'n thee of Grace, wherein thou mayst repent, 255
And one bad Act with many Deeds well done
May'st cover: well may then thy Lord appeas'd
Redeem thee quite from Death's rapacious claim;
But longer in this Paradise to dwell
Permits not; to Remove thee I am come, 260
And send thee from the Garden forth, to till
The Ground whence thou wast taken, fitter Soil.

He added not; for *Adam* at the news
Heart-struck with chilling gripe of sorrow stood,
That all his senses bound; *Eve*, who unseen 265
Yet all had heard, with audible lament
Discover'd soon the place of her retire.

O unexpected stroke, worse than of Death!
Must I thus leave thee, Paradise? thus leave 269
Thee, Native Soil, these happy Walks and Shades,

Fit haunt of Gods? where I had hope to spend,
Quiet, though sad, the respite of that day
That must be Mortal to us both. O Flow'rs,
That never will in other Climate grow,
My early visitation, and my last 275
At Ev'n, which I bred up with tender hand
From the first op'ning bud, and gave ye Names;
Who now shall rear ye to the Sun, or rank
Your Tribes, and water from th' ambrosial Fount?
Thee lastly, nuptial Bowre, by me adorn'd 280
With what to sight or smell was sweet; from thee
How shall I part, and whither wander down
Into a lower World, to this obscure
And wild, how shall we breathe in other Air
Less pure, accusom'd to immortal Fruits? 285

Whom thus the Angel interrupted mild,
Lament not, *Eve*, but patiently resign
What justly thou hast lost; nor set thy heart,
Thus over-fond, on that which is not thine;
Thy going is not Lonely, with thee goes 290
Thy Husband, him to follow thou art bound:
Where He abides, think there thy native soil.

Adam

Adam by this from the cold sudden damp
Recovering, and his scatter'd spirits return'd,
To *Michael* thus his humble words address'd. 295

Celestial, whether among the Thrones, or nam'd
Of them the Highest, for such of shape may seem
Prince above Princes, gently hast thou told
Thy Message, which might else in telling wound,
And in performing end us; what besides 300
Of sorrow and dejection and despair
Our frailty can sustain, thy tidings bring;
Departure from this happy place, our sweet
Recess, and only consolation left
Familiar to our eyes, all places else 305
Inhospitable appear and desolate,
Nor knowing us, nor known: and if by prayer
Incessant I could hope to change the will
Of him who all things can, I would not cease
To weary him with my assiduous cries: 310
But prayer against his absolute Decree
No more avails than breath against the wind,
Blown stifling back on him that breaths it forth:
Therefore to his great bidding I submit.

This

This most afflicts me, that departing hence, 315

As from his face I shall be hid, depriv'd

His blessed Count'nance; here I could frequent,

With worship, place by place where he voutsaf't

Presence Divine, and to my sons relate;

“On this Mount he appear'd, under this Tree 320

“Stood visible, among these Pines his voice

“I heard, here with him at this Fountain talk'd:”

So many grateful Altars I would rear

Of grassie Turfe, and pile up ev'ry Stone

Of lustre from the brook, in memory, 325

Or monument to ages, and thereon

Offer sweet smelling gums and fruits and flow'rs;

In yonder nether World where shall I seek

His bright appearances, or foot-steps trace?

For though I fled him angry, yet recall'd 330

To life prolong'd and promis'd Race, I now

Gladly behold though but his utmost skirts

Of glory, and far off his steps adore.

To whom thus *Michael* with regard benign.

Adam, thou know'st Heav'n his, and all the Earth,

Not this Rock only; his Omnipresence fills 336

Land,

Land, Sea, and Air, and every kind that lives,
Fomented by his virtual power, and warm'd;
All th' Earth he gave thee to possess and rule,
No despicable gift, surmise not then 340
His presence to these narrow bounds confin'd
Of Paradise or *Eden*: this had been
Perhaps thy Capital Seat, from whence had spread
All Generations, and had thither come
From all the ends of th' Earth, to celebrate 345
And reverence thee their great Progenitor.
But this pre-eminence thou hast lost, brought down
To dwell on even ground now with thy Sons:
Yet doubt not but in Valley and in Plain
God is as here, and will be found alike 350
Present, and of his presence many a sign
Still following thee, still compassing thee round
With goodness and paternal love, his Face
Express, and of his steps the track Divine.
Which that thou may'st believe, and be confirm'd 355
E'er thou from hence depart, know I am sent
To shew thee what shall come in future days
To thee and to thy Off-spring; good with bad
Expect

Expect to hear, supernal Grace contending
With Sinfulness of men; thereby to learn 360
True patience, and to temper joy with fear
And pious sorrow, equally enur'd
By moderation either state to bear,
Prosperous or adverse: so shalt thou lead
Safest thy life, and best prepar'd endure 365
Thy mortal passage when it comes. Ascend
This Hill; let *Eve* (for I have drencht her eyes)
Here sleep below while thou to foresight wak'st,
As once thou slep'st, whilst she to life was form'd.

To whom thus *Adam* gratefully reply'd. 370
Ascend, I follow thee, safe Guide, the path
Thou lead'st me, and to the hand of Heav'n submit,
However chast'ning, to the evil turn
My obvious breast, arming to overcome
By suffering, and earn rest from labour won, 375
If so I may attain. So both ascend
In the Visions of God: It was a Hill
Of Paradise the highest, from whose top
The Hemisphere of Earth in clearest Ken
Stretcht out to th' amplest reach of prospect lay. 380

Not

Not higher that Hill nor wider looking round,
Whereon for different cause the Tempter set
Our second *Adam* in the Wilderness,
To shew him all Earth's Kingdoms and their glory.
His Eye might there command wherever stood 385
City of old or modern fame, the Seat
Of mightiest Empire, from the destin'd Walls
Of *Cambalu*, seat of *Cathaian Can*
And *Samarchand* by *Oxus*, *Temir's* Throne,
To *Paquin* of *Sinæan* Kings, and thence 390
To *Agra* and *Labor* of great *Mogul*
Down to the golden *Chersonese*, or where
The *Persian* in *Ecbatan* fate, or since
In *Hispaban*, or where the *Russian Ksar*
In *Mosco*, or the Sultan in *Bizance*, 395
Turchestan born; nor could his eye not ken
Th' Empire of *Negus* to his utmost Port.
Ercoco and the less Maritim Kings
Mombaza, and *Quiloa*, and *Melind*,
And *Sofala* thought *Ophir*, to the Realm 400
Of *Congo*, and *Angola* farthest South;
Or thence from *Niger* Flood to *Atlas* Mount

The Kingdoms of *Almanzor*, *Fez*, and *Sus*,
Morocco and *Algiers*, and *Tremisen*;
On *Europe* thence, and where *Rome* was to sway 405
The World: in Spirit perhaps he also saw
Rich *Mexico* the seat of *Montezume*,
And *Cusco* in *Peru*, the richer seat
Of *Atabalipa*, and yet unspoil'd
Guiana, whose great City *Geryon's Sons* 410
Call *El Dorado*: but to nobler sights
Michael from *Adam's* eyes the Filme remov'd
Which that false Fruit that promis'd clearer sight
Had bred; then purg'd with *Euphrasie* and *Rue*
The visual Nerve, for he had much to see; 415
And from the Well of Life three drops instill'd.
So deep the power of these Ingredients pierc'd,
Even to the Inmost seat of mental sight,
That *Adam* now enforc'd to close his eyes,
Sunk down and all his Spirits became intranc'd: 420
But him the gentle Angel by the hand
Soon rais'd, and his attention thus recall'd.

Adam, now ope thine eyes, and first behold
Th' effects which thy original crime hath wrought

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In some to spring from thee, who never touch'd 425
Th' excepted Tree, nor with the Snake conspir'd,
Nor sinn'd thy sin, yet from that Sin derive
Corruption to bring forth more violent deeds.

His eyes he open'd, and beheld a field,
Part arable and tilth, whereon were Sheaves 430
New reapt, the other part sheep-walks and foulds:
I'th' midst an Altar as the Land-mark stood
Rustic, of grassie ford; thither anon
A sweaty Reaper from his Tillage brought
First Fruits, the green Ear, and the yellow Sheaf,
Uncull'd, as came to hand; a Shepherd next 436
More meek came with the Firstlings of his flock
Choicest and best; then sacrificing, laid
The Inwards and their Fat, with Incense strew'd,
On the cleft Wood, and all due Rites perform'd. 440
His Off'ring soon propitious Fire from Heav'n
Consum'd with nimble glance, and grateful steam;
The Other's not, for his was not sincere:
Whereat he inly rag'd, and as they talk'd,
Smote him into the Midriff with a Stone 445
That beat out life; he fell, and deadly pale

Groan'd out his Soul with gushing blood effus'd.

Much at the sight was *Adam* in his heart

Dismay'd, and thus in haste to th' Angel cry'd.

O Teacher, some great mischief hath befall'n 450

To that meek man, who well had sacrific'd;

Is Piety thus and pure Devotion paid?

T'whom *Michael* thus, he also mov'd, reply'd.

These two are Brethren, *Adam*, and to come

Out of thy loyns, th' unjust the just hath Slain, 455

For envy that his Brother's Offering found

From Heav'n acceptance; but the bloody Fact

Will be aveng'd, and th' other's faith approv'd

Lose no reward, though here thou see him Die,

Rolling in dust and gore. To which our Sire. 460

Alas, both for the deed and for the cause!

But have I now seen Death? Is this the way

I must return to native dust? O fight

Of terror, foul and ugly to behold,

Horrid to think, how horrible to feel! 465

To whom thus *Michaël*. Death thou hast seen

In his First shape on man; but Many shapes

Of Death, and many are the ways that lead

To

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To his grim Cave, all dismal; yet to Sense
More terrible at th' entrance than within. 470

Some, as thou saw'st, by violent stroke shall die,
By Fire, Flood, Famine: by Intemperance more
In Meats and Drinks, which on the Earth shall bring
Diseases dire, of which a monstrous crew
Before thee shall appear; that thou mayst know 475

What misery th' Inabstinence of *Eve*
Shall bring on men. Immediately a place
Before his eyes appear'd, sad, noysom, dark,
A Lazar-house it seem'd, wherein were laid
Numbers of all diseas'd, all maladies 480

Of gastly Spasm, or racking torture, qualmes
Of heart-sick Agony, all fevrous kinds,
Convulsions, Epilepsies, fierce Catarrhs,
Intestin Stone and Ulcer, Colic pangs,
Dæmoniac Phrenzy, moaping Melancholy 485

And Moon-struck Madness, pining Atrophy,
Marasmus, and wide-wasting Pestilence,
Dropfies, and Asthma's, and Joint-racking Rheums.
Dire was the tossing, deep the groans, Despair
Tended the sick busiest from Couch to Couch; 490

And

And over them triumphant Death his Dart
Shook but delay'd to strike, though oft invoc'd
With vows, as their chief good, and final hope.
Sight so deform what heart of rock could long
Dry-ey'd behold? *Adam* could not, but wept, 495
Though not of Woman born; compassion quell'd
His best of Man, and gave him up to tears
A space, till firmer thoughts restrain'd excess,
And scarce recovering words his plaint renew'd.

O miserable Mankind, to what fall 500
Degraded, to what wretched state reserv'd!
Better end here unborn. Why is life giv'n
To be thus wrested from us? rather why
Obtruded on us thus? who if we knew
What we receive, would either not accept 505
Life offer'd, or soon beg to lay it down,
Glad to be so dismiss'd in peace. Can thus
Th' Image of God in man created once
So goodly and erect, though faulty since,
To such unsightly sufferings be debas'd 510
Under inhuman pains? Why should not Man,
Retaining still Divine similitude

In part, from such deformities be free,
And for his Maker's Image sake exempt?

Their Maker's Image, answer'd *Michael*, then 515
Forsook them, when themselves they vilifi'd
To serve ungovern'd appetite, and took
His Image whom they serv'd, a brutish vice,
Inductive mainly to the sin of *Eve*.

Therefore so abject is their punishment, 520
Disfiguring not God's likeness, but their own,
Or if his likeness, by themselves defac'd
While they pervert pure Nature's healthful rules
To loathsome sickness; worthily, since they
God's Image did not reverence in themselves. 525

I yield it just, said *Adam*, and submit.
But is there yet no other way, besides
These painful passages, how we may come
To Death, and mix with our connatural dust?

There is, said *Michael*, if thou well observe 530
The rule of not too much, by temperance taught
In what thou eat'st and drink'st, seeking from thence
Due nourishment, no gluttonous delight,
Till many years over thy head return:

So

So mayst thou live, till like ripe fruit thou drop 535

Into thy Mother's lap, or be with ease

Gather'd, not harshly pluck'd, for Death mature:

This is Old Age; but then thou must outlive

Thy youth, thy strength, thy beauty, which will change

To wither'd, weak and gray; thy Senses then 540

Obtuse, all taste of pleasure must forgo,

To what thou hast, and for the Air of youth

Hopeful and chearful, in thy blood will reign

A melancholy damp of cold and dry

To weigh thy Spirits down, and last consume 545

The Balm of Life. To whom our Ancestor.

Henceforth I fly not Death, nor would prolong

Life much, bent rather how I may be quit

Fairest and easiest of this combrous charge,

Which I must keep till my appointed day 550

Of rendring up, and patiently attend

My dissolution. *Michaël* reply'd.

Nor love thy Life, nor hate; but what thou liv'st

Live well, how long or short permit to Heav'n:

And now prepare thee for another fight. 555

He look'd and saw a spacious Plain, whereon

Were

Were Tents of various hue; by some were herds
Of Cattle grazing; others, whence the sound
Of Instruments that made melodious chime
Was heard, of Harp and Organ; and who mov'd 560
Their stops and chords was seen: his volant touch
Instinct through all Proportions low and high
Fled and pursu'd transverse the resonant fugue.
In other part stood one who at the Forge
Labouring, two massie clods of Iron and Brasse 565
Had melted (whether found where casual fire
Had wasted Woods on Mountain or in Vale,
Down to the veins of Earth, thence gliding hot
To some Cave's mouth, or whether wash'd by stream
From underground) the liquid Ore he drein'd 570
Into fit moulds prepar'd; from which he form'd
First his own Tools; then, what might else be wrought
Fusil or grav'n in metal. After these,
But on the hither side a different sort
From their high neighb'ring Hills which was their Seat,
Down to the Plain descended: by their guise 576
Just men they seem'd, and all their study bent
To worship God aright, and know his works

Not hid, nor those things last which might preserve
Freedom and Peace to men: they on the Plain 580
Long had not walk'd, when from the Tents behold
A Beavy of fair Women, richly gay
In Gems and wanton drefs; to the harp they sung
Soft amorous ditties, and in dance came on:
The Men tho' grave ey'd them, and let their eyes 585
Rove without rein, till in the amorous Net
First caught, they lik'd, and each his liking chose;
And now of Love they treat till th' Evening Star
Love's Harbinger appear'd; then all in heat
They light the Nuptial Torch, and bid invoke 590
Hymen, then first to marriage-rites invok'd:
With Feast and Musick all the Tents resound.
Such happy interview and fair event
Of love and youth not lost, Songs, Garlands, Flow'rs,
And charming Symphonies attach'd the heart 595
Of *Adam*, soon inclin'd t' admit delight,
The bent of Nature; which he thus exprest.

True opener of mine eyes, prime Angel blest,
Much Better seems this Vision, and more hope
Of peaceful days portends, than those two past; 600

Those

Those were of hate and death, or pain much worse,
Here Nature seems fulfill'd in all her ends.

To whom thus *Michael*. Judge not what is best
By Pleasure, though to Nature seeming meet,
Created, as thou art, to nobler end 605
Holy and Pure, conformity divine.

Those Tents thou saw'st so pleasant, were the Tents
Of Wickedness, wherein shall dwell his Race
Who slew his Brother; studious they appear
Of Arts that polish Life, Inventors rare, 610

Unmindful of their Maker, though his Spirit
Taught them, but they his gifts acknowledg'd none.
Yet they a Beauteous off-spring shall beget;
For that fair Female Troop thou saw'st, that seem'd
Of Goddeses, so blithe, so smooth, so gay, 615

Yet empty of all Good wherein consists
Woman's domestick honour and chief praise;
Bred only and completed to the taste
Of lustful appetite, to sing, to dance,
To dress, and trouble the tongue, and roll the Eye.

To these that sober race of Men, whose lives 620

Q q q 2 Religi-

Religious titled them the Sons of God, and blaw
Shall yield up all their virtue, all their fame
Ignobly, to the trains and to the smiles
Of these fair Atheists, and now swim in joy, 625
(E'erlong to swim at large) and laugh; for which
The world e'erlong a world of tears must weep.

To whom thus *Adam* of short joy bereft.
O pity and shame, that they who to live well
Enter'd so fair, should turn aside to tread 630
Paths indirect, or in the mid way faint!
But still I see the tenour of Man's woe
Hold on the same, from Woman to begin.
From Man's effeminate slackness it begins,
Said th' Angel, who should better hold his place 635
By wisdom, and Superior gifts receiv'd.
But now prepare thee for another Scene.

He look'd and saw wide Territory spread
Before him, Towns, and Rural works between,
Cities of Men with lofty Gates and Tow'rs, 640
Concourse in Arms, fierce Faces threatening War,
Giants of mighty Bone, and bold emprise;

Part weild their Arms, part curb the foaming Steed
 Single or in Array of Battle rang'd
 Both Horse and Foot, nor idlyly mustring stood;
 One way a Band select from forage drives 645
 A Herd of Beeves, fair Oxen and fair Kine
 From a fat Meadow ground; or fleecy Flock,
 Ewes and their bleating Lambs over the Plain
 Their Booty; scarce with life the Shepherds fly,
 But call in aid, which makes a bloody Fray; 650
 With cruel Tournament the Squadrons join;
 Where Cattle pastur'd late, now scatter'd lyes
 With Carcasses and Arms th' ensanguin'd Field
 Deserted: Others to a City strong 655
 Lay Siege, encamp'd; by Battery, Scale, and Mine,
 Assaulting; others from the wall defend
 With Dart and Jav'lin, Stones and sulph'rous Fire;
 On each hand slaughter and gigantic deeds.
 In other part the scepter'd Heralds call 660
 To Council in the City Gates: anon
 Grey-headed men and grave, with Warriours mix'd,
 Assemble, and Harangues are heard, but soon

In

In factious opposition, till at last
Of middle Age one rising, eminent 665
In wise deport, spake much of Right and Wrong,
Of Justice, of Religion, Truth and Peace,
And Judgment from above: him old and young
Exploded and had seiz'd with violent hands,
Had not a Cloud descending snatch'd him thence 670
Unseen amid the Throng; so Violence
Proceeded, and Oppression, and Sword-Law
Through all the Plain, and refuge none was found.
Adam was all in tears, and to his Guide
Lamenting turn'd full sad; O what are these, 675
Death's Ministers, not Men, who thus deal Death
Inhumanly to Men, and multiply
Ten thousandfold the sin of him who flew
His Brother: for of whom such massacre
Make they but of their Brethren, Men of Men? 680
But who was that Just Man, whom had not Heav'n
Rescu'd, had in his Righteousness been lost?

To whom thus *Michael*. These are the product
Of those ill-mated marriages thou saw'st:

Where

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487

Where good with bad were match'd, who of themselves
Abhor to join: and by imprudence mix'd, 686

Produce prodigious Births of Body or Mind.

Such were these Giants, men of high renown;

For in those days Might only shall be admir'd.

And Valour and Heroic Virtue call'd;

690

To overcome in Battel, and subdue

Nations, and bring home spoils with infinite

Man-slaughter, shall be held the highest pitch

Of human Glory, and for Glory done

Of triumph, to be styl'd great Conquerors,

695

Patrons of Mankind, Gods, and Sons of Gods,

Destroyers rightlier call'd and Plagues of men.

Thus Fame shall be atchiev'd, renown on Earth,

And what most merits fame in Silence hid.

But he the Seventh from thee, whom thou beheldst

The only righteous in a World perverse,

701

And therefore hated, therefore so beset

With Foes for daring single to be just,

And utter odious Truth, that God would come

To judge them with his Saints: Him the most High

Rapt

Rapt in a balmy Cloud with winged Steeds 706
Did, as thou saw'st, receive, to walk with God
High in Salvation and the Climes of bliss,
Exempt from Death; to shew thee what reward
Awaits the good, the rest what punishment; 710
Which now direct thine eyes and soon behold.

He look'd and saw the face of things quite chang'd,
The brazen Throat of War had ceas'd to roar,
All now was turn'd to jollity and game,
To luxury and riot, feast and dance, 715
Marrying or prostituting, as befel
Rape or Adultery, where passing fair
Allur'd them; thence from Cups to civil Broils.
At length a Reverend Sire among them came,
And of their doings great dislike declar'd, 720
And testify'd against their ways; he oft
Frequented their Assemblies, where so met,
Triumphs or Festivals, and to them preach'd
Conversion and Repentance, as to Souls
In Prison under Judgments imminent: 725
But all in vain: which when he saw, he ceas'd

Contending,

Contending, and remov'd his tents far off;
Then from the mountain hewing timber tall,
Began to build a Vessel of huge bulk, 729
Measur'd by cubit, length, and breadth, and height,
Smear'd round with pitch, and in the side a Door
Contriv'd, and of provisions laid in large
For Man and Beast: when lo a wonder strange!
Of every Beast, and Bird, and Insect small 734
Came Sevens, and Pairs, and enter'd in, as taught
Their order: last the Sire, and his three Sons
With their four Wives: and God made fast the door.
Mean while the Southwind rose, and with black wings
Wide-hovering, all the Clouds together drove
From under Heav'n; the Hills to their supply 740
Vapour, and Exhalation dusk and moist,
Sent up amain; and now the thicken'd Sky
Like a dark Cieling stood; down rush'd the Rain
Impetuous, and continu'd till the Earth
No more was seen; the floating Vessel swum 745
Uplifted, and secure with beaked prow
Rode tilting o'er the waves; all dwellings else

R r r

Flood

Flood overwhelm'd, and them with all their pomp
Deep under water roll'd; Sea cover'd Sea;
Sea without shore; and in their palaces 750
Where luxury late reign'd, Sea-monsters whelp'd
And stabled; of Mankind, so numerous late,
All left, in one small bottom swum imbark'd.
How didst thou grieve then, *Adam*, to behold
The End of all thy off-spring, End so sad, 755
Depopulation! thee another flood,
Of tears and sorrow a flood thee also drown'd,
And sunk thee as thy Sons; till gently rear'd
By th' Angel, on thy feet thou stoodst at last,
Tho' comfortless, as when a Father mourns 760
His Children, all in view destroy'd at once;
And scarce to th' Angel utter'dst thus thy plaint.

O Visions ill foreseen! better had I
Liv'd ignorant of future, so had borne
My part of evil only, each day's lot 765
Enough to bear; these now, that were dispens'd
The burden of many Ages, on me light
At once by my foreknowledge gaining birth

Abortive,

Abortive, to torment me ere their being,
With thought that they must be. Let no man seek
Henceforth to be foretold what shall befall 771
Him or his Children, Evil he may be sure,
Which neither his foreknowing can prevent,
And he the future evil shall no less
In apprehension than in substance feel 775
Grievous to bear: but that care now is past,
Man is not whom to warn: those few escap'd
Famine and anguish will at last consume
Wandering that watry Desert: I had hope
When Violence was ceas'd, and War on Earth, 780
All would have then gone well, peace would have
With length of happy days the race of man; [crown'd
But I was far deceiv'd; for now I see
Peace to corrupt no less than War to waste.
How comes it thus? unfould, Celestial Guide, 785
And whether here the Race of Man will end.

To whom thus *Michael*. Those whom last thou sawst
In triumph and luxurious wealth, are they
First seen in acts of prowess eminent

And great exploits, but of true virtue void; 790
Who having spilt much blood, and done much waste
Subduing Nations, and atchiev'd thereby
Fame in the World, high titles, and rich prey,
Shall change their course to pleasure, ease, and sloth,
Surfeit, and lust, till wantonness and pride 795
Raise out of friendship hostile deeds in peace.

The Conquer'd also, and enslav'd by war
Shall with their Freedom lost all Virtue lose
And fear of God, from whom their piety feign'd
In sharp contest of Battel found no aid 800

Against invaders; therefore cool'd in zeal
Thenceforth shall practise how to live secure,
Worldly or dissolute, on what their Lords
Shall leave them to enjoy; for th' Earth shall bear
More than enough, that temperance may be try'd:
So all shall turn degenerate, all deprav'd. 806

Justice and Temperance, Truth and Faith forgot;
One Man except, the only Son of light
In a dark Age, against example good,
Against allurement, custom, and a World 810

Offended;

Offended; fearless of reproach and scorn,
 Or violence, he of their wicked ways
 Shall them admonish, and before them set
 The paths of righteousness, how much more safe,
 And full of peace, denouncing wrath to come 815
 On their impenitence; and shall return
 Of them derided, but of God observ'd
 The one just Man alive; by his command
 Shall build a wondrous Ark, as thou beheldst,
 To save himself and household from amidst 820
 A World devote to universal wrack.
 No sooner he with them of Man and Beast
 Select for life shall in the Ark be lodg'd,
 And shelter'd round, but all the Cataracts
 Of Heav'n set open on the Earth shall pour 825
 Rain day and night, all fountains of the Deep
 Broke up, shall heave the Ocean to usurp
 Beyond all bounds, till inundation rise
 Above the highest Hills: then shall this Mount
 Of Paradise by might of Waves be mov'd 830
 Out of his place, push'd by the horned flood,

With

With all his verdure spoil'd, and Trees adrift
Down the great River to the opening Gulf,
And there take root an Island salt and bare, 834
The haunt of Seales and Orcs, and Sea-mews clang,
To teach thee that God attributes to Place
No sanctity, if none be thither brought
By Men who there frequent, or therein dwell.
And now what further shall ensue, behold.'

He look'd, and saw the Ark-hull on the flood 840
Which now abated, for the Clouds were fled,
Driv'n by a keen North-wind, that blowing dry
Wrinkled the face of Deluge, as decay'd;
And the clear Sun on his wide watry Glafs
Gaz'd hot, and of the fresh Wave largely drew, 845
As after thirst, which made their flowing shrink
From standing lake to tripping ebb, that stole
With soft foot towards the deep, who now had stopt
His sluices, as the Heav'n his windows shut.
The Ark no more now flotes, but seems on ground
Fast on the top of some high mountain fixt. 851
And now the tops of Hills as Rocks appear;

With

With clamour thence the rapid Currents drive
Towards the retreating Sea their furious tyde.
Forthwith from out the Ark a Raven flies, 855
And after him the surer messenger,
A Dove sent forth once and again to spy
Green tree or ground whereon his foot may light:
The second time returning, in his Bill
An Olive leaf he brings, pacific sign: 860
Anon dry ground appears, and from his Ark
The ancient Sire descends with all his Train;
Then with uplifted hands, and eyes devout
Grateful to Heav'n, over his head beholds
A dewy Cloud, and in the Cloud a Bow 865
Conspicuous with three list'd colours gay,
Betok'ning Peace from God, and Cov'nant new.
Whereat the heart of *Adam* erst so sad
Greatly rejoyc'd, and thus his joy broke forth.

O thou who future things canst represent 870
As present, Heav'nly instructor, I revive
At this last sight, assur'd that Man shall live
With all the Creatures, and their seed preserve.

Far

Far less I now lament for one whole World
Of Wicked Sons destroy'd, than I rejoyce 875
For One Man found so perfect and so just,
That God voutsafes to raise another World
From him, and all his anger to forget.
But say, what mean those colour'd streaks in Heav'n,
Distended as the Brow of God appeas'd, 880
Or serve they as a flowry verge to bind
The fluid skirts of that same watry Cloud,
Lest it again dissolve and shew'r the Earth?

To whom th' Archangel. Dextrously thou aim'st;
So willingly doth God remit his Ire, 885
Though late repenting him of Man deprav'd,
Griev'd at his heart, when looking down he saw
The whole Earth fill'd with violence, and all flesh
Corrupting each their way; yet those remov'd,
Such grace shall One just Man find in his sight, 890
That he relents, not to blot out Mankind,
And makes a Covenant never to destroy
The Earth again by flood, nor let the Sea
Surpass his bounds, nor Rain to drown the World

With

With Man therein or Beast; but when he brings 895
Over the Earth a Cloud, will therein set
His triple-colour'd Bow, whereon to look
And call to mind his Cov'nant: Day and Night,
Seed-time and Harvest, Heat and hoary Frost, 899
Shall hold their course, till fire purge all things new
Both Heav'n and Earth, wherein the just shall dwell.

The End of the Eleventh Book.



L. Cherón Inv.

G. V. Gucht Sculp.

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THE

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With Man therein or Beast; but when he brings
Over the Earth a Cloud, will therein let
His triple-colour'd Bow, whereon to look
And call to mind his Covenant: Day and Night
Seed-time and Harvest, Heat and hoary Frost,
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The End of the Eleventh Book.

THE

TWELFTH BOOK

OF

PARADISE LOST.

The ARGUMENT.

The Angel Michael continues from the Flood to relate what shall succeed; then, in the mention of Abraham, comes by degrees to explain, who that Seed of the Woman shall be, which was promised Adam and Eve in the Fall; his Incarnation, Death, Resurrection, and Ascension; the state of the Church till his second Coming. Adam greatly satisfied and recomforted by these Relations and Promises descends the hill with Michael; wakens Eve, who all this while had slept, but with gentle dreams composed to quietness of mind and submission. Michael in either hand leads them out of Paradise, the fiery Sword waving behind them, and the Cherubim taking their stations to guard the place.



PARADISE LOST.

BOOK XII.



Some one who in his journey bates at
noon,

Tho' bent on speed, so hereth' Arch-
angel paus'd

Betwixt the World destroy'd and
World restor'd,

If *Adam* aught perhaps might interpose;

Then with transition sweet new speech resumes. 5

Thus thou hast seen one World begin and end;

And

And Man as from a second stock proceed.
Much thou hast yet to see, but I perceive
Thy mortal fight to fail; objects divine
Must needs impair and weary human sense: 10
Henceforth what is to come I will relate,
Thou therefore give due audience, and attend.
This second sourse of Men, while yet but few,
And while the dread of Judgment past remains
Fresh in their minds, fearing the Deity, 15
With some regard to what is just and right
Shall lead their lives, and multiply apace,
Labouring the soil, and reaping plenteous crop,
Corn, wine and oyl; and from the herd or flock,
Oft sacrificing bullock, lamb, or kid, 20
With large wine-offerings pour'd, and sacred feast,
Shall spend their days in joy unblam'd, and dwell
Long time in peace by Families and Tribes
Under Paternal rule; till One shall rise
Of proud ambitious heart, who not content 25
With fair equality, fraternal state,
Will arrogate Dominion undeserv'd
Over his brethren, and quite dispossess

Concord

Concord and law of Nature from the Earth,
 Hunting (and Men not Beasts shall be his game) 30
 With War and hostile snare such as refuse
 Subjection to his Empire tyrannous:
 A mighty Hunter thence he shall be styl'd
 Before the Lord, as in despite of Heav'n,
 Or from Heav'n claiming second sov'reignty; 35
 And from Rebellion shall derive his name,
 Though of Rebellion others he accuse.
 He with a crew, whom like Ambition joyns
 With him or under him to tyrannize,
 Marching from *Eden* towards the West, shall find 40
 The Plain, wherein a black bituminous gurge
 Boiles out from under ground, the mouth of Hell;
 Of Brick, and of that Stuff they cast to build
 A City and Tow'r, whose top may reach to Heav'n;
 And get themselves a name, lest far dispers'd 45
 In foreign Lands their memory be lost,
 Regardless whether good or evil fame.
 But God who oft descends to visit men
 Unseen, and through their habitations walks
 To mark their doings, them beholding soon, 50

Comes

Comes down to see their City, ere the Tow'r
 Obstruct Heav'n's Tow'rs, and in derision sets
 Upon their Tongues a various Spirit to raise
 Quite out their Native Language, and instead
 To sow a jangling noise of words unknown: 55
 Forthwith a hideous gabble rises loud
 Among the Builders; each to other calls
 Not understood, till hoarse, and all in rage,
 As mockt they storm; great laughter was in Heav'n
 And looking down, to see the hubbub strange 60
 And hear the din; thus was the building left
 Ridiculous, and the work Confusion nam'd.

Whereto thus *Adam* fatherly displeas'd.
 O execrable Son so to aspire
 Above his Brethren, to himself assuming 65
 Authority usurpt, from God not giv'n:
 He gave us only over Beast, Fish, Fowl
 Dominion absolute; that right we hold
 By his donation; but Man over Men
 He made not Lord; such title to himself 70
 Reserving, human left from human free.
 But this Ufurper his encroachment proud

Stays

Stays not on Man; to God his Tow'r intends
 Siege and defiance. Wretched man! what food
 Will he convey up thither to sustain 75
 Himself and his rash Army, where thin Air
 Above the Clouds will pine his entrails gross,
 And famish him of Breath, if not of Bread?

To whom thus *Michael*. Justly thou abhorr'st
 That Son, who on the quiet state of men 80
 Such trouble brought, affecting to subdue
 Rational Liberty; yet know withal,
 Since by original lapse, true Liberty
 Is lost, which always with right reason dwells
 Twin'd, and from her hath no dividual being: 85
 Reason in man obscur'd, or not obey'd,
 Immediately inordinate Desires
 And upstart Passions catch the government
 From Reason, and to Servitude reduce
 Man till then free. Therefore since he permits 90
 Within himself unworthy Powers to reign
 Over free Reason, God in Judgment just
 Subjects it from without to violent Lords;
 Who oft as undeservedly enthrall

His outward freedom? Tyranny must be, 95
Though to the Tyrant thereby no excuse.
Yet sometimes Nations will decline so low
From virtue, which is Reason, that no wrongs,
But Justice, and some fatal curse annex
Deprives them of their outward liberty, 100
Their inward lost: Witness th' irreverent Son
Of him who built the Ark, who for the shame
Done to his Father, heard his heavy curse,
Servant of Servants, on his vicious Race.
Thus will this latter, as the former World, 105
Still tend from bad to worse, till God at last
Wearied with their iniquities, withdraw
His presence from among them, and avert
His holy eyes; resolving from thenceforth
To leave them to their own polluted ways; 110
And one peculiar Nation to select
From all the rest, of whom to be invok'd,
A Nation from one faithful man to spring:
Him on this side *Euphrates* yet residing,
Bred up in Idol-worship. O that men 115
(Canst thou believe?) should be so stupid grown,

From

While

While yet the Patriarch liv'd, who scap'd the Flood,
 As to forsake the living God, and fall
 To worship their own work in Wood and Stone
 For Gods! yet him God the most High voutsafes
 To call by vision from his father's house, 121
 His kindred and false Gods, into a land
 Which he will shew him, and from him will raise
 A mighty Nation and upon him shower
 His benediction so, that in his Seed 125
 All nations shall be blest; He strait obeys,
 Not knowing to what land, yet firm believes:
 I see him, but thou canst not, with what faith
 He leaves his Gods, his friends, and native soil
Ur of Chaldaea, passing now the ford 130
 To *Haran*, after him a cumbrous train
 Of herds and flocks, and numerous servitude;
 Not wandring poor, but trusting all his wealth
 With God, who call'd him, in a land unknown.
Canaan he now attains, I see his tents 135
 Pitcht about *Sechem*, and the neighbouring plain
 Of *Moreh*; there by promise he receives
 Gift to his progeny of all that land;

From *Hamath* northward to the desert south
(Things by their names I call, tho' yet unnamed) 140
From *Hermion* East to the great western Sea,
Mount *Hermion*, yonder Sea (each place behold
In prospect, as I point them) on the shore
Mount *Carmel*; here the double-founted stream
Jordan, true limit Eastward; but his Sons 145
Shall dwell to *Senir*, that long ridge of hills.
This ponder, that all Nations of the Earth
Shall in his Seed be blessed; by that Seed
Is meant thy great Deliverer, who shall bruise
The Serpent's head; whereof to thee anon 150
Plainlier shall be reveal'd. This Patriarch blest,
Whom *faithful Abraham* due time shall call,
A Son, and of his Son a Grand-child leaves,
Like him in faith, in wisdom, and renown.
The Grand-child with Twelve Sons increast, departs
From *Canaan*, to a land hereafter call'd 156
Egypt, divided by the River *Nile*;
See where it flows, disgorging at seven mouths
Into the Sea: to sojourn in that land
He comes invited by a younger Son 160

In time of dearth, a Son whose worthy deeds
 Raise him to be the second in that Realm
 Of *Pharaoh*: there he dies, and leaves his Race
 Growing into a Nation, and now grown
 Suspected to a sequent King, who seeks
 To stop their overgrowth, as inmate guests
 Too numerous; whence of guests he makes them slaves
 Inhospitably, and kills their infant Males:
 Till by two brethren (those two brethren call
Moses and *Aaron*) sent from God to claim
 His people from Enthralment, they return
 With glory and spoil back to their promis'd Land:
 But first the lawless Tyrant, who denies
 To know their God, or message to regard,
 Must be compell'd by Signs and Judgments dire;
 To Blood unshed the Rivers must be turn'd,
 Frogs, Lice and Flies must all his Palace fill
 With loath'd intrusion, and fill all the land;
 His Cattle must of rot and murren die,
 Botches and blaines must all his flesh imboss,
 And all his people; Thunder mixt with Hail,
 Hail mixt with Fire must rend th' *Egyptian* Sky

And

And wheel on th' Earth, devouring where it rolls;
What it devours not, herb, or fruit, or grain,
A darksome cloud of Locusts swarming down
Must eat, and on the ground leave nothing green:
Darkness must overshadow all his bounds,
Palpable darkness, and blot out three days:
Last with one midnight stroke all the first-born
Of *Egypt* must lye dead. Thus with ten wounds
The River-dragon tam'd at length submits
To let his sojourners depart, and oft
Humbles his stubborn heart, but still as Ice
More harden'd after thaw; till in his rage
Pursuing whom he late dismiss'd, the Sea
Swallows him with his host, but them lets pass
As on dry land between two chrystal walls,
Aw'd by the rod of *Moses* so to stand
Divided, till his rescu'd gain their shore:
Such wondrous pow'r God to his Saint will lend,
Though present in his Angel, who shall go
Before them in a Cloud, and Pillar of Fire,
By day a Cloud, by night a Pillar of Fire,
To guide them in their journey, and remove

Behind

Behind them, while th'obdurate King pursues: 205
 All night he will pursue, but his approach
 Darkness defends between till morning watch;
 Then through the fiery Pillar and the Cloud
 God looking forth will trouble all his Host
 And craze their Chariot wheels: when by command
 Moses once more his potent Rod extends 210
 Over the Sea; the Sea his Rod obeys;
 On their embattled ranks the Waves return,
 And overwhelm their War: the Race elect,
 Safe towards *Canaan* from the shore advance 215
 Through the wild Desert, not the readiest way,
 Left entring on the *Canaanite* alarm'd
 War terrifie them inexpert, and fear
 Return them back to *Egypt*, chusing rather
 Inglorious life with servitude; for life 220
 To noble and ignoble is more sweet
 Untrain'd in Arms, where rashness leads not on.
 This also shall they gain by their delay
 In the wide Wilderness, there they shall find
 Their government, and their great Senate chuse 225
 Thro' the twelve Tribes, to rule by Laws ordain'd:

God

God from the mount of *Sinai*, whose gray top
Shall tremble, he descending, will himself
In Thunder, Lightning, and loud Trumpets sound
Ordain them Laws: part such as appertain 230
To civil Justice, part religious Rites
Of sacrifice, informing them, by types
And shadows, of that destin'd Seed to bruise
The Serpent, by what means he shall achieve
Mankind's deliverance. But the voice of God 235
To mortal ear is dreadful; they beseech
That *Moses* might report to them his will,
And terror cease; he grants what they besought,
Instructed that to God is no access
Without Mediator, whose high Office now 240
Moses in figure bears, to introduce
One greater, of whose day he shall foretell,
And all the Prophets in their Age the times
Of great *Messiah* shall sing. Thus Laws and Rites
Establish'd, such delight hath God in Men 245
Obedient to his will, that he vouchsafes
Among them to set up his Tabernacle,
The holy One with mortal Men to dwell:

By

By his prescript a Sanctuary is fram'd
Of Cedar, overlaid with Gold, therein 250
An Ark, and in the Ark his Testimony,
The records of his Cov'nant, over these
A Mercy-seat of gold between the wings
Of two bright Cherubim, before him burn
Seven Lamps as in a zodiac representing 255
The heav'nly fires; over the Tent a Cloud
Shall rest by day, a fiery Gleam by night,
Save when they journey, and at length they come,
Conducted by his Angel, to the Land
Promis'd to *Abraham* and his Seed: the rest 260
Were long to tell, how many Battles fought,
How many Kings destroy'd, and Kingdoms won,
Or how the Sun shall in mid Heav'n stand still
A day entire, and night's due course adjourn,
Man's voice commanding, "Sun in *Gibeon* stand, 265
"And thou Moon in the vale of *Ajalon*,
"Till *Israel* overcome;" so call the third
From *Abraham*, Son of *Isaac*, and from him
His whole descent, who thus shall *Canaan* win.

Here *Adam* interpos'd. O sent from Heav'n, 270

U u u

Enlight-

Enlightner of my darkness, gracious things
Thou hast reveal'd, those chiefly which concern
Just *Abraham* and his Seed: now first I find
Mine eyes true op'ning, and my heart much eas'd,
Ere while perplext with thoughts what would become
Of me and all Mankind; but now I see 276
His day, in whom all Nations shall be blest,
Favour unmerited by me, who fought
Forbidden knowledge by forbidden means.

This yet I apprehend not, why to those 280
Among whom God will deign to dwell on earth
So many and so various Laws are giv'n:
So many Laws argue so many Sins
Among them; how can God with such reside?

To whom thus *Michael*. Doubt not but that Sin
Will reign among them, as of thee begot, 286
And therefore was Law giv'n them to evince
Their natural pravity, by stirring up
Sin against Law to fight: that when they see
Law can discover Sin, but not remove, 290
Save by those shadowy expiations weak,
The blood of Bulls and Goats, they may conclude

Some

Some Blood more precious must be paid for Man,
 Just for unjust, that in such righteousness
 To them by Faith imputed, they may find 295
 Justification towards God, and Peace
 Of Conscience, which the Law by Ceremonies
 Cannot appease, nor Man the moral part
 Perform, and not performing cannot live.
 So Law appears imperfect, and but giv'n 300
 With purpose to resign them in full time
 Up to a better Cov'nant, disciplin'd
 From shadowy Types to Truth, from Flesh to Spirit,
 From imposition of strict Laws, to free
 Acceptance of large Grace, from servil fear 305
 To filial, works of Law to works of Faith.
 And therefore shall not *Moses*, though of God
 Highly belov'd, being but the Minister
 Of Law, his people into *Canaan* lead;
 But *Joshua*, whom the Gentiles *Jesus* call, 310
 His Name and Office bearing, who shall quell
 The Adversary Serpent, and bring back
 Through the World's wilderness long wander'd Man
 Safe to eternal Paradise of rest.

Mean while they in their earthly *Canaan* plac'd
Long time shall dwell and prosper, but when sins
National interrupt their publick peace,
Provoking God to raise them enemies;
From whom as oft he saves them penitent
By Judges first, then under Kings; of whom 320
The second, both for piety renown'd
And puissant deeds, a Promise shall receive
Irrevocable, that his Regal Throne
For ever shall endure; the like shall sing
All prophecy, That of the Royal Stock 325
Of *David* (so I name this King) shall rise
A Son, the Woman's Seed to thee foretold,
Foretold to *Abraham*, as in whom shall trust
All Nations, and to Kings foretold, of Kings
The last, for of his Reign shall be no end. 330
But first a long succession must ensue;
And his next Son for Wealth and Wisdom fam'd;
The clouded Ark of God, till then in Tents
Wandering, shall in a glorious Temple enshrine.
Such follow him, as shall be register'd 335
Part good, part bad, of bad the longer scrowle,

Whose foul Idolatries, and other faults
 Heap'd to the popular sum, will so incense
 God, as to leave them, and expose their Land,
 Their City, his Temple, and his holy Ark 349
 With all his sacred things, a scorn and prey
 To that proud City, whose high walls thou saw'st;
 Left in confusion, *Babylon* thence call'd.
 There in Captivity he lets them dwell
 The space of seventy years, then brings them back,
 Remembering Mercy, and his Cov'nant sworn 346
 To *David*, stablish'd as the days of Heav'n.
 Return'd from *Babylon* by leave of Kings
 Their Lords, whom God dispos'd, the House of God
 They first re-edifie, and for a while 350
 In mean estate live moderate, till grown
 In wealth and multitude, factious they grow;
 But first among the Priests dissention springs,
 Men who attend the Altar, and should most
 Endeavour Peace: their strife pollution brings 355
 Upon the Temple it self: at last they seize
 The scepter, and regard not *David's* Sons.
 Then lose it to a stranger, that the true

Anointed

Anointed King *Messiah* might be born
Barr'd of his right; yet at his Birth a Star 360
Unseen before in Heav'n proclaims him come,
And guides the Eastern Sages, who enquire
His place, to offer Incense, Myrrh and Gold;
His place of birth a solemn Angel tells
To simple Shepherds, keeping watch by night; 365
They gladly thither haste, and by a choir
Of squadron'd Angels hear his Carol sung.

A Virgin is his Mother, but his Sire
The Power of the most High; he shall ascend
The Throne hereditary, and bound his Reign 370
With Earth's wide bounds, his Glory with the Heav'ns.

He ceas'd, discerning *Adam* with such joy
Surcharg'd, as had like grief been dew'd in tears
Without the vent of Words, which these he breath'd.

O Prophet of glad tidings, finisher 375
Of utmost hope! now clear I understand
What oft my steddier thoughts have search'd in vain:
Why our great expectation should be call'd
The Seed of Woman: Virgin Mother, hail,
High in the love of Heav'n, yet from my Loins 380

Thou

Thou shalt proceed, and from thy Womb the Son
Of God most High; so God with Man unites.
Needs must the Serpent now his capital bruise
Expect with mortal pain; say where and when 384
Their fight, what stroke shall bruise the Victor's heel.

To whom thus *Michael*. Dream not of their fight,
As of a Duel, or the local wounds
Of head or heel: not therefore joins the Son
Manhood to God-head, with more strength to foil
Thy Enemy, nor so is overcome 390
Satan, whose fall from Heav'n, a deadlier bruise,
Disabled not to give thee thy deaths wound:
Which he, who comes thy Saviour, shall recure,
Not by destroying *Satan*, but his works
In thee and in thy Seed: nor can this be, 395
But by fulfilling that which thou didst want,
Obedience to the Law of God, impos'd
On penalty of death, and suffering death,
The penalty to thy transgression due,
And due to theirs which out of thine will grow: 400
So only can high Justice rest appaid.
The Law of God exact he shall fulfil

Both

Both by obedience and by love, though Love
Alone fulfil the Law: thy punishment
He shall endure by coming in the Flesh 405
To a reproachful Life and cursed Death,
Proclaiming Life to all who shall believe
In his Redemption, and that his Obedience
Imputed becomes theirs by Faith, his Merits
To save them, not their own, tho' legal works. 410
For this he shall live hated, be blasphem'd,
Seis'd on by force, judg'd, and to death condemn'd
A shameful and accurst, nail'd to the Cross
By his own Nation, slain for bringing Life;
But to the Cross he nails thy Enemies, 415
The Law that is against thee, and the Sins
Of all mankind, with him there crucify'd,
Never to hurt them more, who rightly trust
In this his Satisfaction; so he dies,
But soon revives, Death over him no power 420
Shall long usurp; ere the third dawning light
Return, the Stars of Morn shall see him rise
Out of his Grave, fresh as the dawning light,
The Ransom paid, which Man from death redeems.

His

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His death for Man, as many as offer'd Life 425
Neglect not, and the benefit embrace
By Faith not void of Works. This God-like act
Annuls thy doom, the death thou shouldst have dy'd,
In Sin for ever lost from life; this act
Shall bruise the head of *Satan*, crush his strength 430
Defeating Sin and Death, his two main arms,
And fix far deeper in his Head their stings
Than temporal death shall bruise the Victor's Heel,
Or theirs whom he redeems, a death like sleep,
A gentle wafting to immortal Life. 435
Nor after Resurrection shall he stay
Longer on Earth than certain times to appear
To his Disciples, Men who in his Life
Still follow'd him; to them shall leave in charge
To teach all Nations what of him they learn'd 440
And his Salvation, them who shall believe
Baptizing in the profluent stream, the sign
Of washing them from guilt of Sin to Life
Pure, and in mind prepar'd, if so befall,
For death, like that which the Redeemer dy'd. 445
All Nations they shall teach; for from that day

X x x

Not

Not only to the Sons of *Abraham's* Loins
Salvation shall be preach'd, but to the Sons
Of *Abraham's* Faith, where-ever thro' the World;
So in his Seed all nations shall be blest. 450
Then to the Heav'n of Heav'ns shall he ascend
With victory, triumphing through the Air
Over his Foes and thine; there shall surprize
The Serpent, Prince of Air, and drag in chains
Thro' all his Realm, and there confounded leave; 455
Then enter into Glory, and resume
His Seat at God's right hand, exalted high
Above all Names in Heav'n; and thence shall come,
When the World's dissolution shall be ripe,
With Glory and Pow'r to judge both quick and dead,
To judge th' unfaithful dead, but to reward 460
His faithful, and receive them into Bliss,
Whether in Heav'n or Earth, for then the Earth
Shall all be Paradise, far happier place
Than this of *Eden*, and far happier days. 465

So spake th' Arch-angel *Michaël*, then paus'd,
As at the World's great Period; and our Sire
Replete with joy and wonder thus reply'd.

O Goodness infinite, Goodness immense!
 That all this good of evil shall produce, 470
 And evil turn to good; more wonderful
 Than that which by creation first brought forth
 Light out of darkness! full of doubt I stand,
 Whether I should repent me now of Sin
 By me done and occasion'd, or rejoyce 475
 Much more, that much more good thereof shall spring.
 To God more glory, more good will to Men
 From God, and over wrath grace shall abound.
 But say, if our Deliverer up to Heav'n
 Must reascend, what will betide the few 480
 His faithful, left among th' unfaithful herd,
 The enemies of truth; who then shall guide
 His people, who defend? will they not deal
 Worse with his followers than with him they dealt?

Be sure they will, said th' Angel; but from Heav'n
 He to his own a Comforter will send, 486
 The Promise of the Father, who shall dwell
 His Spirit within them, and the law of Faith
 Working thro' Love, upon their hearts shall write,
 To guide them in all truth, and also arm 490

With spiritual Armour, able to resist
Satan's assaults, and quench his fiery darts,
What Man can do against them, not afraid,
Though to the death, against such cruelties
With inward consolations recompens'd, 495
And oft supported so as shall amaze
Their proudest persecutors: for the Spirit
Pour'd first on his Apostles, whom he sends
To evangelize the Nations, then on all
Baptiz'd, shall them with wond'rous Gifts endue 500
To speak all Tongues, and do all Miracles,
As did their Lord before them. Thus they win
Great numbers of each nation to receive
With joy the tidings brought from Heav'n: at length
Their Ministry perform'd, and race well run, 505
Their doctrine and their story written left,
They die; but in their room, as they forewarn,
Wolves shall succeed for Teachers, grievous Wolves,
Who all the sacred mysteries of Heav'n
To their own vile advantages shall turn 510
Of lucre and ambition, and the truth
With superstitions and traditions taint,

Left only in those written Records pure,
 Though not but by the Spirit understood.
 Then shall they seek to avail themselves of names,
 Places and titles, and with these to join 516
 Secular power, though feigning still to act
 By Spiritual, to themselves appropriating
 The Spirit of God, promis'd alike and giv'n
 To all Believers; and from that pretence, 520
 Spiritual Laws by carnal power shall force
 On every conscience; Laws which none shall find
 Left them inroll'd, or what the Spirit within
 Shall on the heart engrave. What will they then
 But force the Spirit of Grace it self, and bind 525
 His comfort Liberty; what, but unbuild
 His living Temples, built by Faith to stand,
 Their own Faith not another's; for on Earth
 Who against Faith and Conscience can be heard
 Infallible? yet many will presume: 530
 Whence heavy persecution shall arise
 On all who in the worship persevere
 Of spirit and truth; the rest, far greater part,
 Will deem in outward Rites and specious Forms

Religion

Religion satisfy'd; Truth shall retire 535
Bestuck with slanderous darts, and works of Faith
Rarely be found: so shall the World go on,
To good malignant, to bad men benign,
Under her own weight groaning till the day
Appear of respiration to the just, 540
And vengeance to the wicked, at return
Of him so lately promis'd to thy aid
The Woman's seed, obscurely then foretold,
Now amplier known thy Saviour and thy Lord,
Last in the Clouds from Heav'n to be reveal'd 545
In glory of the Father, to dissolve
Satan with his perverted World, then raise
From the conflagrant mass, purg'd and refin'd,
New Heav'ns, new Earth, Ages of endless date
Founded in righteousness and peace and love, 550
To bring forth fruits, Joy and eternal Bliss.

He ended; and thus *Adam* last reply'd.

How soon hath thy prediction, Seer blest,
Measur'd this transient World, the race of time,
Till time stand fixt: beyond is all Abyss, 555
Eternity, whose end no eye can reach.

Greatly

Greatly instructed I shall hence depart,
Greatly in peace of thought, and have my fill
Of Knowledge, what this vessel can contain;
Beyond which was my folly to aspire. 560

Henceforth I learn, that to obey is best,
And love with fear the only God, to walk
As in his presence, ever to observe
His providence, and on him sole depend.

Merciful over all his works, with good 565
Still overcoming evil, and by small

Accomplishing great things, by things deem'd weak
Subverting worldly strong, and worldly wise
By simply meek; that suffering for Truth's sake
Is fortitude to highest victory, 570

And to the faithful Death the gate of Life;
Taught this by his example whom I now
Acknowledge my Redeemer ever blest.

To whom thus also th' Angel last reply'd:

This having learnt, thou hast attain'd the sum 575
Of Wisdom; hope no higher, though all the Stars
Thou knewst by name, and all th' ethereal Powers,
All secrets of the deep, all Nature's works,

Or

Or works of God in Heav'n, Air, Earth, or Sea,
And all the riches of this World enjoy'dst, 580
And all the rule, one empire; only add
Deeds to thy knowledge answerable, add Faith;
Add Virtue, Patience, Temperance, add Love,
By name to come call'd Charity, the Soul
Of all the rest: then wilt thou not be loth 585
To leave this Paradise: but shalt possess
A Paradise within thee, happier far.
Let us descend now therefore from this top
Of speculation; for the hour precise
Exacts our parting hence; and see the Guards, 590
By me encampt on yonder Hill, expect
Their motion, at whose front a flaming Sword,
In signal of remove, waves fiercely round.
We may no longer stay. Go, waken *Eve*;
Her also I with gentle Dreams have calm'd 595
Portending good, and all her spirits compos'd
To meek submission: thou at season fit
Let her with thee partake what thou hast heard,
Chiefly what may concern her Faith to know,
The great deliverance by her Seed to come 600

(For

(For by the Woman's seed) on all mankind.
That ye may live, which will be many days,
Both in one Faith unanimous though sad,
With cause for evils past, yet much more cheer'd
With meditation on the happy end. 605

He ended, and they both descend the hill;
Descended, *Adam* to the Bowre where *Eve*
Lay sleeping ran before, but found her wak't;
And thus with words not sad she him receiv'd.

Whence thou return'st, and whither went'st, I know;
For God is also in Sleep, and Dreams advise, 611
Which he hath sent propitious, some great good
Prefaging, since with sorrow and heart's distress
Wearied I fell asleep; but now lead on;
In me is no delay; with thee to go, 615
Is to stay here; without thee here to stay,
Is to go hence unwillingly; thou to me
Art all things under Heav'n, all places thou,
Who for My Wilful crime art banish'd hence.

This further consolation yet secure 620
I carry hence; though all by Me is lost,
Such favour I unworthy am voutsaft,

Y y y

By

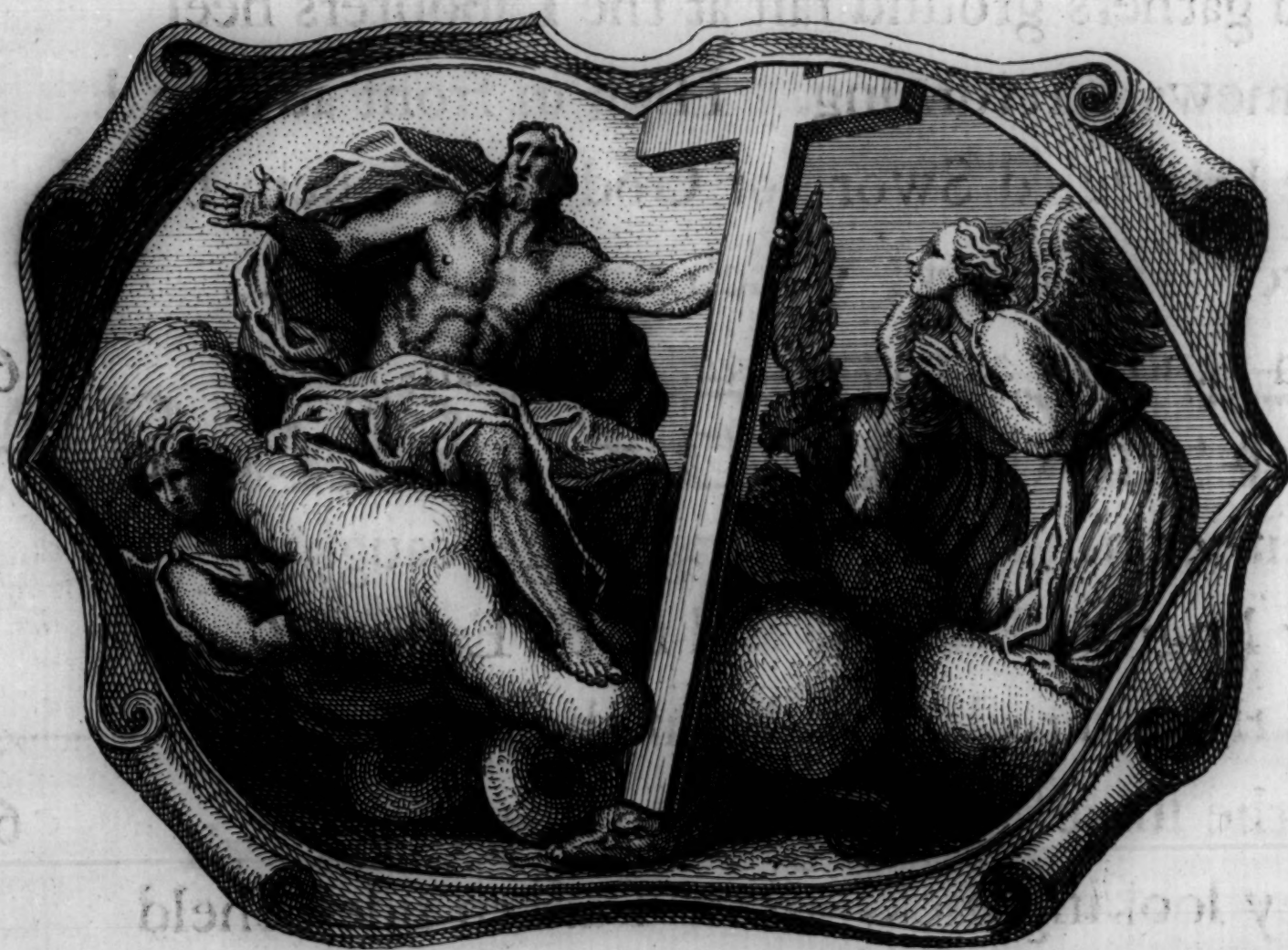
By Me the Promis'd Seed shall all restore.

So spake our Mother *Eve*, and *Adam* heard
Well-pleas'd, but answer'd not; for now too nigh 625
Th' Archangel stood, and from the other Hill
To their fixt Station, all in bright array
The Cherubim descended; on the ground
Gliding meteorous, as Ev'ning Mist
Ris'n from a River o'er the marsh glides, 630
And gathers ground fast at the Labourers heel
Homeward returning. High in front advanc'd
The brandish'd Sword of God before them blaz'd
Fierce as a Comet; which with torrid heat,
And vapours, as the *Libyan* Air adust, 635
Began to parch that temp'rate Clime; whereat
In either hand the hast'ning Angel caught
Our lingring Parents, and to th' Eastern Gate
Led them direct, and down the Cliff as fast
To the subjected Plain; then disappear'd. 640
They looking back, all th' Eastern side beheld
Of Paradise, so late their happy seat,
Wav'd over by that flaming Brand, the Gate
With dreadful Faces throng'd and fiery Arms: 644

Some

Some natural tears they drop'd, but wip'd them soon;
The World was all before them, where to chuse
Their place of rest, and Providence their guide:
They hand in hand with wandring steps and flow,
Through *Eden* took their solitary way.

The E N D.



T

Some naturalists they did, but
The World was all before them, where to choose
Their place of rest, and Providence their guide:
They hand in hand with wandering steps and slow,
Through Eden took their solitary way.

The Cherubim attended; on the ground
The Eden, and the River
Ran, and the River

And the River

Flowing

The

Fiercely

And

Begin

In

Our

Let

To

They

Of

Way

With

Arms:

Y Y Y

Some

NOTES

UPON THE

TWELVE BOOKS

OF

PARADISE LOST.

By Mr. *ADDISON*.

L O N D O N:

Printed in the YEAR MDCCXX.

NOTES ON THE

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NOTES

Upon the TWELVE BOOKS of

PARADISE LOST.

SPECTATOR, N^o 267.

Cedite Romani Scriptores, cedite Graii.

Propert.



HERE is nothing in nature more irksome than General Discourses, especially when they turn chiefly upon Words. For this reason I shall wave the discussion of that point which was started some Years since, Whether *Milton's Paradise Lost* may be called an *Heroic Poem*? Those who will not give it that Title, may call it (if they please) a *Divine Poem*. It will be sufficient to its Perfection, if it has in it all the Beauties of the highest kind of Poetry; and as for those who allege it is not an *Heroic Poem*, they advance no more to the Diminution of it, than if they should say *Adam* is not *Aeneas*, nor *Eve Helen*.

I shall therefore examine it by the Rules of Epic Poetry, and see whether it falls short of the *Iliad* or *Aeneid*, in the Beauties which are essential to that kind of Writing. The first thing to be consider'd in an Epic Poem, is the Fable, which is perfect or imperfect, according as the Action which it relates is

more or less so. This Action should have three Qualifications in it. First, It should be but One Action. Secondly, It should be an Entire Action; and Thirdly, It should be a Great Action. To consider the Action of the *Iliad*, *Aeneid* and *Paradise Lost*, in these three several Lights. *Homer* to preserve the Unity of his Action hastens into the Midst of things, as *Horace* has observed: Had he gone up to *Leda's Egg*, or begun much later, even at the Rape of *Helen*, or the Investing of *Troy*, it is manifest that the Story of the Poem would have been a Series of Several Actions. He therefore opens his Poem with the Discord of his Princes, and artfully interweaves, in the several succeeding Parts of it, an Account of every thing material which relates to them, and had passed before this fatal Dissension. After the same Manner, *Aeneas* makes his first Appearance in the *Tyrrhene Seas*, and within Sight of *Italy*, because the Action proposed to be celebrated was that of his settling himself in *Latium*. But
because

because it was necessary for the Reader to know what had happened to him in the taking of *Troy*, and in the preceding parts of his Voyage, *Virgil* makes his Heroe relate it by way of Episode in the second and third Books of the *Aeneid*: the Contents of both which Books come before those of the first Book in the Thread of the Story, though for preserving of this Unity of Action, they follow it in the Disposition of the Poem. *Milton*, in Imitation of these two great Poets, opens his *Paradise Lost* with an infernal Council plotting the Fall of Man, which is the Action he proposed to celebrate; and as for those Great Actions, the Battle of the Angels, and the Creation of the World, (which preceded in point of Time, and which, in my Opinion, would have entirely destroyed the Unity of his Principal Action, had he related them in the same Order that they happened) he cast them into the fifth, sixth and seventh Books, by way of Episode to this noble Poem.

*Vid. the End
of Spect.
327.*

ARISTOTLE himself allows, that *Homer* has nothing to boast of as to the Unity of his Fable, tho' at the same time that great Critic and Philosopher endeavours to palliate this Imperfection in the Greek Poet by imputing it in some measure to the very Nature of an Epic Poem. Some have been of Opinion, that the *Aeneid* also labours in this particular, and has Episodes which may be looked upon as Excrecencies rather than as Parts of the Action. On the contrary, the Poem, which we have now under our Consideration, hath no other Episodes than such as naturally arise from the Subject, and yet is filled with such a Multitude of astonishing Incidents, that it gives us at the same Time a Pleasure of the greatest Variety, and of the greatest Simplicity; uniform in its Nature, tho' diversified in the Execution.

I must observe also, that, as *Virgil* in the Poem which was designed to celebrate the Original of the Roman Empire, has described the Birth of its great Rival, the *Carthaginian* Common-wealth: *Milton*, with the like Art in his Poem on the Fall of Man, has related the Fall of those Angels who are his professed Enemies. Beside the many other Beauties in such an Episode, its running parallel with the great Action of the Poem, hinders it from breaking the Unity so much as another Epi-

sode would have done, that had not so great an Affinity with the principal Subject. In short, this is the same Kind of Beauty which the Criticks admire in the *Spanish Fryar*, or the *Double Discovery*, where the two different Plots look like Counterparts and Copies of one another.

THE Second Qualification required in the Action of an Epic Poem is, that it should be an entire Action. An Action is entire when it is compleat in all its Parts; or as *Aristotle* describes it, when it consists of a Beginning, a Middle, and an End. Nothing should go before it, be intermix'd with it, or follow after it, that is not related to it. As on the contrary, no single step should be omitted in that just and regular Progress which it must be supposed to take from its Original to its Consummation. Thus we see the Anger of *Achilles* in its Birth, its Continuance, and Effects; and the Settlement of *Aeneas* in *Italy*, carried on through all the Oppositions in his Way to it both by Sea and Land. The Action in *Milton* excels (I think) both the former in this particular; we see it contrived in Hell, executed upon Earth, and punished by Heaven. The Parts of it are told in the most distinct Manner, and grow out of one another in the most natural Order.

THE Third Qualification of an Epic Poem is its Greatness. The Anger of *Achilles* was of such Consequence, that it embroiled the Kings of *Greece*, destroy'd the Heroes of *Asia*, and engaged all the Gods in Factions. The Settlement of *Aeneas* in *Italy* produc'd the *Cæsars*, and gave Birth to the *Roman* Empire. *Milton's* Subject was still greater than either of the former; it does not determine the Fate of single Persons or Nations, but of a whole Species. The United Powers of Hell are joined together for the Destruction of Mankind, which they effected in Part, and would have Completed, had not Omnipotence it self interposed. The principal Actors are Man in his greatest Perfection, and Woman in her highest Beauty. Their Enemies are the fallen Angels: The Messiah their Friend, and the Almighty their Protector. In short, every Thing that is great in the whole Circle of Being, whether within the Verge of Nature, or out of it, has a proper part assigned it in this admirable Poem.

IN Poetry, as in Architecture, not only the Whole, but the principal Members, and every

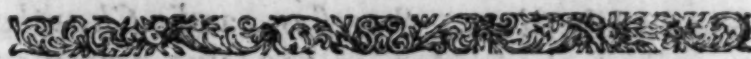
every Part of them, should be Great. I will not presume to say, that the Book of Games in the *Aeneid*, or that in the *Iliad*, are not of this nature, nor to reprehend *Virgil's* Simile of the Top, and many other of the same kind in the *Iliad*, as liable to any Censure in this particular; but I think we may say, without derogating from those wonderful performances, that there is an Indisputable and Unquestioned Magnificence in every Part of *Paradise Lost*, and indeed a much greater than could have been formed upon any Pagan System.

BUT *Aristotle*, by the Greatness of the Action, does not only mean that it should be great in its Nature, but also in its Duration; or in other words, That it should have a due Length in it, as well as what we properly call Greatness. The just Measure of this kind of Magnitude, he explains by the following Similitude. An Animal no bigger than a Mite, cannot appear perfect to the Eye, because the Sight takes it in at once, and has only a Confused idea of the Whole, and not a Distinct idea of all its Parts; If on the contrary you should suppose an Animal of ten thousand Furlongs in Length, the Eye would be so filled with a single Part of it, that it could not give the mind an idea of the Whole. What these Animals are to the Eye, a very short or a very long Action would be to the Memory. The first would be, as it were lost, and swallowed up by it, and the other difficult to be contained in it. *Homer* and *Virgil* have shewn their principal Art in this particular; the Action of the *Iliad*, and that of the *Aeneid*, were in themselves exceeding short, but are so beautifully extended and diversified by the Invention of *Episodes*, and the Machinery of Gods, with the like poetical Ornaments, that they make up an agreeable Story sufficient to employ the Memory without overcharging it. *Milton's* Action is enriched with such Variety of Circumstances, that I have taken as much pleasure in reading the Contents of his Books, as in the best invented Story I ever met with. It is possible, that the Traditions, on which the *Iliad* and *Aeneid* were built, had more Circumstances in them than the History of the Fall of Man, as it is related in Scripture. Besides it was easier for *Homer* and *Virgil* to dash the Truth with Fiction, as they were in no danger of offending the Religion of their

Country by it. But as for *Milton*, he had not only a very few Circumstances upon which to raise his Poem; but was also obliged to proceed with the greatest Caution in every thing that he added out of his own Invention. And, indeed, notwithstanding all the Restrictions he was under, he has filled his Story with so many surprising Incidents, which bear so close Analogy with what is delivered in Holy Writ, that it is capable of pleasing the most Delicate Reader, without giving offence to the most Scrupulous.

THE modern Criticks have collected from several Hints in the *Iliad* and *Aeneid* the Space of Time, which is taken up by the Action of each of those Poems; but as a great Part of *Milton's* Story was transacted in Regions that lie out of the reach of the Sun and the Sphere of Day, it is impossible to gratify the Reader with such a Calculation, which indeed would be more curious than instructive; None of the Criticks, either Antient or Modern, having laid down Rules to circumscribe the Action of an Epic Poem with any Determined Number of Years, Days, or Hours. * Vid. Spect. 308.

* But of this more particularly hereafter.



SPECTATOR, N^o 273.

—*Notandi sunt tibi Mores.* Hor.

HAVING examined the Action of *Paradise Lost*, let us in the next place consider the Actors. This is *Aristotle's* Method of considering; first the Fable, and secondly the Manners, or as we generally call them in *English*, the Fable and the Characters.

HOMER has excelled all the Heroic Poets that ever wrote, in the Multitude and Variety of his Characters. Every God that is admitted into his Poem, acts a Part which would have been suitable to no other Deity. His Princes are as much distinguished by their Manners as by their Dominions; and even those among them, whose Characters seem wholly made up of Courage, differ from one another as to the particular Kinds of Courage in which they excel. In short, there is scarce a Speech or Action in the *Iliad*, which the Reader may not ascribe to the Person that

Z z z

speaks

speak or acts, without seeing his Name at the Head of it.

HOMER does not only out-shine all other Poets in the Variety, but also in the Novelty of his Characters. He hath introduced among his *Grecian* Princes a Person, who had lived in Three Ages of Men, and conversed with *Theseus*, *Heracles*, *Polyphemus*, and the first Race of Heroes. His principal Actor is the Son of a Goddess, not to mention the Off-spring of other Deities, who have likewise a place in his Poem, and the venerable *Trojan* Prince who was the Father of so many Kings and Heroes. There is in these several Characters of *Homer*, a certain Dignity as well as Novelty, which adapts them in a more peculiar Manner to the Nature of an Heroic Poem. Tho' at the same Time, to give them the greater Variety, he has described a *Vulcan*, that is, a Buffoon among his Gods, and a *Thersites* among his Mortals.

VIRGIL falls infinitely short of *Homer* in the Characters of his Poem, both as to their Variety and Novelty. *Aeneas* is indeed a perfect Character, but as for *Achates*, tho' he is styled the Heroe's Friend, he does nothing in the whole Poem which may deserve that Title. *Gyas*, *Mnestheus*, *Sergestus*, and *Gloanthus*, are all of them Men of the same Stamp and Character,

— *fortemque Gyan, fortemque Gloanthum*: Virg.

THERE are indeed several natural Incidents in the Part of *Ascanius*; as that of *Dido* cannot be sufficiently admired. I do not see any Thing new or particular in *Turnus*. *Pallas* and *Evander* are remote Copies of *Hector* and *Priam*, as *Lausus* and *Mezentius* are almost Parallels to *Pallas* and *Evander*. The Characters of *Nisus* and *Eurialus* are beautiful, but common. We must not forget the Parts of *Sinon*, *Camilla*, and some few others, which are fine Improvements on the Greek Poet. In short, there is neither that Variety nor Novelty in the Persons of the *Aeneid*, which we meet with in those of the *Iliad*.

IF we look into the Characters of *Milton*, we shall find that he has introduced all the Variety his Fable was capable of receiving. The whole Species of Mankind was in two Persons at the Time to which the Subject of his Poem is confined. We have, however, four distinct Characters in these two Persons.

We see Man and Woman in the highest Innocence and Perfection, and in the most abject State of Guilt and Infamy. The two last Characters are, indeed, very common and obvious, but the two first are not only more Magnificent, but more New than any Characters either in *Virgil* or *Homer*, or indeed in the whole Circle of Nature.

MILTON was so sensible of this Defect in the Subject of his Poem, and of the few Characters it would afford him, that he has brought into it two Actors of a shadowy fictitious Nature, in the Persons of *Sin* and *Death*, by which means he has wrought into the Body of his Fable a very beautiful and well-invented Allegory. But notwithstanding the Fineness of this Allegory may atone for it in some measure; I cannot think that Persons of such a chimerical existence are proper Actors in an Epic Poem; because there is not that Measure of Probability annexed to them, which is requisite in Writings of this Kind, as I shall shew more at large hereafter.

VIRGIL has, indeed, admitted *Pame* as an Actress in the *Aeneid*, but the Part she acts is very short, and none of the most admired Circumstances in that Divine Work. We find in Mock-Heroic Poems, particularly in the *Dispensary* and the *Lutrin*, several allegorical Persons of this Nature, which are very beautiful in those Compositions, and may, perhaps, be used as an Argument, that the Authors of them were of opinion, such Characters might have a place in an Epic Work. For my own part, I should be glad the Reader would think so, for the sake of the Poem I am now examining, and must further add, that if such empty unsubstantial Beings may be ever made use of on this occasion, never were any more nicely imagined and employ'd in more proper Actions, than those of which I am now speaking.

ANOTHER principal Actor in this Poem is the great Enemy of Mankind. The Part of *Ulysses* in *Homer's Odyssey* is very much admired by *Aristotle*, as perplexing that Fable with very agreeable Plots and Intricacies, not only by the many Adventures in his Voyage, and the Subtlety of his Behaviour, but by the various Concealments and Discoveries of his Person in several parts of that Poem. But the crafty Being I have now mentioned, makes a much longer Voyage than *Ulysses*, puts in practice

prædico many more Wiles and Stratagems, and hides himself under a greater Variety of Shapes and Appearances, all of which are severally detected, to the great Delight and Surprise of the Reader.

WE may likewise observe with how much Art the Poet has varied several Characters of the Persons that speak in his infernal Assembly. On the contrary, how has he represented the whole Godhead exerting it self towards Man in its full Benevolence under the Three-fold Distinction of a Creator, a Redeemer, and a Comforter!

NOR must we omit the Person of *Raphael*, who, amidst his Tenderness and Friendship for Man, shews such a Dignity and Condescension in all his Speech and Behaviour, as are suitable to a Superior nature. The Angels are indeed as much diversified in *Milton*, and distinguished by their proper Parts, as the Gods are in *Homer* or *Virgil*. The Reader will find nothing ascribed to *Uriel*, *Gabriel*, *Michael*, or *Raphael*, which is not in a particular manner suitable to their respective Characters.

THERE is another Circumstance in the principal Actors of the *Iliad* and *Æneid*, which give a peculiar Beauty to those two Poems, and was therefore contrived with very great Judgment. I mean the Authors having chosen for their Heroes Persons who were so nearly related to the People for whom they wrote. *Achilles* was a *Greek*, and *Æneas* the remote Founder of *Rome*. By this Means their Countrymen (whom they principally proposed to themselves for their Readers) were particularly attentive to all the Parts of their Story, and sympathized with their Heroes in all their Adventures. A *Roman* could not but rejoice in the Escapes, Successes, and Victories of *Æneas*, and be grieved at any Defeats, Misfortunes, or Disappointments that befell him; as a *Greek* must have had the same regard for *Achilles*. And it is plain, that each of those Poems have lost this great Advantage, among those Readers to whom their Heroes are as Strangers, or indifferent Persons.

MILTON's Poem is admirable in this respect, since it is impossible for any of its Readers, whatever Nation, Country or People he may belong to, not to be related to the Persons who are the principal Actors in it; but what is still infinitely more to its Advantage, the principal Actors in this Poem are not only our Progenitors, but our Repre-

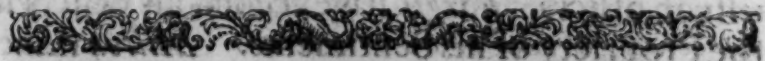
sentatives. We have an actual Interest in every Thing they do, and no less than our utmost Happiness is concerned, and lies at Stake in all their Behaviour.

I shall subjoin as a Corollary to the foregoing Remark, an admirable Observation out of *Aristotle*, which hath been very much misrepresented in the Quotations of some Modern Criticks. 'If a Man of perfect and consummate Virtue falls into a Misfortune, it raises our Pity, but not our Terror, because we do not fear that it may be our own Case, who do not resemble the suffering Person. But as that great Philosopher adds, 'If we see a Man of Virtue, mixt with Infirmities, fall into any Misfortune, it does not only raise our Pity, but our Terror; because we are afraid that the like Misfortune may happen to our selves, who resemble the Character of the suffering Person.

I shall only remark in this Place, that the foregoing Observation of *Aristotle*, tho' it may be true in other occasions, does not hold in this; because in the present Case, though the Persons who fall into Misfortune are of the most perfect and consummate Virtue, it is not to be considered as what may possibly be, but what actually is our own Case; since we are embarked with them on the same Bottom, and must be Partakers of their Happiness or Misery.

IN this, and some other very few Instances, *Aristotle's* Rules for Epic Poetry (which he had drawn from his Reflections upon *Homer*) cannot be supposed to square exactly with the heroic Poems which have been made since his Time; since it is evident to every impartial Judge his Rules would still have been more perfect, could he have perused the *Æneid* which was made some hundred Years after his Death.

IN my next, I shall go through other parts of *Milton's* Poem; and hope that what I shall there advance, as well as what I have already written, will not only serve as a Comment upon *Milton*, but upon *Aristotle*.



SPECTATOR, N^o 279.

Reddere personæ scit convenientia cuique. Hor.

WE have already taken a general Survey of the Fable and Characters in *Milton's Paradise*

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Paradise Lost. The Parts which remain to be considered, according to *Aristotle's* Method, are the *Sentiments* and the *Language*. Before I enter upon the first of these, I must advertise my Reader, that it is my Design, as soon as I have finished my general Reflections on these four several Heads, to give particular Instances out of the Poem now before us of Beauties and Imperfections which may be observed under each of them, as also of such other particulars as may not properly fall under any of them. This I thought fit to premise, that the Reader may not judge too hastily of this piece of Criticism, or look upon it as imperfect, before he has seen the whole Extent of it.

THE Sentiments in an Epic Poem are the Thoughts and Behaviour which the Author ascribes to the Persons whom he introduces, and are *just* when they are conformable to the Characters of the several Persons. The Sentiments have likewise a Relation to *Things* as well as *Persons*, and are then perfect when they are such as are adapted to the Subject. If in either of these Cases the Poet endeavours to argue or explain, to magnifie or diminish, to raise Love or Hatred, Pity or Terror, or any other Passion, we ought to consider whether the Sentiments he makes use of are proper for those Ends. *Homer* is censured by the Criticks for his Defect as to this particular in several Parts of the *Iliad* and *Odysssey*, tho' at the same time those who have treated this great Poet with Candour, have attributed this Defect to the Times in which he lived. It was the Fault of the Age, and not of *Homer*, if there wants that Delicacy in some of his Sentiments, which now appears in the Works of Men of a much inferior Genius. Besides, if there are Blemishes in any particular Thoughts, there is an infinite Beauty in the greatest Part of them. In short, if there are many Poets who would not have fallen into the Meanness of some of his Sentiments, there are none who could have risen up to the Greatness of others. *Virgil* has excelled all others in the Propriety of his Sentiments. *Milton* shines likewise very much in this particular: Nor must me omit one consideration which adds to his honour and reputation. *Homer* and *Virgil* introduced Persons whose Characters are commonly known among Men, and such as are to be met with either in History, or in ordinary Conversation. *Milton's* Characters, most

of them, lie out of Nature, and were to be formed purely by his own Invention. It shows a greater Genius in *Shakespeare* to have drawn his *Calyban*, than this *Hotspur* or *Julius Caesar*. The one was to be supplied out of his own Imagination, whereas the other might have been formed upon Tradition, History, and Observation. It was much easier therefore for *Homer* to find proper Sentiments for an Assembly of *Grecian* Generals, than for *Milton* to diversifie his infernal Council with proper Characters, and inspire them with a Variety of Sentiments. The Loves of *Dido* and *Aeneas* are only Copies of what has passed between other Persons. *Adam* and *Eve* before the Fall, are a different Species from that of Mankind, who are descended from them; and none but a Poet of the most unbounded Invention, and the most exquisite Judgment, could have filled their Conversation and Behaviour with so many apt Circumstances during their State of Innocence.

NOR is it sufficient for an Epic Poem to be filled with such Thoughts as are *natural*, unless it abound also with such as are *sublime*. *Virgil* in this particular falls short of *Homer*. He has not indeed so many Thoughts that are Low and Vulgar; but at the same time has not so many Thoughts that are Sublime and Noble. The truth of it is, *Virgil* seldom rises into very astonishing Sentiments, where he is not fired by the *Iliad*. He every where charms and pleases us by the Force of his own Genius; but seldom elevates and transports us where he does not fetch his Hints from *Homer*.

MILTON's chief Talent, and indeed his distinguishing Excellence, lies in the Sublimity of his Thoughts. There are others of the Moderns who rival him in every other part of Poetry; but in the Greatness of his Sentiments he triumphs over all the Poets both Modern and Ancient, *Homer* only excepted. It is impossible for the Imagination of Man to distend it self with greater Ideas, than those which he has laid together in his first, second, and sixth Books. The seventh, which describes the Creation of the World, is likewise wonderfully sublime, tho' not so apt to stir up Emotion in the Mind of the Reader, nor consequently so perfect in the Epic Way of Writing, because it is filled with less Action. Let the judicious Reader compare what *Longinus* has observed on several Passages in *Homer*, and

and he will find Parallels for most of them in the *Paradise Lost*.

FROM what has been said we may infer, that as there are two kinds of Sentiments, the Natural and the Sublime, which are always to be pursued in an heroic Poem; there are also two kinds of Thoughts which are carefully to be avoided. The first are such as are Affected and Unnatural; the second such as are Mean and Vulgar. As for the first kind of Thoughts we meet with little or nothing that is like them in *Virgil*: He has none of those trifling Points and Puerilities that are so often to be met with in *Ovid*, none of the Epigrammatic Turns of *Lucan*, none of those swelling Sentiments which are so frequently in *Statius* and *Claudian*, none of those mixed Embellishments of *Tasso*. Every thing is Just and Natural. His Sentiments show that he had a perfect Insight into humane Nature, and that he knew every Thing which was the most proper to affect it.

Mr. *Dryden* has in some places, which I may hereafter take notice of, misrepresented *Virgil's* way of Thinking as to this particular, in the Translation he has given us of the *Aeneid*. I do not remember that *Homer* any where falls into the Faults above-mentioned, which were indeed the false Refinements of later Ages. *Milton*, it must be confessed, has sometimes erred in this respect, as I shall shew more at large in another Paper; tho' considering all the Poets of the Age in which he writ, were infected with this wrong way of Thinking, he is rather to be admired that he did not give More into it, than that he did Sometimes comply with the vicious Taste which still prevails so much among modern Writers.

BUT since several Thoughts may be Natural which are Low and groveling, an Epic Poet should not only avoid such Sentiments as are unnatural or affected, but also such as are mean and vulgar. *Homer* has opened a great Field of Raillery to Men of more Delicacy than Greatness of Genius, by the Homeliness of some of his Sentiments. But, as I have before said, these are rather to be imputed to the Simplicity of the Age in which he lived, to which I may also add, of that which he described, than to any Imperfection in that Divine Poet. *Zoilus*, among the Ancients, and Monsieur *Perrault*, among the Moderns, pushed their Ridicule very far upon him, on

Account of some such Sentiments. There is no Blemish to be observed in *Virgil*, under this Head, and but a very few in *Milton*.

I shall give but one Instance of this Impropriety of Thought in *Homer*, and at the same Time compare it with an Instance of the same Nature, both in *Virgil* and *Milton*. Sentiments which raise Laughter, can very seldom be admitted with any Decency into an heroic Poem, whose Business is to excite Passions of a much nobler nature. *Homer*, however, in his Characters of *Vulcan* and *Thersites*, in his Story of *Mars* and *Venus*, in his Behaviour of *Irus*, and in other Passages, has been observed to have lapsed into the Burlesque Character, and to have departed from that serious Air which seems essential to the Magnificence of an Epic Poem. I remember but one Laugh in the whole *Aeneid*, which rises in the fifth Book upon *Monætes*, where he is represented as thrown overboard, and drying himself upon a Rock. But this piece of Mirth is so well timed, that the severest Critic can have nothing to say against it, for it is in the Book of Games and Diversions, where the Reader's Mind may be supposed to be sufficiently relaxed for such an Entertainment. The only Piece of Pleasantry in *Paradise Lost*, is where the evil Spirits are described as rallying the Angels upon the Success of their new invented Artillery. This Passage I look upon to be the most exceptionable in the whole Poem, as being nothing else but a String of Puns, and those too very indifferent.

—— Satan beheld their Plight;

And to his Mates thus in Derision call'd.

O Friends, why come not on these Victors proud?
Ere while they fierce were coming, and when we,
To entertain them fair with open Front, [Terms
And Breast, (what could we more) propounded
Of Composition; straight they changed their
Flew off, and into strange Vagaries fell, [Minds,
As they would dance, yet for a Dance they seem'd
Somewhat extravagant and wild, perhaps
For Joy of offer'd Peace; but I suppose
If our Proposals once again were heard,
We should compel them to a quick Result.

To whom thus Belial in like game some Moode.
Leader, the Terms we sent, were Terms of Weight,
Of hard Contents, and full of Force urg'd Home,
Such as we might perceive amus'd them all,
And stumbled many; who receives them right,
Had need, from Head to Foot, well understand;

No.

Not understood, this Gift they have besides,
They show us when our Feet walk not upright.
Thus they among themselves in pleasant Pain
Stood scoffing —

THE SPECTATOR

SPECTATOR, N^o 285.

*Ne quicumque Deus, quicumque adhibebitur heros,
Regali conspectus in aula super et astra,
Migrat in Obscuras humili sermone tabernas:
Aut dum vitat humum, nubes et inania captat.* Hor.

HAVING already treated of the Fable, the Characters and Sentiments in the *Paradise Lost*, we are in the last Place to consider the Language; and as the learned World is very much divided upon *Milton* as to this Point, I hope they will excuse me if I appear particular in any of my Opinions, and encline to those who judge the most advantageously of the Author.

IT is requisite that the Language of an Heroic Poem should be both Perspicuous and Sublime. In Proportion as either of these two Qualities are wanting, the Language is imperfect. Perspicuity is the first and most necessary Qualification; insomuch that a good-natured Reader sometimes over-looks a little slip even in the Grammar or Syntax, where it is impossible for him to mistake the Poet's Sense. Of this kind is that Passage in *Milton*, wherein he speaks of *Satan*.

— God and his Son except,
Created thing nought valu'd he nor shunn'd.

And that in which he describes *Adam* and *Eve*.

*Adam the goodliest Man of Men since born
His Sons, the fairest of her Daughters Eve.*

IT is plain, that in the former of these Passages, according to the natural Syntax, the Divine Persons mentioned in the first Line are represented as Created beings; and that in the other, *Adam* and *Eve* are confounded with their Sons and Daughters. Such little Blemishes as these, when the Thought is great and natural, we should, with *Horace*, impute to a pardonable Inadvertency, or to the Weak-

ness of Human Nature, which cannot attend to each Minute particular, and give the last finishing to every Circumstance in so Long a work. The Ancient Critics therefore, who were act'd by a Spirit of Candour, rather than that of Cavilling, invented certain Figures of Speech, on purpose to palliate little Errors of this nature in the Writings of those Authors who had so many greater Beauties to atone for them.

IF Clearness and Perspicuity were only to be consulted, the Poet would have nothing else to do but to cloath his Thoughts in the most plain and natural Expressions. But since it often happens that the most obvious Phrases, and those which are used in ordinary Conversation, become too familiar to the Ear, and contract a kind of Meanness by passing through the Mouths of the Vulgar, a Poet should take particular Care to guard himself against Idiomatic ways of speaking. *Ovid* and *Lucan* have many Poornesses of Expression upon this account, as taking up with the first Phrases that offered, without putting themselves to the Trouble of looking after such as would not only be natural, but also elevated and sublime. *Milton* has but a few Failings in this kind, of which, however, you may meet with some Instances, as in the following Passages.

*Embrio's and Idiots, Eremites and Fryars
White, Black and Grey, with all their Trum-
Here Pilgrims roam —* [pery,

— A while Discourse they hold,
No Fear lest Dinner cool; when thus began
Our Author —

Who of all Ages to succeed, but feeling
The Evil on him brought by me, will curse
My Head, ill fare our Ancestor impure,
For this we may thank *Adam* —

The great Masters in Composition know very well that many an elegant Phrase becomes improper for a Poet or an Orator, when it has been debased by common Use. For this Reason the Works of Ancient Authors, which are written in dead Languages, have a great Advantage over those which are written in Languages that are now spoken. Were there any Mean Phrases or Idioms in *Virgil* and *Homer*, they would not shock the Ear of the most delicate Modern Reader, so much as they would have done that of an old Greek or Roman,

Roman, because we never hear them pronounced in our Streets, or in ordinary Conversation.

IT is not therefore sufficient, that the Language of an Epic Poem be Perspicuous, unless it be also Sublime. To this End it ought to deviate from the common Forms and ordinary Phrases of Speech. The Judgment of a Poet very much discovers it self in shunning the common Roads of Expression, without falling into such ways of Speech as may seem stiff and unnatural; he must not swell into a false Sublime, by endeavouring to avoid the other Extreme. Among the Greeks, *Æschylus*, and some times *Sophocles* were guilty of this Fault; among the Latins, *Claudian* and *Statius*; and among our own Countrymen, *Shakespeare* and *Lee*. In these Authors the Affectation of Greatness often hurts the Perspicuity of the Style, as in many others the Endeavour after Perspicuity prejudices its Greatness.

ARISTOTLE has observed, that the Idiomatic Style may be avoided, and the Sublime formed, by the following Methods. First, by the Use of Metaphors: such are those in *Milton*.

Imparadis'd in one another's Arms,
——— And in his Hand a Reed
Stood waving tip with Fire; ———
The grassie Clods now calv'd. ———
Spangled with Eyes ———

IN these and innumerable other Instances, the Metaphors are very Bold but Just; I must however observe, that the Metaphors are not thick-sown in *Milton*, which always favours too much of Wit; that they never clash with one another, which, as *Aristotle* observes, turns a Sentence into a kind of an Enigma or Riddle; and that he seldom has recourse to them where the proper and natural Words will do as well.

ANOTHER way of raising the Language, and giving it a Poetical Turn, is to make Use of the Idioms of other Tongues. *Virgil* is full of the Greek Forms of Speech, which the Critics call *Hellenisms*, as *Horace* in his Odes abounds with them much more than *Virgil*. I need not mention the several Dialects which *Homer* has made use of for this end. *Milton* in Conformity with the Practice of the Ancient Poets, and with *Aristotle's*

Rule, has infused a great many *Latinisms* as well as *Græcisms*, and sometimes *Hebraisms*, into the Language of his Poem; as towards the Beginning of it,

Not did they not perceive the evil plight
In which they were, or the fierce Pains not feel.
Yet to their Gen'ral's Voice they soon obey'd.
——— Who shall tempt with wandering Feet
The dark unbottom'd Infinite Abyss,
And through the palpable Obscure find out
His uncouth way, or spread his airy Flight
Upborn with indefatigable Wings
Over the vast Abrupt!

——— So both ascend
In the Visions of God ———

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UNDER this Head may be reckoned the placing the Adjective after the Substantive, the Transposition of Words, the turning the Adjective into a Substantive, with several other Foreign Modes of Speech, which this Poet has naturalized to give his Verse the greater Sound, and throw it out of Prose.

THE third Method mentioned by *Aristotle*, is what agrees with the Genius of the Greek Language more than with that of any other Tongue, and is therefore more used by *Homer* than by any other Poet. I mean the lengthning of a Phrase by the Addition of Words, which may either be inserted or omitted, as also by the extending or contracting of particular Words by the Insertion or Omission of certain Syllables. *Milton* has put in practice this Method of raising his Language, as far as the Nature of our Tongue will permit, as in the passage above-mentioned, *Eremit*, for what is *Hermite*, in common Discourse. If you observe the Measure of his Verse, he has with great Judgment suppressed a Syllable in several Words, and shortned those of two Syllables into one, by which Method, besides the above-mentioned Advantage, he has given a greater Variety to his Numbers. But this Practice is more particularly remarkable in the Names of Persons and of Countries, as *Beelzebub*, *Heshebon*, and in many other Particulars, wherein he has either changed the Name, or made use of that which is not the most commonly known, that he might the better depart from the Language of the Vulgar.

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THE same Reason recommended to him several Old words, which also makes his Poem appear the more Venerable, and gives it a greater air of Antiquity.

I must likewise take notice, that there are in *Milton* several Words of his own Coining, as *Cerberian*, *miscreated*, *hell-doom'd*, *Embryon* Atoms, and many others. If the Reader is offended at this Liberty in our *English* Poet, I would recommend him to a Discourse in *Plutarch*, which shews us how frequently *Homer* has made use of the same Liberty.

MILTON by the above-mentioned Help, and by the Choice of the noblest Words and Phrases which our Tongue would afford him, has carried our Language to a greater height than any of the *English* Poets have ever done before or after him, and made the Sublimity of his Style equal to that of his Sentiments.

I have been the more particular in these Observations on *Milton's* Style, because it is That Part of him in which he appears the most singular. The Remarks I have here made upon the Practice of other Poets, with my Observations out of *Aristotle*, will perhaps alleviate the Prejudice which some have taken to his Poem upon this Account; tho' after all, I must confess, that I think his Style, tho' Admirable in general, is in some places too much Stiffened and Obscured by the frequent Use of those Methods, which *Aristotle* has prescribed for the Raising of it.

THIS Redundancy of those several Ways of Speech which *Aristotle* calls *foreign Language*, and with which *Milton* has so very much enriched, and in some places darkned the Language of his Poem, was the more proper for his use, because his Poem is written in Blank Verse. Rhyme, without any other Assistance, throws the Language off from Prose, and very often makes an indifferent Phrase pass unregarded; but where the Verse is not built upon Rhymes, there Pomp of Sound, and Energy of Expression, are indispensably necessary to support the Style, and keep it from falling into the Flatness of Prose.

THOSE who have not a Taste for this Elevation of Style, and are apt to ridicule a Poet when he goes out of the common Forms of Expression, would do well to see how *Aristotle* has treated an Ancient Author, called *Euclid*, for his insipid Mirth upon this Occa-

sion. Mr. *Dryden* used to call this sort of Men his *Prose-Critics*.

I should, under this Head of the Language, consider *Milton's* Numbers, in which he has made use of several Elisions, that are not customary among other *English* Poets, as may be particularly observed in his cutting off the Letter *r*, when it precedes a Vowel. This, and some other Innovations in the Measure of his Verse, has varied his Numbers, in such a manner, as makes them incapable of satiating the Ear and cloying the Reader, which the same uniform Measure would certainly have done, and which the perpetual Returns of Rhyme never fail to do in long Narrative Poems. I shall close these Reflections upon the Language of *Paradise Lost*, with observing that *Milton* has copied after *Homer*, rather than *Virgil*, in the length of his Periods, the Copiousness of his Phrases, and the running of his Verses into one another.



SPECTATOR, N° 291.

—*Ubi plura nitent in carmine, non ego paucis
Offendar maculis, quas aut Incuria fudit,
Aut Humana parum cavet Natura*— Hor.

I Have now consider'd *Milton's* *Paradise Lost* under those four great Heads of the Fable, the Characters, the Sentiments, and the Language; and have shewn that he excels, in general, under each of these Heads. I hope that I have made several Discoveries which may appear new, even to those who are versed in Critical Learning. Were I indeed to chuse my Readers, by whose Judgment I would stand or fall, they should not be such as are acquainted only with the *French* and *Italian* Critics, but also with the Ancient and Modern who have written in either of the learned Languages. Above all, I would have them well versed in the *Greek* and *Latin* Poets, without which a Man very often fancies that he understands a Critic, when in reality he does not comprehend his Meaning.

IT is in Criticism, as in all other Sciences and Speculations; one who brings with him any implicit Notions and Observations which he has made in his reading of the Poets, will find

find his own Reflections methodized and explained, and perhaps several little Hints that had passed in his Mind, perfected and improved in the Works of a good Critic; whereas one who has not these previous Lights, is very often an utter Stranger to what he reads, and apt to put a wrong Interpretation upon it.

NOR is it sufficient, that a man who sets up for a Judge in Criticism, should have perused the Authors above-mentioned, unless he has also a clear and logical Head. Without this Talent he is perpetually puzzled and perplexed amidst his own Blunders, mistakes the Sense of those he would confute, or if he chances to think right, does not know how to convey his thoughts to another with Clearness and Perspicuity. *Aristotle*, who was the best Critic, was also one of the best Logicians that ever appeared in the world.

Mr. *Lock's* Essay on Human Understanding would be thought a very odd Book for a Man to make himself Master of, who would get a Reputation by Critical Writings; though at the same time it is very certain, that an Author who has not learned the Art of distinguishing between Words and Things, and of ranging his Thoughts, and setting them in proper Lights, whatever Notions he may have, will lose himself in Confusion and Obscurity. I might further observe, that there is not a *Greek* or *Latin* Critic who has not shewn, even in the Style of his Criticisms, that he was a Master of all the Elegance and Delicacy of his Native Tongue.

THE Truth of it is, there is nothing more absurd than for a Man to set up for a Critic, without a good Insight into All the Parts of Learning; whereas many of those who have endeavoured to signalize themselves by Works of this nature among our *English* Writers, are not only defective in the above-mentioned particulars, but plainly discover by the Phrases which they make use of, and by their Confused way of thinking, that they are not acquainted with the most common and ordinary Systems of Arts and Sciences. A few general Rules extracted out of the *French* Authors, with a certain Cant of Words, has sometimes set up an illiterate heavy Writer for a most judicious and formidable Critic.

ONE great Mark, by which you may

discover a Critic who has neither Taste nor Learning, is this, that he seldom ventures to praise any Passage in an Author which has not been before received and applauded by the Publick, and that his Criticism turns wholly upon little Faults and Errors. This Part of a Critic is so very easy to succeed in, that we find every ordinary Reader, upon the publishing of a new Poem, has Wit and Ill-nature enough to turn several passages of it into Ridicule, and very often in the right place. This Mr. *Dryden* has very agreeably remarked in those two celebrated Lines,

*Errors, like Straws, upon the Surface flow;
He who would search for Pearls must dive below.*

A true Critic ought to dwell rather upon Excellencies than Imperfections, to discover the concealed Beauties of a Writer, and communicate to the World such things as are worth their Observation. The most exquisite Words and finest Strokes of an Author are those which very often appear the most Doubtful and exceptionable, to a man who wants a Relish for polite Learning; and they are these, which a sour undistinguishing Critic generally attacks with the greatest Violence. *Tully* observes, that it is very easy to brand or fix a Mark upon what he calls *Verbum ardens*, or, as it may be rendred into *English*, a glowing bold Expression, and to turn it into Ridicule by a cold ill-natured Criticism. A little Wit is equally capable of exposing a Beauty, and of aggravating a Fault; and though such a Treatment of an Author naturally produces Indignation in the Mind of an understanding Reader, it has however its effect among the Generality of those whose hands it falls into; the Rabble of Mankind being very apt to think that every thing which is Laughed at with any mixture of Wit, is Ridiculous in itself.

SUCH a Mirth as this is always unreasonable in a Critic, as it rather prejudices the Reader than convinces him, and is capable of making a Beauty, as well as a Blemish, the Subject of Derision. A Man, who cannot write with Wit on a proper subject, is dull and stupid, but one who shews it in an improper place, is as impertinent and absurd. Besides, a Man who has the Gift of Ridicule, is apt to find Fault with any thing that gives him

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him an opportunity of exerting his beloved Talents, and very often censures a passage, not because there is any Fault in it, but because he can be Merry upon it. Such kinds of Pleasantry are very unfair and disingenuous in works of Criticism, in which the greatest Masters, both antient and modern, have always appeared with a serious and instructive air.

AS I intend in my next Paper to shew the Defects in *Milton's Paradise Lost*, I thought fit to premise these few particulars, to the end that the Reader may know I enter upon it, as on a very Ungrateful work, and that I shall just point at the Imperfections, without endeavouring to enflame them with Ridicule. I must also observe with *Longinus*, that the productions of a great Genius, with many Lapses and Inadvertencies, are infinitely preferable to the works of an inferior kind of Author, which are scrupulously exact and conformable to all the Rules of correct writing.

I shall conclude my Paper with a Story out of *Boccacini*, which sufficiently shews us the Opinion that judicious Author entertained of the sort of Critics I have been here mentioning. A famous Critic, says he, having gathered together all the Faults of an eminent Poet, made a Present of them to *Apollo*, who received them very graciously, and resolved to make the Author a suitable Return for the Trouble he had been at in collecting them. In order to this, he set before him a Sack of Wheat, as it had been just threshed out of the Sheaf. He then bid him pick out the Chaff from among the Corn, and lay it aside by itself. The Critic applied himself to the Task with great Industry and Pleasure, and after having made the due Separation, was presented by *Apollo* with the Chaff for his Pains.



SPECTATOR, N^o 297.

Agregio in per sos reprehendas corpore nemo. Hor.

AFTER what I have said in my last *Sunday's* Paper, I shall enter on the Sub-

ject of this without farther Preface, and remark the several Defects which appear in the Fable, the Characters, the Sentiments, and the Language of *Milton's Paradise Lost*, not doubting but the Reader will pardon me, if I alledge at the same time whatever may be said for the Extenuation of such Defects. The first Imperfection which I shall observe in the Fable is, that the Event of it is Unhappy.

THE Fable of every Poem is according to *Aristotle's* Division either *Simple* or *Implex*. It is called Simple when there is no Change of Fortune in it, Implex when the Fortune of the chief Actor changes from Bad to Good, or from Good to Bad. The Implex Fable is thought the most perfect; I suppose, because it is more proper to stir up the Passions of the Reader, and to surprize him with a greater Variety of Accidents.

THE Implex Fable is therefore of two Kinds: In the first the chief Actor makes his way through a long series of Dangers and Difficulties, till he arrives at Honour and Prosperity, as we see in the Story of *Ulysses*. In the second, the chief Actor in the Poem falls from some eminent pitch of Honour and Prosperity, into Misery and Disgrace. Thus we see *Adam* and *Eve* sinking from a State of Innocence and Happiness, into the most abject condition of Sin and Sorrow.

THE most taking Tragedies among the Antients were built on this last sort of Implex Fable, particularly the Tragedy of *Oedipus*, which proceeds upon a Story, if we may believe *Aristotle*, the most proper for Tragedy that could be invented by the Wit of Man. I have taken some Pains in a former Paper to shew, that this kind of Implex Fable, wherein the Event is unhappy, is more apt to affect an Audience than that of the first kind; notwithstanding many excellent Pieces among the Antients, as well as most of those which have been written of late years in our own Country, are raised upon contrary Plans. I must however own, that I think this kind of Fable, which is the most perfect in Tragedy, is not so proper for an Heroic Poem.

MILTON seems to have been sensible of this Imperfection in his Fable, and has therefore endeavoured to cure it by several Expedients; particularly by the Mortification which the great Adversary of Mankind meets with upon his Return to the Assembly of Infernal Spirits, as it is described in a beautiful

beautiful passage of the tenth Book; and likewise by the Vision, wherein Adam at the Close of the Poem sees his Off-spring triumphing over his great Enemy, and himself restored to a happier Paradise than that from which he fell.

THERE is another Objection against Milton's Fable, which is indeed almost the same with the former, tho' placed in a different Light, namely, That the Hero in the *Paradise Lost* is unsuccessful, and by no means a Match for his Enemies. This gave Occasion to Mr. Dryden's Reflection, that the Devil was in reality Milton's Hero. I think I have obviated this Objection in my first Paper. The *Paradise Lost* is an Epic, or a Narrative Poem, and he that looks for an Hero in it, searches for that which Milton never intended; but if he will needs fix the Name of an Hero upon any Person in it, 'tis certainly the Messiah who is the Hero, both in the Principal Action, and in the Chief Episodes. Paganism could not furnish out a real Action for a Fable greater than that of the *Iliad* or *Aeneid*, and therefore an Hea-then could not form a higher Notion of a Poem than one of that kind which they call an Heroic. Whether Milton's is not of a Sublimier nature I will not presume to determine: It is sufficient, that I show there is in the *Paradise Lost* all the Greatness of Plan, Regularity of Design, and matterly Beauties which we discover in *Homer* and *Virgil*.

I must in the next Place observe, that Milton has interwoven in the Texture of his Fable some particulars which do not seem to have Probability enough for an Epic Poem, particularly in the Actions which he ascribes to Sin and Death, and the Picture which he draws of the Limbo of Vanity, with other passages in the second Book. Such Allegories rather favour of the Spirit of *Spenser* and *Ariosto*, than of *Homer* and *Virgil*.

IN the Structure of his Poem he has likewise admitted of too many Digressions. It is finely observed by *Aristotle*, that the Author of an Heroic Poem should seldom speak himself, but throw as much of his Work as he can into the Mouths of those who are his principal Actors. *Aristotle* has given no Reason for this Precept, but I presume it is because the Mind of the Reader is more awed and elevated when he hears *Aeneas* or *Achilles* speak, than when *Virgil* or *Homer* talk in

their own Persons. Besides that assuming the Character of an eminent Man is apt to fire the Imagination, and raise the Ideas of an Author. *Tully* tells us, mentioning his Dialogue of old *Age*, in which *Cato* is the chief Speaker, that upon a Review of it he was agreeably imposed upon, and fancied that it was *Cato*, and not he himself, who uttered his Thoughts on that Subject.

IF the Reader would be at the Pains to see how the Story of the *Iliad* and *Aeneid* is delivered by those Persons who act in it, he will be surprised to find how little in either of these Poems proceeds from the Authors. Milton has, in the general Disposition of his Fable, very finely observed this great Rule; inasmuch, that there is scarce a Third part of it which comes from the Poet; the rest is spoken either by *Adam* and *Eve*, or by some Good or Evil Spirit who is engaged either in their Destruction or Defence.

FROM what has been here observed, it appears that Digressions are by no means to be allowed of in an Epic Poem. If the Poet, even in the ordinary course of his Narration, should speak as little as possible, he should certainly never let his Narration sleep for the sake of any Reflections of his own. I have often observed, with a secret Admiration, that the longest Reflection in the *Aeneid* is in that Passage of the Tenth Book, where *Turnus* is represented as dressing himself in the Spoils of *Pallas*, whom he had slain. *Virgil* here lets his Fable stand still for the sake of the following Remark. *How is the Mind of Man ignorant of Futurity, and unable to bear prosperous Fortune with Moderation? The Time will come when Turnus shall wish that he had left the Body of Pallas untouched, and curse the Day on which he dressed himself in these Spoils.* As the great Event of the *Aeneid*, and the Death of *Turnus*, whom *Aeneas* slew, because he saw him adorned with the Spoils of *Pallas*, turns upon this Incident, *Virgil* went out of his way to make this Reflection upon it, without which so small a Circumstance might possibly have slipped out of his Reader's Memory. *Lucan*, who was an Injudicious Poet, lets drop his Story very frequently for the sake of his unnecessary Digressions, or his *Diverticula*, as *Scaliger* calls them. If he gives us an Account of the Prodigies which preceded the Civil War, he declaims upon the occasion, and shews how much happier

it would be for Man, if he did not feel his evil Fortune before it comes to pass, and suffer not only by its Real weight, but by the Apprehension of it. *Milton's* Complaint for his Blindness, his Panegyric on Marriage, his Reflections on *Adam* and *Eve's* going naked, of the Angels eating, and several other Passages in his Poem, are liable to the same Exception, tho' I must confess there is so great a Beauty in these very Digressions that I would not wish them out of his Poem.

I have, in a former Paper, spoken of the Characters of *Milton's Paradise Lost*, and declared my Opinion, as to the Allegorical Persons who are introduced in it.

IF we look into the Sentiments, I think they are sometimes defective under the following Heads; First, as there are several of them too much Pointed, and some that degenerate even into Puns. Of this last kind, I am afraid is that in the First Book, where speaking of the Pigmies, he calls them

The small Infantry
Warr'd on by Cranes.

ANOTHER Blemish that appears in some of his Thoughts, is his frequent Allusion to Heathen Fables, which are not certainly of a Piece with the Divine Subject, of which he treats. I do not find Fault with these Allusions, where the Poet himself represents them as fabulous, as he does in some places, but where he mentions them as Truths and Matters of Fact. The Limits of my Paper will not give me leave to be particular in Instances of this kind: The Reader will easily remark them in his perusal of the Poem.

A Third Fault in his Sentiments, is an unnecessary Ostentation of Learning, which likewise occurs very frequently. It is certain, that both *Homer* and *Virgil* were Masters of all the Learning of their Times, but it shews itself in their Works, after an indirect and concealed manner. *Milton* seems ambitious of letting us know, by his Excursions on Free-Will and Predestination, and his many Glances upon History, Astronomy, Geography and the like, as well as by the Terms and Phrases he sometimes makes use of, that he was acquainted with the whole Circle of Arts and Sciences.

IF, in the last Place, we consider the Lan-

guage of this great Poet, we must allow what I have hinted in a former Paper, that it is often too much laboured, and sometimes obscured by old Words, Transpositions, and Foreign Idioms. *Seneca's* Objection to the Style of a great Author, *Riget ejus oratio, nihil in ea placidum nihil lenè*, is what many Critics make to *Milton*: As I cannot wholly refute it, so I have already apologized for it in another Paper; to which I may further add, that *Milton's* Sentiments and Ideas were so wonderfully sublime, that it would have been impossible for him to have represented them in their full Strength and Beauty, without having recourse to these Foreign Assistances. Our Language sunk under him, and was unequal to that Greatness of Soul which furnished him with such glorious Conceptions.

A second Fault in his Language is, that he often affects a kind of Jingle in his Words, as in the following Passages, and many others:

And brought into the World a World of Woe.

Begirt th' Almighty Throne

Beseeching or besieging

This tempted our Attempt

At one slight Bound high over-leapt all Bound.

I know there are Figures for this kind of Speech, that some of the greatest Antients have been guilty of it, and that *Aristotle* himself has given it a Place in his Rhetoric among the Beauties of that Art. But as it is in itself poor and trifling, it is I think at present universally exploded by all the Masters of polite Writing.

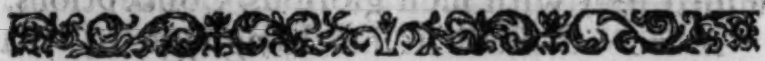
THE last Fault which I shall take Notice of in *Milton's* Style, is the frequent use of what the Learned call *Technical Words*, or Terms of Art. It is one of the great Beauties of Poetry, to make hard things intelligible, and to deliver what is abstruse of it self in such easy Language as may be understood by ordinary Readers: Besides, that the Knowledge of a Poet should rather seem born with him, or inspired, than drawn from Books and Systems. I have often wondered, how *Mr. Dryden* could translate a Passage out of *Virgil*, after the following manner,

Tack to the Larboard, and stand off to Sea,
Heer Star-board, Sea and Land.

Milton

Milton makes Use of *Starboard* in the same manner. When he is upon Building, he mentions *Doric Pillars, Pilasters, Cornice, Freize, Architrave*. When he talks of Heavenly Bodies, you meet with *Ecliptic*, and *Eccentric*, the *Trepidation*, *Stars dropping from the Zenith*, *Rays culminating from the Equator*. To which might be added many Instances of the like kind in several other Arts and Sciences.

I shall in my next Papers give an Account of the many particular Beauties in *Milton*, which would have been too long to insert under those general Heads I have already treated of, and with which I intend to conclude this piece of Criticism.



SPECTATOR, N^o 303.

— *volet hæc sub luce videri,*
Judicis argutum quæ non formidat acumen. Hor.

I HAVE seen in the Works of a Modern Philosopher, a Map of the Spots in the Sun. My last Paper of the Faults and Blemishes in *Milton's Paradise Lost*, may be considered as a Piece of the same Nature. To pursue the Allusion: As it is observed, that among the bright Parts of the luminous Body above-mentioned, there are some which glow more intensely, and dart a stronger Light than others; so, notwithstanding I have already shewn *Milton's* Poem to be very beautiful in general, I shall now proceed to take Notice of such Beauties as appear to be more exquisite than the rest. *Milton* has proposed the Subject of his Poem in the following Verses.

*Of Mans first disobedience, and the fruit
Of that forbidden tree whose mortal taste
Brought Death into the world and all our woe,
With loss of Eden, 'till one greater Man
Restore us, and regain the blissful Seat,
Sing Heav'nly Muse ———*

THESE Lines are perhaps as plain, simple and unadorned as any of the whole Poem, in which particular the Author has conform'd himself to the Example of *Homer*, and the Precept of *Horace*.

HIS Invocation to a Work which turns in a great measure upon the Creation of the World, is very properly made to the Muse who inspired *Moses* in those Books from whence our Author drew his Subject, and to the Holy Spirit who is therein represented as operating after a particular manner in the first Production of Nature. This whole Exordium rises very happily into noble Language and Sentiment, as I think the Transition to the Fable is exquisitely beautiful and natural.

THE Nine-days Astonishment, in which the Angels lay entranced after their dreadful Overthrow and Fall from Heaven, before they could recover either the Use of Thought or Speech, is a noble *Vid. Hesiod.* Circumstance, and very finely imagined. The Division of Hell into Seas of Fire, and into firm Ground impregnated with the same furious Element, with that particular Circumstance of the Exclusion of *Hope* from those infernal Regions, are Instances of the same great and fruitful Invention.

THE Thoughts in the first Speech and Description of *Satan*, who is one of the principal Actors in this Poem, are wonderfully proper to give us a full Idea of him. His Pride, Envy and Revenge, Obstinacy, Despair and Impenitence, are all of them very artfully interwoven. In short, his first Speech is a Complication of all those Passions which discover themselves separately in several other of his Speeches in the Poem. The whole Part of this great Enemy of Mankind is filled with such Incidents as are very apt to raise and terrify the Reader's Imagination. Of this nature, in the Book now before us, is his being the first that awakens out of the general Trance, with his Posture on the burning Lake, his Rising from it, and the Description of his Shield and Spear.

*Thus Satan talking to his nearest mate,
With head up-lift above the wave, and eyes
That sparkling blazed, his other parts beside
Prone on the Flood, extended long and large,
Lay floating many a rood ———
Forthwith upright he rears from off the pool
His mighty Stature; on each hand the flames
Driv'n backward slope their pointing Spires, and
In Billows leave 'th' midst a horrid vale. [crowd]
Then with expanded Wings he steers his flight
Aloft, incumbent on the dusky Air*

That

That felt unusual weight—
 His ponderous Shield,
 Ethereal temper, massie, large and round,
 Behind him cast; the broad Circumference
 Hung on his Shoulders like the Moon, whose orb
 Thro' Optic Glass the Tuscan Artists view
 At Evening from the top of Fiesole,
 Or in Valdarno to descry new Lands,
 Rivers or Mountains on her spotty Globe.
 His Spear to equal which the tallest Pine
 Hewn on Norwegian Hills to be the Mast
 Of some great Admiral, were but a wand,
 He walk'd with to support uneasy Steps
 Over the burning Marl—

TO which we may add his Call to the
 fallen Angels that lay plunged and stupified in
 the Sea of Fire.

He call'd so loud, that all the hollow deep
 Of Hell resounded—

BUT there is no single Passage in the
 whole Poem worked up to a greater Sublimi-
 ty, than that wherein his Person is described
 in those celebrated Lines:

He, above the rest
 In Shape and Gesture proudly eminent
 Stood like a Tower, &c.

HIS Sentiments are every way answerable
 to his Character, and suitable to a created Be-
 ing of the most exalted and most depraved
 Nature. Such is that in which he takes Pos-
 session of his place of Torments.

Hail Horrors, hail
 Infernal World, and thou profoundest Hell
 Receive thy new Possessor, one who brings
 A Mind not to be changed by place or time.

And afterwards,

Here at least
 We shall be free; th' Almighty hath not built
 Here for his envy, will not drive us hence:
 Here we may reign secure, and in my choice
 To reign is worth ambition, tho' in Hell:
 Better to reign in Hell, than serve in Heaven.

AMIDST those Impieties which this
 Enraged Spirit utters in other places of the
 Poem, the Author has taken Care to intro-

duce none that is not big with Absurdity,
 and incapable of shocking a Religious Rea-
 der; his Words, as the Poet describes them,
 bearing only a *Seemance* of *Truth*, not *Sub-
 stance*. He is likewise with great Art describ-
 ed as owning his Adversary to be Almighty.
 Whatever perverse Interpretation he puts on
 the Justice, Mercy, and other Attributes of
 the Supreme Being, he frequently confesses
 his Omnipotence, that being the Perfection
 he was forced to allow him, and the only
 Consideration which could support his Pride
 under the Shame of his Defeat.

NOR must I here omit that beautiful Cir-
 cumstance of his bursting out in Tears, upon
 his Survey of those innumerable Spirits whom
 he had involved in the same Guilt and Ruin
 with himself.

He now prepared
 To speak; whereat their doubled Ranks they bend
 From Wing to Wing and half enclose him round
 With all his Peers: Attention held them mute.
 Thrice he assay'd, and thrice in spite of Scorn
 Tears, such as Angels weep, burst forth—

THE Catalogue of Evil Spirits has abun-
 dantly of Learning in it, and a very agreeable
 Turn of Poetry, which rises in a great mea-
 sure from its describing the Places where they
 were worshipped, by those beautiful Marks
 of Rivers, so frequent among the Ancient
 Poets. The Author had doubtless in this place
 Homer's Catalogue of Ships, and Virgil's List
 of Warriors in his view. The Characters of
 Moloch and Belial prepare the Reader's Mind
 for their respective Speeches and Behaviour
 in the second and sixth Book. The Account
 of Thammuz is finely Romantic, and suitable
 to what we read among the Ancients of the
 Worship which was paid to that Idol.

Thammuz came next behind,
 Whose annual Wound in Lebanon allur'd
 The Syrian Damsels to lament his fate,
 In ant'rous Dirrises all a Summer's day,
 While smooth Adonis from his native Rock
 Ran purple to the Sea, suppos'd with Blood
 Of Thammuz yearly wounded: the Love-tale
 Infected Sion's Daughters with like Heat,
 Whose wanton Passions in the sacred Porch
 Ezekiel saw, when by the Vision led
 His Eye survey'd the dark Idolatries
 Of alienated Judah.

THE

THE Reader will pardon me if I insert as a Note on this beautiful Passage, the Account given us by the late ingenious Mr. Maundrell of this Ancient Piece of Worship, and probably the first Occasion of such a Superstition. 'We came to a fair large River—doubtless the Ancient River *Adonis*, so famous for the Idolatrous Rites perform'd here in Lamentation of *Adonis*. We had the Fortune to see what may be supposed to be the Occasion of that Opinion which *Lucian* relates, concerning this River, viz. That this Stream, at certain Seasons of the Year, especially about the Feast of *Adonis*, is of a bloody Colour; which the Heathens looked upon as proceeding from a kind of Sympathy in the River for the Death of *Adonis*, who was killed by a wild Boar in the Mountains, out of which this Stream rises. Something like this we saw actually come to pass; for the Water was stain'd to a surprising redness; and, as we observ'd in Travelling, had discolour'd the Sea a great way into a Reddish Hue, occasion'd doubtless by a sort of Minium, or red Earth, washed into the River by the violence of the Rain, and not by any stain from *Adonis*'s Blood.

THE Passage in the Catalogue, explaining the manner how Spirits transform themselves by Contraction, or Enlargement of their Dimensions, is introduced with great Judgment, to make way for several surprising Accidents in the Sequel of the Poem. There follows one, at the very End of the First Book, which is what the French Critics call *Marvellous*, but at the same Time probable by reason of the passage last mentioned. As soon as the Infernal Palace is finished, we are told the Multitude and Rabble of Spirits immediately shrunk themselves into a small Compass, that there might be Room for such a numberless Assembly in this capacious Hall. But it is the Poet's Refinement upon this Thought, which I most admire, and which is indeed very noble in its self. For he tells us, that notwithstanding the Vulgar, among the fallen Spirits, contracted their Forms, those of the first Rank and Dignity still preserved their natural Dimensions.

Thus incorporeal Spirits to smallest Forms
Reduc'd their Shapes immense, and were at large
Though without Number still amidst the Hall
Of that infernal Court. But far within,

And in their own Dimensions like themselves,
The Great Seraphic Lords and Cherubim,
In close recess and secret conclave sat,
A thousand Demy-Gods on Golden Seats,
Frequent and full—

THE Character of *Mammon*, and the Description of the *Pandemonium*, are full of Beauties.

THERE are several other Strokes in the First Book wonderfully poetical, and Instances of that Sublime Genius so peculiar to the Author. Such is the Description of *Azazel*'s Stature, and of the Infernal Standard, which he unfurls; as also of that ghastly Light, by which the Fiends appear to one another in their Place of Torments.

The Seat of Desolation, void of Light,
Save what the glimm'ring of those livid Flames
Casts pale and dreadful—

THE Shout of the whole Host of fallen Angels when drawn up in Battel Array:

—The Universal Host up sent
A Shout that tore Hell's Concave, and beyond
Frighted the Reign of Chaos and old Night.

THE Review, which the Leader makes of his Infernal Army:

—He thro' the armed files
Darts his experienc'd Eye, and soon traverse
The whole Battalion views, their order due,
Their Visages and Stature as of Gods,
Their number last he sums, and now his Heart
Distends with Pride, and hard'ning in his Strength
Glories—

THE Flash of Light, which appeared upon the drawing of their Swords;

He spake: and to confirm his Words outflew
Millions of flaming Swords, drawn from the Thigh
Of mighty Cherubim; the sudden Blaze
Far round illumin'd Hell—

THE sudden Production of the *Pandemonium*;

Anon out of the Earth a Fabric huge
Rose like an Exhalation, with the Sound
Of dulcet Symphonies and Voices sweet.

THE

THE artificial Illuminations made in it.

— From the arched Roof
Pendent by subtle Magic, many a Row
Of Starry Lamps and blazing Cressets, fed
With Naphtha and Asphaltus, yielded Light
As from a Sky—

THERE are also several noble Similies and Allusions in the first Book of *Paradise Lost*. And here I must observe, that when *Milton* alludes either to Things or Persons, he never quits his Simile till it rises to some very great Idea, which is often foreign to the Occasion that gave Birth to it. The Resemblance does not, perhaps, last above a Line or two, but the Poet runs on with the Hint, till he has raised out of it some glorious Image or Sentiment, proper to inflame the Mind of the Reader, and to give it that sublime kind of Entertainment, which is suitable to the nature of an Heroic Poem. Those, who are acquainted with *Homer's* and *Virgil's* way of Writing, cannot but be pleased with this kind of Structure in *Milton's* Similitudes. I am the more particular on this Head, because ignorant Readers, who have formed their Taste upon the quaint Similes, and little Turns of Wit, which are so much in vogue among modern Poets, cannot relish these Beauties which are of a much higher nature, and are therefore apt to censure *Milton's* Comparisons, in which they do not see any surprising Points of Likeness. Monsieur *Perrault* was a Man of this vitiated Relish, and for that very Reason has endeavour'd to turn into Ridicule several of *Homer's* Similitudes, which he calls *Comparaisons à longue queue, Long-tail'd Comparisons*. I shall conclude this Paper on the First Book of *Milton* with the Answer which Monsieur *Boileau* makes to *Perrault* on this Occasion; 'Comparisons, says he, in Odes and Epic Poems are not introduced only to illustrate and embellish the Discourse, but to amuse and relax the Mind of the Reader, by frequently disengaging him from too painful an Attention to the principal Subject, and by leading him into other agreeable Images. *Homer*, says he, excelled in this Particular, whose Comparisons abound with such Images of Nature as are proper to relieve and diversifie his Subjects. He continually instructs the Reader, and makes him take notice, even in Objects which are

every Day before our Eyes, of such Circumstances as we should not otherwise have observed. To this he adds, *et cetera*, universally acknowledged, that it is not necessary in Poetry for the Points of the Comparison to correspond with one another exactly, but that a general Resemblance is sufficient, and that too much Nicety in this Particular favours of the Rhetorician and Epigrammatist.

IN short, if we look into the Conduct of *Homer*, *Virgil*, and *Milton*, as the great Fable is the Soul of each Poem, so to give their Works an agreeable Variety, their Episodes are so many short Fables, and their Similes so many short Episodes; to which you may add if you please, that their Metaphors are so many short Similes. If the Reader considers the Comparisons in the first Book of *Milton*, of the Sun in an Eclipse, of the sleeping *Leviathan*, of the Bees swarming about the Hive, of the fairy Dance, in the View wherein I have placed them, he will easily discover the great Beauties that are in each of those Passages.



SPECTATOR, N^o 309.

*Di, quibus imperium est animarum, umbræque
silentes,
Et Chaos, et Phlegethon, loca nocte silentia late;
Sit mihi fas audita loqui! sit numine vestro
Pandere res alta terra et caligine mersas.* Virg.

I Have before observed in general, that the Persons whom *Milton* introduces into his Poem always discover such Sentiments and Behaviour, as are in a peculiar manner conformable to their respective Characters. Every Circumstance in their Speeches and Actions, is with great Justness and Delicacy adapted to the Persons who speak and act. As the Poet very much excels in this Consistency of his Characters, I shall beg leave to consider several passages of the Second Book in this Light. That superior Greatness, and Mock-Majesty, which is ascribed to the Prince of the fallen Angels, is admirably preserved in the Beginning of this Book. His opening and closing the Debate; his taking on himself that great Enterprize at the Thought of which the whole

whole infernal Assembly trembled; his encountering the hideous Phantom who guarded the Gates of Hell, and appeared to him in all his Terrors; are instances of that proud and daring Mind which could not brook Submission even to Omnipotence.

SATAN was now at hand, and from his seat The Monster moving onward came as fast With horrid strides, Hell trembled as he strode, Th' undaunted Fiend what this might be admir'd, Admir'd, not Fear'd—

THE same Boldness and Intrepidity of behaviour discovers it self in the several adventures, which he meets with during his Passage through the Regions of unformed Matter, and particularly in his Address to those tremendous Powers who are described as presiding over it.

THE Part of *Moloch* is likewise in all its Circumstances full of that Fire and Fury, which distinguish this Spirit from the rest of the fallen Angels. He is described in the first Book as belmeared with the Blood of humane Sacrifices, and delighted with the Tears of Parents and the Cries of Children. In the second Book he is mark'd out as the fiercest Spirit that fought in Heaven; and if we consider the figure which he makes in the sixth Book, where the battel of the Angels is described, we find it every way answerable to the same furious enraged Character.

—Where the might of Gabriel fought,
And with fierce ensigns pierc'd the deep array
Of *Moloch*, furious King, who him defy'd,
And at his chariot-wheels to drag him bound
Threaten'd, nor from the Holy one of heav'n
Refrain'd his tongue blasphemous, but anon
Down cloven to the waste, with shatter'd arms
And uncouth pain fled bellowing.—

IT may be worth while to observe, that *Milton* has represented this violent impetuous Spirit, who is hurried on by such precipitate passions, as the first that rises in that Assembly, to give his Opinion upon their present posture of affairs. Accordingly he declares himself abruptly for War, and appears incensed at his Companions, for losing so much time as even to deliberate upon it. All his Sentiments are rash, audacious and desperate. Such is that of arming themselves with Tor-

tures, and turning their Punishments upon Him who inflicted them.

—No, let us rather chuse,
Arm'd with Hell-flames and fury, all at once
O'er Heav'n's high tow'rs to force resistless way,
Turning our Tortures into horrid Arms
Against the Tort'rer; when to meet the noise
Of his almighty engine he shall hear
Infernal Thunder, and for Lightning see
Black fire and horror shot with equal rage
Among his Angels; and his Throne it self
Mixt with Tartarean Sulphur, and strange Fire,
His own invented Torments —

HIS preferring Annihilation to Shame or Misery, is also highly suitable to his Character; as the Comfort he draws from their disturbing the Peace of Heaven, that if it be not Victory it is Revenge, is a sentiment truly diabolical, and becoming the Bitterness of this implacable Spirit.

BELIAL is described, in the first Book, as the Idol of the lewd and luxurious. He is in the second Book, pursuant to that description, characterised as timorous and slothful; and if we look into the sixth Book we find him celebrated in the Battle of Angels for Nothing but that Scoffing Speech which he makes to *Satan*, on their supposed Advantage over the Enemy. As his Appearance is uniform, and of a piece in these three several views, we find his Sentiments in the infernal Assembly every way conformable to his Character. Such are his Apprehensions of a second Battle, his Horrors of Annihilation, his preferring to be miserable rather than not to be. I need not observe, that the Contrast of thought in this Speech, and that which precedes it, gives an agreeable Variety to the Debate.

MAMMON's Character is so fully drawn in the first Book, that the Poet adds Nothing to it in the Second. We were before told, that he was the first who taught mankind to ransack the Earth for Gold and Silver, and that he was the Architect of *Pandemonium*, or the infernal Palace, where the evil Spirits were to meet in Council. His Speech in this Book is every where suitable to so depraved a Character. How proper is that Reflection, of their being unable to taste the Happiness of Heaven were they actually there, in the mouth of one, who while he was in Heaven is said to have had his Mind dazled with the

outward pomps and glories of the place, and to have been more intent on the Riches of the Payment, than on the Beatific Vision. I shall also leave the Reader to judge how agreeable the following Sentiments are to the same Character.

— This deep world
Of Darkness do we dread? How oft amidst
Thick cloud and dark doth Heav'n's all-ruling Sire
Chuse to reside, his Glory unobscured,
And with the Majesty of Darkness round
Covers his Throne; from whence deep Thunders roar
Mustering their rage, and Heav'n resembles Hell?
As he our Darkness, cannot we his Light
Imitate when we please? This Desert Soil
Wants not her hidden Lustre, Gems and Gold;
Nor want we Skill or Art, from whence to raise
Magnificence, and what can Heav'n show more?

BELZEBUB, who is reckon'd the second in Dignity that fell, and is in the first Book the second that awakens out of the Trance, and confers with Satan upon the situation of their Affairs, maintains his Rank in the Book now before us. There is a wonderful Majesty described in his rising up to speak. He acts as a kind of Moderator between the two opposite parties, and proposes a Third undertaking, which the whole Assembly gives into. The Motion he makes of detaching one of their body in Search of a new World is grounded upon a project devised by Satan, and cursorily proposed by him in the following Lines of the first Book.

Space may produce New worlds, whereof so rife
There went a Fame in Heav'n, that he ere long
Intended to create, and therein plant
A Generation; whom his choice regard
Should favour equal to the Sons of Heav'n:
Thither, if but to pry, shall he perhaps
Our first eruption, thither or elsewhere:
For this infernal Pit shall never hold
Celestial Spirits in bondage, nor th' Abyss
Long under darkness cover. But these thoughts
Fall Counsel must mature: —

It is on this Project that Belzebub grounds his Proposal.

— What if we find
Some easier enterprize? There is a Place
Of ancient and prophetic Fame in Heav'n

Err not) another World, the happy seat
Of some new Race call'd Man, about this time
To be created like to us, though less
In Power and Excellence, but favour'd more
Of him who rules above, so was his Will
Pronounc'd among the Gods, and by an Oath
That shook Heav'n's whole circumference, confirm'd.

THE Reader may observe how just it was, not to omit in the first Book the Project upon which the whole Poem turns: As also that the Prince of the fallen Angels was the only proper person to give it birth, and that he next to him in Dignity was the fittest to support it.

THERE is besides, I think, something wonderfully beautiful, and very apt to affect the Reader's Imagination, in this antient Prophecy or Report in Heaven, concerning the Creation of Man. Nothing could shew more the Dignity of the Species, than this Tradition which ran of them before their Existence. They are represented to have been the Talk of Heaven, before they were created. *Virgil*, in compliment to the Roman Commonwealth, makes the Heroes of it appear in their state of Pre-existence; but *Milton* does a far greater Honour to Mankind in general, as he gives us a Glimpse of them even before they are in Being.

THE Rising of this great Assembly is described in a very sublime and poetical manner.

Their rising all at once was as the sound
Of Thunder heard remote —

THE Diversions of the fallen Angels, with the particular Account of their place of Habitation, are described with great Pregnancy of Thought, and Copiousness of Invention. The Diversions are every way suitable to Beings who had nothing left them but Strength and Knowledge misapplied. Such are their Contentions at the Race, and in Feats of Arms, with their Entertainment in the following Lines.

Others with vast Typhæan rage more fell
Rend up both Rocks and Hills, and ride the Air
In Whirlwind; Hell scarce holds the wild uproar.

THEIR Music is employed in celebrating their own criminal Exploits, and their Discourse in sounding the unfathomable Depths

Depths of Fate, Free-will, and Fore-know-
ledge.

THE several Circumstances in the De-
scription of Hell are finely imagined; as the
four Rivers which discharge themselves into
the Sea of Fire, the extremes of Cold and
Heat, and the River of Oblivion. The mon-
strous Animals produced in that infernal World
are represented by a single Line, which gives
us a more horrid Idea of them, than a much
longer Description would have done.

— Nature breeds,
Perverse, all monstrous, all prodigious things,
Abominable, inutterable, and worse
Than Fables yet have feign'd, or fear conceiv'd,
Gorgons, and Hydra's, and Chimera's dire.

THIS Epifode of the fallen Spirits, and
their Place of Habitation, comes in very hap-
pily to unbend the Mind of the Reader from
its Attention to the Debate. An ordinary
Poet would indeed have spun out so many
Circumstances to a great length, and by that
means have weakened, instead of illustrated,
the principal Fable.

THE Flight of Satan to the Gates of Hell
is finely imaged.

I have already declared my Opinion of the
Allegory concerning Sin and Death, which is
however a very finished Piece in its kind,
when it is not consider'd as a part of an Epic
Poem. The Genealogy of the several Persons
is contrived with great Delicacy. Sin is the
Daughter of Satan, and Death the Off-spring
of Sin. The incestuous mixture between Sin
and Death produces those Monsters and Hell-
hounds which from time to time enter into
their Mother, and tear the bowels of her who
gave them birth. These are the Terrors of an
evil Conscience, and the proper Fruits of Sin,
which naturally rise from the apprehensions
of Death. This last beautiful Moral is, I
think, clearly intimated in the Speech of Sin,
where complaining of this her dreadful Issue,
she adds,

Before mine Eyes in opposition sits,
Grim Death thy Son and Foe who sets them on.
And me his Parent would full soon devour
For want of other prey, but that he knows
His end with mine involv'd —

I need not mention to the Reader the beau-

tiful Circumstance in the last part of this quo-
tation. He will likewise observe how natural-
ly the three persons concerned in this Allegory
are tempted by one common interest to enter
into a confederacy together, and how pro-
perly Sin is made the Portress of Hell, and the
only Being that can open the gates to that world
of Tortures.

THE Descriptive part of this Allegory is
likewise very strong, and full of sublime Ideas.
The Figure of Death, the Regal Crown upon
his head, his Menace of Satan, his advancing
to the Combat, the Outcry at his Birth, are
Circumstances too noble to be past over in
silence, and extremely suitable to this King
of Terrors. I need not mention the Justness
of thought which is observed in the Gene-
ration of these several Symbolical Persons,
that Sin was produced upon the first Revolt
of Satan, that Death appeared soon after he
was cast into Hell, and that the Terrors of
Conscience were conceived at the Gate of
this place of Torments. The Description of
the Gates is very poetical, as the opening of
them is full of Milton's Spirit.

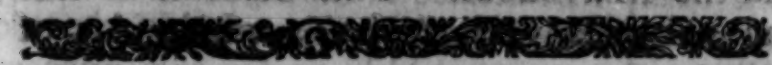
— On a sudden open fly
With impetuous recoil and jarring sound
Th' infernal Doors, and on their hinges grate
Harsh thunder, that the lowest bottom shook
Of Erebus. She open'd, but to shut
Excell'd her power; the Gates wide open stood,
That with extended wings a banner'd host
Under spread ensigns marching might pass through
With horse and chariots rank'd in loose array;
So wide they stood, and like a furnace mouth
Cast forth redounding smok and ruddy flame.

IN Satan's Voyage through the Chaos,
there are several imaginary Persons described,
as residing in that immense waste of Matter.
This may perhaps be conformable to the Taste
of those Critics who are pleased with Nothing
in a Poet which has not Life and Manners af-
cribed to it; but for my own part I am plea-
sed most with those Passages in this Descrip-
tion which carry in them a greater measure
of Probability, and are such as might possibly
have happened. Of this kind is his first Mount-
ing in the Smoak, that rises from the infernal
Pit, his falling into a Cloud of Nitre, and the
like combustible materials, that by their Ex-
plosion still hurried him forward in his Voy-
age; his springing upward like a Pyramid of
Fire,

Fire, with his laborious Passage through that Confusion of Elements, which the Poet calls

The Womb of Nature and perhaps her Grave.

THE Glimmering Light which shot into the Chaos from the utmost Verge of the Creation, with the distant Discovery of the Earth that hung close by the Moon, are wonderfully beautiful and poetical.



SPECTATOR, N^o 315.

Nec deus interfit, nisi dignus vindice nodus Inciderit. — Hor.

HORACE advises a Poet to consider thoroughly the Nature and Force of his Genius. Milton seems to have known perfectly well wherein his Strength lay, and has therefore chosen a Subject entirely conformable to those Talents, of which he was Master. As his Genius was wonderfully turned to the Sublime, his Subject is the noblest that could have entered into the Thoughts of Man. Every thing that is truly Great and Astonishing has a place in it. The whole Systeme of the intellectual World; the Chaos, and the Creation; Heaven, Earth and Hell; enter into the Constitution of his Poem.

HAVING in the First and Second Book represented the Infernal World with all its Horrors, the Thread of his Fable naturally leads him into the opposite Regions of Bliss and Glory.

IF Milton's Majesty forfakes him any where, it is in those parts of his Poem, where the Divine Persons are introduced as Speakers. One may, I think, observe that the Author proceeds with a kind of Fear and Trembling, whilst he describes the Sentiments of the Almighty. He dares not give his Imagination its full play, but chuses to confine himself to such Thoughts as are drawn from the Books of the most Orthodox Divines, and to such Expressions as may be met with in Scripture. The Beauties, therefore, which we are to look for in these Speeches, are not of a Poetical nature, nor so proper to

fill the Mind with Sentiments of Grandeur as with Thoughts of Devotion. The passions, which they are designed to raise, are Divine Love and Religious Fear. The particular Beauty of the Speeches in the Third Book consists in that Shortness and Perspicuity of Style, in which the Poet has couched the greatest Mysteries of Christianity, and drawn together, in a regular Scheme, the whole Dispensation of Providence, with respect to Man. He has represented all the abstruse Doctrines of Predestination, Free-will and Grace, as also the great points of the Incarnation and Redemption, (which naturally grow up in a Poem that treats of the Fall of Man,) with great Energy of Expression, and in a clearer and stronger Light than ever I met with in any other Writer. As these Points are Dry in themselves to the generality of Readers, the concise and clear manner in which he has treated them is very much to be admired, as is likewise that particular Art which he has made use of, in the interpersing of all those Graces of Poetry, which the Subject was capable of receiving.

THE Survey of the whole Creation, and of every thing that is transacted in it, is a prospect worthy of Omniscience; and as much above that, in which Virgil has drawn his Jupiter, as the Christian Idea of the Supreme Being is more Rational and Sublime than that of the Heathens. The particular Objects on which he is described to have cast his Eye, are represented in the most beautiful and lively manner.

Now had th' Almighty Father from above,
From the pure Empyrean where he sits
High thron'd above all height, bent down his Eye,
His own Works and their Works at once to view:
About him all the Sanctities of Heav'n
Stood thick as Stars, and from his Sight receiv'd
Beatitude past utterance: On his Right
The radiant Image of his Glory sat,
His only Son; On Earth he first beheld
Our two first Parents, yet the only two
Of Mankind, in the happy Garden plac'd,
Reaping immortal fruits of Joy and Love,
Uninterrupted Joy, unrival'd Love,
In blissful Solitude; he then survey'd
Hell and the Gulf between, and Satan there
Coasting the wall of Heav'n on this side Night
In the dun air sublime, and ready now
To stoop with wearied wings and willing feet

On

*On the bare outside of this World, that seem'd
Firm land imbosom'd without firmament,
Uncertain which in Ocean or in Air,
Him God beholding from his prospect high,
Wherin past, present, future he beholds,
Thus to his only Son foreseeing spake.*

*SATAN's Approach to the Confines of
the Creation, is finely imaged in the Begin-
ning of the Speech, which immediately fol-
lows. The Effects of this Speech in the
blessed Spirits, and in the divine Person to
whom it was addressed, cannot but fill the
Mind of the Reader with a secret Pleasure
and Complacency.*

*Thus while God spake, ambrosial fragrance fill'd
All Heav'n, and in the blessed Spirits elect
Sense of new joy ineffable diffus'd!
Beyond compare the Son of God was seen
Most glorious, in him all his Father shone
Substantially express'd, and in his face
Divine Compassion visibly appear'd,
Love without end, and without measure Grace.*

*I need not point out the Beauty of that
Circumstance, wherein the whole host of An-
gels are represented as standing mute; nor
show how proper the Occasion was to pro-
duce such a Silence in Heaven. The Close
of this Divine Colloquy, with the Hymn of
Angels that follows upon it, are so wonderfully
beautiful and poetical, that I should not for-
bear inserting the whole Passage, if the bounds
of my paper would give me leave.*

*No sooner had th' Almighty ceas'd, but all
The multitudes of Angels with a shout,
Loud as from numbers without number, sweet
As from blest voices utt'ring joy, Heav'n rung
With Jubilee, and loud Hosanna's fill'd
Th' eternal regions; &c, &c.*

*SATAN's Walk upon the Outside of the
Universe, which, at a distance appeared to
him of a Globular Form, but, upon his
nearer approach, looked like an Unbounded
Plain, is natural and noble. As his Roaming
upon the Frontiers of the Creation, between
that mass of Matter, which was wrought in-
to a World, and that shapeless unformed heap
of Materials, which still lay in Chaos and
Confusion, strikes the Imagination with
something astonishingly great and wild. I*

*have before spoken of the Limbo of Vanity,
which the Poet places upon this outermost
Surface of the Universe, and shall here ex-
plain my self more at large on that, and other
parts of the Poem, which are of same sha-
dowy nature.*

*ARISTOTLE observes, that the Fable
of an Epic Poem should abound in Circum-
stances that are both Credible and Astonishing;
or, as the French Critics chuse to phrase it,
the Fable should be filled with the Probable
and the Marvellous. This Rule is as fine
and just as any in Aristotle's whole Art of
Poetry.*

*If the Fable is only Probable, it differs
nothing from a true History; if it is only
Marvellous, it is no better than a Romance.
The great Secret therefore of Heroic Poetry,
is to relate such Circumstances, as may pro-
duce in the Reader at the same Time both
Belief and Astonishment. This is brought
to pass in a well-chosen Fable, by the account
of such things as have really happened, or
at least of such things as have happened ac-
cording to the received Opinions of Man-
kind. Milton's Fable is a Master-piece of
this nature; as the War in Heaven, the Con-
dition of the fallen Angels, the State of In-
nocence, the Temptation of the Serpent, and
the Fall of Man, though they are very Asto-
nishing in themselves, are not only Credible,
but actual points of Faith.*

*THE next method of reconciling Mira-
cles with Credibility, is by a happy Inven-
tion of the Poet; as in particular, when he in-
troduces Agents of a superior Nature, who
are capable of effecting what is Wonderful,
and what is not to be met with in the ordi-
nary course of things. Ulysses's Ship being
turn'd into a Rock, and Aeneas's Fleet into a
Shoal of Water-Nymphs, though they are
very Surprising Accidents, are nevertheless
Probable, when we are told that they were
the Gods who thus transformed them. It is
this kind of Machinery which fills the Poems
both of Homer and Virgil with such Circum-
stances as are Wonderful, but not Impossible,
and so frequently produce in the Reader the
most pleasing Passion that can rise in the Mind
of Man, which is Admiration. If there be
any Instance in the Aeneid liable to Excepti-
on upon this account, it is in the beginning
of the Third Book, where Aeneas is repre-
sented as tearing up the Myrtle that dropped
Blood.*

Blood. To qualify this Wonderful circumstance, *Polydorus* tells a story from the root of the Myrtle, that the barbarous Inhabitants of the Country having pierced him with Spears and Arrows, the Wood which was left in his Body took Root in his Wounds, and gave Birth to that bleeding Tree. This Circumstance seems to have the Marvellous without the Probable, because it is represented as proceeding from Natural Causes, without the Interposition of any God, or rather Supernatural Power capable of producing it: The Spears and Arrows grow of themselves, without so much as the modern help of an Enchantment. If we look into the Fiction of *Milton's* Fable, though we find it full of Surprising Incidents, they are generally suited to our Notions of the Things and Persons described, and tempered with a due measure of Probability. I must only make an Exception to the *Limbo of Vanity*, with his Episode of *Sin* and *Death*, and some of the imaginary Persons in his *Chaos*. These Passages are Astonishing, but not Credible; the Reader cannot so far impose upon himself as to see a Possibility in them; they are the description of Dreams and Shadows, not of Things or Persons. I know that many Critics look upon the Stories of *Circe*, *Polypheme*, the *Sirens*, nay the whole *Odyssey* and *Iliad* to be Allegories; but allowing this to be true, they are Fables, which considering the Opinions of Mankind that prevailed in the Age of the Poets, might possibly have been according to the Letter. The Persons are such as might have acted what is ascribed to them, as the Circumstances, in which they are represented, might possibly have been Truths and Realities. This Appearance of Probability is so absolutely requisite in the greater kinds of Poetry, that *Aristotle* observes the ancient Tragic Writers made use of the Names of such great Men as had actually lived in the World, though the Tragedy proceeded upon Adventures they were never engaged in, on purpose to make the Subject more Credible. In a word, besides the hidden Meaning of an Epic Allegory, the plain literal Sense ought to appear Probable. The Story should be such as an ordinary Reader may acquiesce in, whatever natural, moral, or political Truth may be discovered in it by Men of greater Penetration.

SATAN after having long wandered upon the Surface, on our most Wall of the Universe, discovers at last a wide Gap in it, which led into the Creation, and is described as the Opening through which the Angels pass to and fro into the lower World, upon their Errands to Mankind. His sitting upon the Brink of this Passage, and taking a Survey of the whole Face of Nature, that appeared to him new and fresh in all its Beauties, with the Simile illustrating this Circumstance, fills the Mind of the Reader with as surprising and glorious an Idea as any that arises in the whole Poem. He looks down into that vast Hollow of the Universe with the Eye, or (as *Milton* calls it in his first Book) with the Kenn of an Angel. He surveys all the Wonders in this immense Amphitheatre that lye between both the Poles of Heaven, and takes in at one view the whole Round of the Creation.

HIS Flight between the several Worlds that shined on every side of him, with the particular Description of the Sun, are set forth in all the Wantonness of a luxuriant Imagination. His Shape, Speech and Behaviour upon his transforming himself into an Angel of Light, are touched with exquisite Beauty. The Poet's Thought of directing *Satan* to the Sun, which in the Vulgar Opinion of Mankind is the most conspicuous Part of the Creation, and the placing in it an Angel, is a Circumstance very finely contrived, and the more adjusted to a poetical Probability, as it was a received Doctrine among the most famous Philosophers, that every Orb had its Intelligence; and as an Apostle in sacred Writ is said to have seen such an Angel in the Sun. In the Answer which this Angel returns to the disguised Evil Spirit, there is such a becoming Majesty as is altogether suitable to a superior Being. The part of it in which he represents himself as present at the Creation, is very noble in it self, and not only proper where it is introduced, but requisite to prepare the Reader for what follows in the Seventh Book.

*I saw when at his Word the formless Mass;
This World's Material Mould, came to a Mass:
Confusion heard his voice, and wild Upstart
Stood rul'd, stood vast Infinitude confin'd;
Till at his second bidding Darkness fled,
Light shon, &c.*

IN the following part of the Speech he points out the Earth with such Circumstances, that the Reader can scarce forbear fancying himself employed on the same distant View of it.

*Look downward on the Globe whose hither side
With light from hence, tho' but reflected, shines;
That place is Earth, the seat of Man, that light
His day, &c.*

I must not conclude my Reflections upon this third Book of *Paradise Lost*, without taking notice of that celebrated Complaint of *Milton* with which it opens, and which certainly deserves all the Praises that have been given to it; tho' as I have before hinted, it may rather be looked upon as an Exerescence, than as an Essential part of the Poem. The same Observation might be applied to that beautiful Digression upon Hypocrisy, in the same Book.



SPECTATOR, N^o 321.

Nec satis est pulchra esse poemata, dulcia sunt.
Hor.

THOSE, who know how many Volumes have been written on the Poems of *Hom*er and *Virgil*, will easily pardon the Length of my Discourse upon *Milton*. The *Paradise Lost* is looked upon, by the best Judges, as the greatest Production, or at least the noblest Work of Genius, in our Language, and therefore deserves to be set before an *English* Reader in its full Beauty. For this reason, tho' I have endeavoured to give a general Idea of its Graces and Imperfections in my six first Papers, I thought myself obliged to bestow one upon every Book in particular. The three first Books I have already dispatched, and am now entering upon the Fourth. I need need not acquaint my Reader, that there are Multitudes of Beauties in this great Author, especially in the descriptive parts of his Poem, which I have not touched upon; it being my Intention to point out those only, which appear to me the most exquisite, or those which are not so obvious to ordinary Readers. Eve-

ry one that has read the Critics, who have written upon the *Odyssy*, the *Iliad*, and the *Aeneid*, knows very well, that though they agree in their Opinions of the great Beauties in those Poems, they have nevertheless each of them discovered several Master-strokes, which have escaped the Observation of the rest. In the same manner, I question not, but any Writer, who shall treat on this Subject after me, may find several Beauties in *Milton*, which I have not taken notice of. I must likewise observe, that as the greatest Masters of critical Learning differ among one another, as to some particular Points in an Epic Poem, I have not bound my self scrupulously to the Rules which any one of them has laid down upon that Art, but have taken the Liberty sometimes to join with one, and sometimes with another, and sometimes to differ from all of them, when I have thought that the Reason of the thing was on my side.

WE may consider the Beauties of the Fourth Book under three Heads. In the first are those Pictures of Still-Life, which we meet with in the Descriptions of *Eden*, *Paradise*, *Adam's Bower*, &c. In the next are the Machines, which comprehend the Speeches and Behaviour of the good and bad Angels. In the last is the Conduct of *Adam* and *Eve*, who are the principal Actors in the Poem.

IN the Description of *Paradise*, the Poet has observed *Aristotle's* Rule of lavishing all the Ornaments of Diction on the weak unactive parts of the Fable, which are not supported by the Beauty of Sentiments and Characters. Accordingly the Reader may observe, that the Expressions are more florid and elaborate in these Descriptions, than in most other parts of the Poem. I must further add, that tho' the Drawings of Gardens, Rivers, Rainbows, and the like dead pieces of Nature, are justly censured in an heroic Poem, when they run out into an unnecessary length; the Description of *Paradise* would have been faulty, had not the Poet been very particular in it, not only as it is the Scene of the principal Action, but as it is requisite to give us an Idea of that Happiness from which our first Parents fell. The Plan of it is wonderfully beautiful, and formed upon the short Sketch which we have of it in Holy Writ. *Milton's* Exuberance of Imagination has poured

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ed forth such a Redundancy of Ornaments on this Seat of Happiness and Innocence; that it would be endless to point out each Particular.

I must not quit this head, without further observing, that there is scarce a Speech of *Adam* or *Eve* in the whole Poem, wherein the Sentiments and Allusions are not taken from this their delightful Habitation. The Reader, during their whole Course of Action, always finds himself in the Walks of *Paradise*. In short, as the Critics have remarked, that in those Poems, wherein Shepherds are Actors, the Thoughts ought always to take a Tincture from the Woods, Fields and Rivers; so we may observe, that our first Parents seldom lose Sight of their happy Station in any thing they speak or do; and, if the Reader will give me leave to use the Expression, that their Thoughts are always *paradisiacal*.

WE are in the next place to consider the Machines of the Fourth Book. *Satan* being now within Prospect of *Eden*, and looking round upon the Glories of the Creation, is filled with Sentiments different from those which he discovered whilst he was in Hell. The Place inspires him with Thoughts more adapted to it: He reflects upon the happy Condition from whence he fell, and breaks forth into a Speech that is softened with several transient touches of Remorse and Self-Accusation: But at length, he confirms himself in Impenitence, and in his Design of drawing Men into his own State of Guilt and Misery. This Conflict of Passions is raised with a great deal of Art, as the opening of his Speech to the Sun is very bold and noble.

*O thou that with surpassing Glory crown'd
Look'st from thy sole dominion like the God
Of this new World, at whose sight all the Stars
Hide their diminish'd heads, to thee I call
But with no friendly Voice, and add thy Name
O Sun, to tell thee how I hate thy Beams
That bring to my remembrance from what State
I fell, how glorious once above thy Sphere.*

THIS Speech is, I think, the finest that is ascribed to *Satan* in the whole Poem. The Evil Spirit afterwards proceeds to make his discoveries concerning our first Parents, and to learn after what manner they may be best

attacked. His bounding over the Walls of *Paradise*; his sitting in the shape of a *Cormorant* upon the Tree of Life, which stood in the center of it; and over-topped all the other Trees of the Garden; his alighting among the herd of Animals, which are so beautifully represented as playing about *Adam* and *Eve*; together with his transforming himself into different Shapes, in order to hear their Conversation; are Circumstances that give an agreeable Surprise to the Reader, and are devised with great Art, to connect that Series of Adventures in which the Poet has engaged this great Artificer of Fraud.

THE Thought of *Satan's* Transformation into a *Cormorant*, and placing himself on the Tree of Life, seems raised upon that Passage in the *Iliad*, where two Deities are described, as perching on the top of an Oak in the shape of Vulturs.

HIS planting himself at the Ear of *Eve* under the form of a Toad, in order to produce vain Dreams and Imaginations, is a Circumstance of the same nature; as his starting up in his own Form is wonderfully fine, both in the literal Description, and in the Moral which is concealed under it. His Answer upon his being discovered, and demanded to give an Account of himself, is conformable to the Pride and Intrepidity of his Character.

*Know ye not then, said Satan, fill'd with scorn,
Know ye not Me? ye knew me once no Mate
For You, there sitting where you durst not soare;
Not to know Me argues your-selves unknown,
The lowest of your throng;*

ZEPHON's Rebuke, with the Influence it had on *Satan*, is exquisitely graceful and moral. *Satan* is afterwards led away to *Gabriel*, the chief of the Guardian Angels, who kept Watch in *Paradise*. His disdainful Behaviour on this occasion is so remarkable a Beauty, that the most ordinary Reader cannot but take notice of it. *Gabriel's* discovering his Approach at a distance, is drawn with great Strength and Liveliness of Imagination.

*O Friends, I hear the tread of nimble Feet
Hast'ning this way, and now by glimps discern
Ithuriel and Zephon through the shade;
And with them comes a third of Regal Port,*

But

*But fadd'd splendor wan; who by his gait
And fierce demeanor seems the Prince of Hell;
Not likely to part hence without contest;
Stand firm, for in his look defiance lours.*

THE Conference between *Gabriel* and *Satan* abounds with Sentiments proper for the occasion, and suitable to the Persons of the two Speakers. *Satan's* cloathing himself with Terror, when he prepares for the Combat, is truly sublime, and at least equal to *Homer's* description of *Discord* celebrated by *Longinus*, or to that of *Fame* in *Virgil*, who are both represented with their Feet standing upon the Earth, and their Heads reaching above the Clouds.

*While thus he spake, th' Angelic Squadron bright
Turn'd fiery red, sharpening in mooned horns
Their Phalanx, and began to hem him round
With ported spears, &c.*

*— On th' other side, Satan alarm'd,
Collecting all his might dilated stood
Like Teneriff or Atlas unremov'd.
His Stature reach'd the Sky, and on his Crest
Sat Horror plum'd; —*

I must here take notice, that *Milton* is every where full of Hints, and sometimes literal Translations, taken from the greatest of the Greek and Latin Poets. But this I may reserve for a Discourse by it self, because I would not break the Thread of these Speculations, that are designed for *English* Readers, with such Reflections as would be of no Use but to the Learned.

I must however observe in this place, that the breaking off the Combat between *Gabriel* and *Satan*, by the hanging out of the Golden Scales in Heaven, is a Refinement upon *Homer's* Thought, who tells us, that before the Battle between *Hector* and *Achilles*, *Jupiter* weighed the Event of it in a pair of scales. The Reader may see the whole Passage in the 22d *Iliad*.

VIRGIL, before the last decisive Combat, describes *Jupiter* in the same manner, as weighing the Fates of *Turnus* and *Aeneas*. *Milton*, though he fetched this beautiful Circumstance from the *Iliad* and *Aeneid*, does not only insert it as a poetical Embellishment, like the Authors above-mentioned; but makes an artful Use of it for the proper carrying on of his Fable, and for the breaking off the Com-

bat between the two Warriors, who were upon the point of engaging. To this we may further add, that *Milton* is the more justified in this Passage, as we find the same noble Allegory in Holy Writ, where a wicked Prince, some few hours before he was assaulted and slain, is said to have been weigh'd in the scales, and to have been found wanting.

I must here take notice under the head of the Machines, that *Uriel's* gliding down to the Earth upon a Sun-beam, with the Poet's Device to make him descend, as well in his Return to the Sun, as in his coming from it, is a Prettiness that might have been admired in a little fanciful Poet, but seems below the Genius of *Milton*. The description of the Host of armed Angels walking their nightly Round in *Paradise*, is of another Spirit;

*So saying, on he led his radiant files,
Dazling the Moon;*

as that Account of the Hymns, which our first Parents used to hear them sing in these their Midnight-walks, is altogether Divine, and inexpressibly amusing to the Imagination.

WE are in the last place, to consider the Parts which *Adam* and *Eve* act in the fourth Book. The description of them as they first appeared to *Satan*, is exquisitely drawn, and sufficient to make the fallen Angel gaze upon them with all that Astonishment, and those Emotions of Envy, in which he is represented.

*Two of far nobler Shape erect and tall,
God-like erect, with native honour clad
In naked Majesty seem'd lords of all,
And worthy seem'd, for in their looks Divine
The Image of their glorious maker shon,
Truth, Wisdom, Sanctitude severe and pure;
Severe, but in true filial Freedom plac'd:
For Contemplation he and Valour form'd,
For Softness she and sweet attractive Grace;
He for God only, she for God in him:
His fair large Front, and Eye sublime declar'd
Absolute Rule; and Hyacinthin Locks
Round from his parted forelock manly hung
Clustering, but not beneath his Shoulders broad;
She as a Veil down to her slender Waste
Her unadorn'd golden Tresses wore
Dishevel'd, but in wanton Ringlets wav'd.
So pass'd they naked on, nor shun'd the sight
Of God or Angel, for they thought no ill:*

*So hand in hand they pass'd, the loveliest Pair,
That ever since in Love's Embraces met.*

THERE is a fine Spirit of Poetry in the Lines which follow, wherein they are described as sitting on a Bed of Flowers by the Side of a Fountain, amidst a mixed Assembly of Animals.

THE Speeches of these two first Lovers flow equally from Passion and Sincerity. The Professions they make to one another are full of Warmth; but at the same time founded on Truth. In a word, they are the Gallantries of Paradise.

—When Adam first of Men—

*Sole Partner and sole Part of all those Joys
Dearer thy self than all; —*

But let us ever praise him, and extol

His bounty, following our delightful task,

*To prune those growing Plants, and tend these
Flowers,*

Which were it toilsome, yet with thee were sweet.

To whom thus Eve reply'd, O thou for whom

And from whom I was form'd, Flesh of thy Flesh,

And without whom am to no end, my Guide

And Head, what thou hast said is just and right.

For we to him indeed all Praises owe,

And daily Thanks, I chiefly who enjoy

So far the happier Lot, enjoying thee

Præminent by so much odds, while thou

Like Consort to thy self canst no where find, &c.

THE remaining part of Eve's Speech, in which she gives an Account of her self upon her first Creation, and the manner in which she was brought to Adam, is I think as beautiful a Passage as any in Milton, or perhaps in any other Poet whatsoever. These Passages are all worked off with so much Art, that they are capable of pleasing the most Delicate Reader, without offending the most Severe.

That Day I oft remember, when from Sleep, &c.

A Poet of less Judgment and Invention than this great Author, would have found it very difficult to have filled these tender parts of the Poem with Sentiments proper for a state of Innocence; to have described the Warmth of Love, and the Professions of it, without Artifice or Hyperbole; to have made the Man speak the most endearing things, without descending from his natural Dignity, and the

Woman receiving them without departing from the Modesty of her Character, in a word, to adjust the Prerogatives of Wisdom and Beauty, and make each appear to the other in its proper Force and Loveliness. This mutual Subordination of the two Sexes is wonderfully kept up in the whole Poem, as particularly in the Speech of Eve I have before-mentioned, and upon the Conclusion of it in the following Lines;

*So spake our general Mother, and with Eyes
Of conjugal Attraction unprov'd,
And meek surrender, half embracing lean'd
On our first Father, half her swelling breast
Naked met his under the flowing Gold
Of her loose Tresses hid; he in delight
Both of her Beauty and submissive Charms
Smil'd with Superior Love, —*

THE Poet adds, that the Devil turned away with Envy at the sight of so much Happiness.

WE have another view of our first Parents in their evening Discourses, which is full of pleasing Images, and Sentiments suitable to their Condition and Characters. The Speech of Eve, in particular, is dressed up in such a soft and natural Turn of Words and Sentiments, as cannot be sufficiently admired.

I shall close my Reflections upon this Book, with observing the masterly Transition which the Poet makes to their Evening Worship, in the following Lines.

*Thus at their shady Lodge arriv'd, both stood,
Both turn'd, and under open Sky ador'd
The God that made both Sky, Air, Earth and
Heav'n
Which they beheld, the Moon's resplendent Globe,
And Starry Pole: Thou also mad'st the Night,
Maker omnipotent, and thou the Day, &c.*

MOST of the modern heroic Poets have imitated the Ancients, in beginning a Speech without premising, that the Person said thus or thus: but as it is easie to imitate the Ancients in the Omission of two or three Words, it requires Judgment to do it in such a manner as they shall not be missed, and that the Speech may begin naturally without them. There is a fine Instance of this kind out of Homer, in the twenty third Chapter of Longinus.

SPECTA-

SPECTATOR, N^o 327.*Major rerum mihi nascitur ordo.* Virg.

WE were told in the foregoing Book how the Evil Spirit practised upon Eve as she lay asleep, in order to inspire her with Thoughts of Vanity, Pride and Ambition. The Author, who shews a wonderful Art throughout his whole Poem, in preparing the Reader for the several Occurrences that arise in it, founds upon the above-mention'd Circumstance the First Part of the Fifth Book. Adam upon his awaking finds Eve still asleep, with an unusual Discomposure in her Looks. The Posture in which he regards her, is described with a Tenderness not to be express'd, as the Whisper with which he awakens her is the softest that ever was conveyed to a Lover's Ear.

*His wonder was to find unwaken'd Eve
With Tresses discompos'd, and glowing Cheek
As through unquiet rest: he on his side
Leaning half-rai'd, with looks of cordial love
Hung over her enamour'd, and beheld
Beauty which, whether waking or asleep,
Shot forth peculiar Graces; then with voice
Mild, as when Zephyrus on Flora breathes,
Her hand soft touching, whisper'd thus: Awake
My fairest, my espous'd, my latest found,
Heav'n's last best gift, my ever new delight,
Awake: the morning shines, and the fresh field
Calls us, we lose the prime to mark how spring
Our tended plants, how blows the Citron grove,
What drops the Myrrhe, and what the balmy Reed;
How Nature paints her colours; how the Bee
Sits on the bloom, extracting liquid sweet.
Such Whispering wak'd her, but with startled Eye
On Adam, whom embracing, thus she spake.
O Sole in whom my thoughts find all Repose,
My glory, my perfection, glad I see
Thy face, and morn return'd*

I cannot but take notice that Milton, in the Conferences between Adam and Eve, had his Eye very frequently upon the Book of Canticles, in which there is a noble Spirit of Eastern Poetry, and very often not unlike what

we meet with in Homer, who is generally placed near the Age of Solomon. I think there is no question but the Poet in the preceding Speech remember'd those two Passages which are spoken on the like Occasion, and fill'd with the same pleasing Images of Nature.

MY beloved spake, and said unto me, Rise up, my love, my fair one, and come away; For lo, the winter is past, the rain is over and gone; the flowers appear on the Earth; the time of the singing of birds is come, and the voice of the Turtle is heard in our Land. The fig-tree putteth forth her green figs, and the Vines with the tender grape give a good smell. Arise, my Love, my fair one, and come away.

COME, my beloved, let us go forth into the field; let us get up early to the Vineyards, let us see if the Vine flourish, whether the tender Grape appear, and the Pomegranates bud forth.

HIS preferring the Garden of Eden to that

—Where the Sapient King
Held Dalliance with his fair Egyptian Spouse;

shews that the Poet had this delightful Scene in his Mind.

EVE's Dream is full of those high Conceits engendring Pride, which, we are told, the Devil endeavoured to instill into her. Of this kind is that part of it where she fancies herself awaken'd by Adam in the following beautiful Lines.

*Why sleep'st thou Eve? now is the pleasant time,
The cool, the silent, save where silence yields
To the night-warbling bird, that now awake
Tunes sweetest his love-labour'd song; now reigns
Full orb'd the moon, and with more pleasing light
Shadowy sets off the face of things: In vain
If none regard; Heav'n wakes with all his eyes,
Whom to behold but thee, Nature's desire,
In whose sight all things joy, with ravishment
Attracted by thy beauty still to gaze!*

AN injudicious Poet would have made Adam talk through the whole Work, in such Sentiments as these. But Flattery and Falshood are not the Courtship of Milton's Adam, and could not be heard by Eve in her State of Innocence, excepting only in a Dream produced

on purpose to taint her Imagination. Other vain Sentiments of the same kind in this Relation of her Dream, will be obvious to every Reader. Tho' the Catastrophe of the Poem is finely prefigured on this occasion, the particulars of it are so artfully shadowed, that they do not anticipate the Story which follows in the Ninth Book. I shall only add, that tho' the Vision of it self is founded upon Truth, the Circumstances of it are full of that Wildness and Inconsistency which are natural to a Dream. Adam, conformable to his superior Character for Wisdom, instructs and comforts Eve upon this Occasion.

*So cheer'd he his fair Spouse, and she was cheer'd,
But silently a gentle tear let fall
From either eye, and wip'd them with her hair;
Two other precious drops that ready stood,
Each in their chrystal sluice, he e'er they fell
Kiss'd, as the gracious signs of sweet remorse
And pious awe, that fear'd to have offended.*

THE Morning Hymn is written in Imitation of one of those Psalms, where in the Overflowings of Gratitude and Praise, the Psalmist calls not only upon the Angels, but upon the most conspicuous parts of the inanimate Creation, to joyn with him in extolling their Common Maker. Invocations of this nature fill the Mind with glorious Ideas of God's Works, and awaken that divine Enthusiasm, which is so natural to Devotion. But if this calling upon the dead parts of Nature is at all times a proper kind of Worship, it was in a particular manner suitable to our first Parents, who had the Creation fresh upon their Minds, and had not seen the various Dispensations of Providence, nor consequently could be acquainted with those many Topics of Praise which might afford matter to the Devotions of their Posterity. I need not remark the beautiful Spirit of Poetry, which runs through this whole Hymn, nor the Holiness of that Resolution with which it concludes.

HAVING already mentioned those Speeches which are assigned to the Persons in this Poem, I proceed to the Description which the Poet gives of *Raphael*. His Departure from before the Throne, and his Flight thro' the Choirs of Angels, is finely imaged. As *Milton* every where fills his Poem with Circumstances that are Marvellous and

Astonishing, he describes the Gate of Heaven as framed after such a manner, that it opened of it self upon the approach of the Angel who was to pass through it.

— 'till at the gate
Of Heav'n arriv'd, the gate self-open'd wide,
On golden Hinges turning, as by work
Divine the Sovereign Architect had framed.

THE Poet here seems to have regarded two or three Passages in the 18th *Iliad*, as that in particular, where speaking of *Vulcan*, *Homer* says, that he had made twenty *Tripodes* running on Golden Wheels, which, upon occasion, might go of themselves to the Assembly of the Gods, and when there was no more use for them, return again after the same manner. *Scaliger* has rallied *Homer* very severely upon this point, as *M. Dacier* has endeavoured to defend it. I will not pretend to determine, whether in this particular of *Homer*, the Marvellous does not lose sight of the Probable. As the miraculous Workmanship of *Milton's* Gates is not so extraordinary as this of the *Tripodes*, so I am persuaded he would not have mentioned it, had not he been supported in it by a Passage in the Scripture, which speaks of Wheels in Heav'n that had Life in them, and moved of themselves, or stood still, in Conformity with the Cherubims, whom they accompanied.

THERE is no question but *Milton* had this Circumstance in his Thoughts, because in the following Book he describes the Chariot of the *Messiah* with living Wheels, according to the Plan in *Ezekiel's* Vision.

— Forth rush'd with whirlwind sound
The Chariot of Paternal Deity,
Flashing thick flames, wheel within wheel un-
It self instinct with Spirit — [drawn,

I question not but *Bossu*, and the two *Daciers*, who are for vindicating every thing that is censured in *Homer*, by something parallel in Holy Writ, would have been very well pleased had they thought of confronting *Vulcan's* *Tripodes* with *Ezekiel's* Wheels.

RAPHAEL's Descent to the Earth, with the figure of his Person, is represented in very lively Colours. Several of the *French*, *Italian*, and *English* Poets have given a loose to their Imaginations in the description of Angels:

Angels: But I do not remember to have met with any so finely drawn, and so conformable to the Notions which are given of them in Scripture, as this in *Milton*. After having set him forth in all his heavenly Plumage, and represented him as alighting upon the Earth, the Poet concludes his Description with a Circumstance, which is altogether new, and imagined with the greatest Strength and Fancy.

—Like Maia's Son he stood
And shook his plumes, that Heav'nly fragrance
The Circuit wide— [fill'd

RAPHAEL's Reception by the Guardian Angels; his passing through the Wilderness of Sweets; his distant Appearance to *Adam*; have all the Graces that Poetry is capable of bestowing. The Author afterwards gives us a particular Description of *Eve* in her Domestic Employments.

So saying, with dispatchful looks in haste
She turns, on hospitable thoughts intent,
What choice to chuse for delicacy best,
What order, so contriv'd as not to mix
Tastes, not well joyn'd inelegant, but bring
Taste after taste, upheld with kindest change;
Bestirs her then, &c—

THOUGH in this, and other parts of the same Book, the Subject is only the Housewifery of our first Parent, it is set off with so many pleasing Images and strong Expressions, as make it none of the least agreeable parts in this Divine Work.

THE natural Majesty of *Adam*, and at the same time his submissive Behaviour to the superior Being, who had vouchsafed to be his Guest; the solemn Hail which the Angel bestows upon the Mother of Mankind, with the Figure of *Eve* ministring at the Table, are Circumstances which deserve to be admired.

RAPHAEL's Behaviour is every way suitable to the Dignity of his Nature, and to that Character of a sociable Spirit, with which the Author has so judiciously introduced him. He had received Instructions to converse with *Adam*, as one Friend converses with another, and to warn him of the Enemy, who was contriving his Destruction: Accordingly he is represented as sitting down at a Table with *Adam*, and eating of the

Fruits of *Paradise*. The occasion naturally leads him to his discourse on the Food of Angels. After having thus entered into Conversation with Man upon more indifferent Subjects, he warns him of Obedience, and makes a natural Transition to the History of that fallen Angel, who was employed in the Circumvention of our first Parents.

HAD I follow'd Monsieur *Bossu's* method, in my first Paper on *Milton*, I should have dated the Action of *Paradise Lost* from the Beginning of *Raphael's* Speech in this Book, as he supposes the Action of the *Aeneid* to begin in the second Book of that Poem. I could allege many Reasons for my drawing the Action of the *Aeneid* rather from its Immediate beginning in the first Book, than from its Remote beginning in the second, and shew why I have considered the Sacking of *Troy* as an *Episode*, according to the common Acceptation of that Word. But as this would be a dry unentertaining piece of Criticism, and perhaps unnecessary to those who have read my first Paper, I shall not enlarge upon it. Which-ever of the Notions be true, the Unity of *Milton's* Action is preserved according to either of them; whether we consider the Fall of Man in its Immediate beginning, as proceeding from the Resolutions taken in the infernal Council; or in its more Remote beginning, as proceeding from the first Revolt of the Angels in Heaven. The occasion which *Milton* assigns for this Revolt, as it is founded on Hints in Holy Writ, and on the Opinion of some great Writers, so it was the most proper that the Poet could have made use of.

THE Revolt in Heaven is described with great Force of Imagination, and a fine Variety of Circumstances. The learned Reader cannot but be pleased with the Poet's Imitation of *Homer* in the last of the following Lines.

At length into the limits of the North
They came, and Satan took his Royal Seat
High on a Hill, far blazing, as a Mount
Rais'd on a Mount, with Pyramids and Tow'rs
From Diamond Quarries hewn, and Rocks of
The Palace of great Lucifer, (so call [Gold,
That Structure in the Dialect of Men
Interpreted)——

HOMER mentions Persons and Things, which he tells us in the Language of the Gods
are

are called by different Names from those they go by in the Language of Men. Milton has imitated him with his usual Judgment in this particular Place, wherein he has likewise the Authority of Scripture to justify him. The part of *Abdiel*, who was the only Spirit that in this infinite Host of Angels preserved his Allegiance to his Maker, exhibits to us a noble Moral of religious Singularity. The Zeal of the Seraph breaks forth in a becoming Warmth of Sentiments and Expressions, as the Character which is given us of him denotes that generous Scorn and Intrepidity which attends heroic Virtue. The Author doubtless designed it as a Pattern to those who live among Mankind in their present state of Degeneracy and Corruption.

*So spake the Seraph Abdiel faithful found,
Among the faithless, faithful only he;
Among innumerable false, unmov'd,
Unshaken, unseduc'd, untterrify'd;
His Loyalty he kept, his Love, his Zeal:
Nor number, nor example with him wrought
To swerve from Truth, or change his constant mind
Though single. From amidst them forth he pass'd,
Long way through hostile Scorn, which he sustain'd
Superior, nor of Violence fear'd aught;
And with retorted Scorn his Back he turn'd
On those proud Tow'rs to swift Destruction doom'd.*



SPECTATOR, N^o 333.

— *vocat in certamina Divos.* Virg.

WE are now entering upon the Sixth Book of *Paradise Lost*, in which the Poet describes the Battel of Angels; having raised his Reader's Expectation, and prepared him for it by several Passages in the preceding Books. I omitted quoting these Passages in my Observations on the former Books, having purposely reserved them for the opening of this, the Subject of which gave occasion to them. The Author's Imagination was so inflamed with this great Scene of Action, that wherever he speaks of it, he rises, if possible, above himself. Thus where he mentions *Satan* in the beginning of his Poem.

— *Him the Almighty Power
Hurl'd headlong flaming from th' Ethereal Skie,
With hideous ruin and combustion down
To bottomless perdition, there to dwell
In Adamantine Chains and Penal Fire,
Who durst defie th' Omnipotent to Arms.*

WE have likewise several noble Hints of it in the infernal Conference.

*O Prince, O Chief of many throned Powers
That led th' embattel'd Seraphim to War,
Too well I see and rue the dire event,
That with sad overthrow and foul defeat
Hath lost us Heav'n, and all this mighty host
In horrible destruction laid thus low.
But see the angry Victor has recall'd
His Ministers of vengeance and pursuit
Back to the gates of Heav'n: The sulphurous hail,
Shot after us in storm, o'erblown hath laid
The fiery Surge, that from the precipice
Of Heav'n receiv'd us falling, and the Thunder
Wing'd with red lightning and impetuous rage,
Perhaps hath spent his shafts, and ceases now
To bellow through the vast and boundless Deep.*

THERE are several other very sublime Images on the same Subject in the first Book, as also in the second.

*What when we fled amain, pursu'd and strook
With Heav'n's afflicting Thunder, and besought
The Deep to shelter us; this Hell then seem'd
A refuge from those wounds—*

IN short, the Poet never mentions any thing of this Battel, but in such Images of Greatness and Terror as are suitable to the Subject. Among several others, I cannot forbear quoting that passage where the Power, who is describ'd as presiding over the Chaos, speaks in the third Book.

*Thus Satan; and him thus the Anarch old
With faultring speech and visage compos'd
Answer'd, I know thee, Stranger, who thou art,
That mighty leading Angel, who of late
Made head against Heav'n's King, tho' overthrown.
I saw and heard; for such a numerous Host
Fled not in Silence through the frighted Deep
With ruin upon ruin, rout on rout,
Confusion worse confounded; and Heav'n's Gates
Pour'd out by Millions her victorious Bands
Pursuing.*

IT

IT required great Pregnancy of Invention and Strength of Imagination, to fill this Battel with such Circumstances as should raise and astonish the Mind of the Reader; and, at the same time, an Exactness of Judgment to avoid every thing that might appear light or trivial. Those who look into *Homer*, are surprized to find his Battels still rising one above another, and improving in Horror, to the Conclusion of the *Iliad*. *Milton's* Fight of Angels is wrought up with the same Beauty. It is ushered in with such Signs of Wrath as are suitable to Omnipotence incensed. The first Engagement is carried on under a cope of Fire, occasioned by the flights of innumerable burning Darts and Arrows which are discharged from either Host. The second Onset is still more terrible, as it is filled with those artificial Thunders, which seem to make the Victory doubtful, and produce a kind of Consternation even in the Good Angels. This is followed by the tearing up of Mountains and Promontories; 'till, in the last Place, *Messiah* comes forth in the fullness of Majesty and Terrour. The Pomp of his Appearance, amidst the roarings of his Thunders, the flashes of his Lightnings, and the noise of his Chariot-Wheels, is described with the utmost Flights of humane Imagination.

THERE is nothing in the first and last Day's Engagement which does not appear natural, and agreeable enough to the Ideas most Readers would conceive of a Fight between two Armies of Angels.

THE second Day's Engagement is apt to startle an Imagination, which has not been raised and qualified for such a Description, by the reading of the antient Poets, and of *Homer* in particular. It was certainly a very bold Thought in our Author, to ascribe the first use of Artillery to the Rebel Angels. But as such a pernicious Invention may be well supposed to have proceeded from such Authors, so it entered very properly into the thoughts of that Being, who is all along described as aspiring to the Majesty of his Maker. Such Engines were the only Instruments he could have made use of to imitate those Thunders, that in all Poetry, both sacred and prophane, are represented as the Arms of the Almighty. The tearing up the Hills was not altogether so daring a Thought as the former. We are, in some measure, prepared for such an Incident by the description of the Giants War, which

we meet with among the antient Poets. What still made this Circumstance the more proper for the Poet's Use, is the Opinion of many learned Men, that the Fable of the Giants War, which makes so great a noise in Antiquity, and gave birth to the sublimest description in *Hesiod's* Works, was an Allegory founded upon this very Tradition of a fight between the good and bad Angels.

IT may, perhaps, be worth while to consider with what Judgment *Milton*, in this Narration, has avoided every thing that is mean and trivial in the Descriptions of the *Latin* and *Greek* Poets; and, at the same time, improved every great hint which he met with in their Works upon this Subject. *Homer* in that Passage, which *Longinus* has celebrated for its Sublimeness, and which *Ovid* and *Virgil* have copied after him, tells us that the Giants threw *Offa* upon *Olympus*, and *Pelion* upon *Offa*. He adds an Epithet to *Pelion* (*εινοσιφυλλον*) which very much swells the Idea, by bringing up to the Reader's Imagination all the Woods that grew upon it. There is further a great Beauty in his singling out by name these three remarkable Mountains, so well known to the *Greeks*. This last is such a Beauty as the scene of *Milton's* War could not possibly furnish him with. *Claudian*, in his Fragment upon the Giants War, has given full scope to that wildness of Imagination which was natural to him. He tells us that the Giants tore up whole Islands by the Roots, and threw them at the Gods. He describes one of them in particular taking up *Lemnos* in his Arms, and whirling it to the Skies, with all *Vulcan's* Shop in the midst of it. Another tears up Mount *Ida*, with the River *Enipeus*, which ran down the sides of it; but the Poet, not content to describe him with this Mountain upon his Shoulders, tells us, that the River flowed down his Back, as he held it up in that posture. It is visible to every judicious Reader, that such Ideas favour more of Burlesque than of the Sublime. They proceed from a Wantonness of Imagination, and rather Divert the Mind than Astonish it. *Milton* has taken every thing that is sublime in these several Passages, and composes out of them the following great Image.

From their Foundations loosning so and fro
They pluck'd the seated Hills with all their load,
Rocks,

*Rocks, Waters, Woods, and by the shaggy tops
Up-lifting bore them in their Hands: —*

WE have the full Majesty of *Homer* in this short Description, improved by the Imagination of *Claudian*, without its Puerilities.

I need not point out the Description of the fallen Angels seeing the Promontories hanging over their Heads in such a dreadful manner, with the other numberless Beauties in this Book, which are so conspicuous, that they cannot escape the notice of the most ordinary Reader.

THERE are indeed so many wonderful strokes of Poetry in this Book, and such a variety of sublime Ideas, that it would have been impossible to have given them a place within the bounds of this Paper. Besides that, I find it in a great measure done to my hand at the end of my Lord *Roscommon's* Essay on translated Poetry. I shall refer my Reader thither for some of the Master-strokes in the Sixth Book of *Paradise Lost*, though at the same time there are many others which that noble Author has not taken notice of.

MILTON, notwithstanding the sublime Genius he was Master of, has in this Book drawn to his assistance all the helps he could meet with among the antient Poets. The Sword of *Michael*, which makes so great a havock among the bad Angels, was given him, we are told, out of the Armory of God.

— But the Sword
Of *Michael* from the Armory of God
Was giv'n him temper'd so, that neither keen
Nor solid might resist that edge: it met
The Sword of *Satan* with steep force to smite
Descending, and in half cut sheere, —

THIS Passage is a Copy of that in *Virgil*, wherein the Poet tells us, that the Sword of *Aeneas*, which was given him by a Deity, broke into pieces the Sword of *Turnus*, which came from a mortal forge. As the Moral in this place is Divine, so by the way we may observe, that the bestowing on a Man who is favoured by Heaven such an Allegorical Weapon, is very conformable to the old Eastern way of thinking. Not only *Homer* has made use of it, but we find the Jewish Hero in the Book of *Maccabees*, who had fought the Battles of the chosen People with so much Glory and

Success, receiving in his Dream a Sword from the hand of the Prophet *Jeremiah*. The following Passage, wherein *Satan* is described as wounded by the Sword of *Michael*, is an Imitation of *Homer*.

*The griding Sword with discontinuous wound
Pass'd through him, but th' Ethereal substance
Not long divisible, and from the gash [closed
A stream of Nectarous humour issuing flow'd
Sanguin, such as celestial Spirits may bleed,
And all his Armour stain'd —*

HOMER tells us in the same manner, that upon *Diomedes* wounding the Gods, there flowed from the Wound an *Ichor*, or pure kind of Blood, which was not bred from Mortal Viands; and that tho' the Pain was exquisitely great, the Wound soon closed up and healed in those Beings who are vested with Immortality.

I question not but *Milton* in his Description of his furious *Moloch* flying from the Battel, and bellowing with the Wound he had received, had his Eye on *Mars* in the *Iliad*, who, upon his being wounded, is represented as retiring out of the Fight, and making an Outcry louder than that of a whole Army when it begins the Charge. *Homer* adds, that the *Greeks* and *Trojans*, who were engaged in a general Battel, were terrified on each side with the bellowing of this wounded Deity. The Reader will easily observe how *Milton* has kept all the Horror of this Image without running into the Ridicule of it.

— Where the might of *Gabriel* fought,
And with fierce Ensigns pierc'd the deep array
Of *Moloch* furious King, who him defy'd,
And at his Chariot wheels to drag him bound
Threaten'd, nor from the Holy One of Heav'n
Refrain'd his tongue blasphemous; but anon
Down cloven to the waste, with shatter'd Arms
And uncouth pain fled bellowing. —

MILTON has likewise raised his Description in this Book with many Images taken out of the Poetical Parts of Scripture. The Messiah's Chariot, as I have before taken notice, is form'd upon a Vision of *Ezekiel*, who, as *Grotius* observes, has very much in him of *Homer's* Spirit in the Poetical Parts of his Prophecy.

THE following Lines in that glorious Commission which is given the Messiah to extirpate the Host of Rebel Angels, is drawn from a sublime passage in the Psalms.

*Go then thou Mightiest in thy Father's might
Ascend my Chariot, guide the rapid wheels
That shake Heaven's basis, bring forth all my War,
My Bow, my Thunder, my Almighty Arms,
Gird on thy Sword on thy puissant Thigh.*

THE Reader will easily discover many other strokes of the same nature.

THERE is no question but Milton had heated his Imagination with the Fight of the Gods in Homer, before he entered upon this Engagement of the Angels. Homer there gives us a Scene of Men, Heroes, and Gods mixed together in Battel. Mars animates the contending Armies, and lifts up his Voice in such a manner, that it is heard distinctly amidst all the Shouts and Confusion of the Fight. Jupiter at the same time thunders over their heads; while Neptune raises such a Tempest, that the whole Field of Battel and all the tops of the Mountains shake about them. The Poet tells us, that Pluto himself, whose habitation was in the very Center of the Earth, was so affrighted at the Shock, that he leapt from his Throne. Homer afterwards describes Vulcan as pouring down a Storm of Fire upon the River Xanthus, and Minerva as throwing a Rock at Mars; who, he tells us, covered seven Acres in his Fall.

AS Homer has introduced into his Battel of the Gods every thing that is great and terrible in Nature, Milton has filled his Fight of Good and Bad Angels with all the like Circumstances of Horrour. The shout of Armies, and rattling of brazen Chariots, the hurling of Rocks and Mountains, the Earthquake, the Fire, the Thunder, are all of them employed to lift up the Reader's Imagination, and give him a suitable Idea of so great an Action. With what Art has the Poet represented the whole body of the Earth trembling, even before it was created.

*All Heaven resounded, and bad Earth been then,
All Earth had to its Center shook —*

IN how sublime and just a manner does he afterwards describe the whole Heaven shaking under the Wheels of the Messiah's

Chariot, with that Exception of the Throne of God?

*— Under his burning Wheels
The steadfast Empyrean shook throughout,
All but the Throne it self of God —*

NOTWITHSTANDING the Messiah appears cloathed with so much Terrour and Majesty, the Poet has still found means to make his Readers conceive an Idea of him beyond what he himself was able to describe.

*Yet half his Strength he put not forth, but checkt
His thunder in mid volly, for he meant
Not to Destroy, but Root them out of Heav'n.*

IN a word, Milton's Genius, which was so great in it self, and so strengthened by all the helps of Learning, appears in this Book every way equal to his Subject, which was the most Sublime that could enter into the Thoughts of a Poet. As he knew all the Arts of affecting the Mind, he knew it was necessary to give it certain Resting-places and opportunities of recovering it self from time to time: He has therefore with great Address interspersed several Speeches, Reflections, Similitudes, and the like Reliefs, to diversifie his Narration, and ease the Attention of the Reader, that he might come fresh to his great Action; and by such a Contrast of Ideas, have a more lively taste of the nobler parts of his Description.



SPECTATOR, N^o 339.

*— Ut his exordia primis
Omnia, et ipse tener Mundi concreverit orbis.
Tum durare solum et discludere Nerea ponto
Cœperit, et rerum paullatim sumere formas. Virg.*

LONGINUS has observed, that there may be a Loftiness in Sentiments, where there is no Passion, and brings Instances out of antient Authors to support this his opinion. The Pathetic, as that great Critic observes, may animate and inflame the Sublime, but is not essential to it. Accordingly, as he further remarks, we very often find that those

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who

who excel most in stirring up the Passions, very often want the Talent of writing in the great and sublime manner; and so on the contrary, Milton has shewn himself a Master in both these ways of writing. The seventh Book, which we are now entering upon, is an instance of that Sublime which is not mixt and worked up with Passion. The Author appears in a kind of composed and sedate Majesty; and tho' the Sentiments do not give so great an Emotion as those in the former Book, they abound with as magnificent Ideas. The sixth Book, like a troubled Ocean, represents Greatness in Confusion; the seventh affects the Imagination like the Ocean in a Calm, and Fills the Mind of the Reader, without producing in it any thing like Tumult or Agitation.

THE Critic above-mentioned, among the Rules which he lays down for succeeding in the sublime way of writing, proposes to his Reader, that he should imitate the most celebrated Authors who have gone before him, and been engaged in works of the same nature; as in particular that if he writes on a Poetical subject, he should consider how *Homer* would have spoken on such an occasion. By this means one great Genius often catches the Flame from another, and writes in his Spirit without copying servilely after him. There are a thousand shining Passages in *Virgil*, which have been lighted up by *Homer*.

MILTON, tho' his own natural Strength of Genius was capable of furnishing out a perfect Work, has doubtless very much raised and ennobled his Conceptions, by such an Imitation as that which *Longinus* has recommended.

IN this Book, which gives us an account of the Six Days Works, the Poet received but very few Assistances from Heathen Writers, who were Strangers to the Wonders of Creation. But as there are many glorious Strokes of Poetry upon this subject in Holy Writ, the Author has numberless Allusions to them through the whole course of this Book. The great Critic I have before mentioned, though an Heathen, has taken notice of the sublime manner in which the Lawgiver of the Jews has described the Creation in the first Chapter of *Genesis*; and there are many other passages in Scripture, which rise up to the same Majesty, where this subject is touched upon. Milton has shewn his Judg-

ment very remarkably, in making use of such of these as were proper for his Poem, and in duly qualifying those high strains of Eastern Poetry, which were suited to Readers whose Imaginations were set to an higher Pitch, than those of colder Climates.

ADAM's Speech to the Angel, wherein he desires an account of what had passed within the Regions of Nature before the Creation, is very great and solemn. The following Lines, in which he tells him, that the day is not too far spent for him to enter upon such a Subject, are exquisite in their kind.

*And the Great Light of Day yet wants to run
Much of his race though steep, suspense in Heaven
Held by thy voice, thy potent voice he hears,
And longer will delay to hear thee tell
His Generation, &c.*

THE Angel's encouraging our first Parents in a modest Pursuit after Knowledge, with the Causes which he assigns for the Creation of the World, are very just and beautiful. The *Messiah*, by whom, as we are told in Scripture, the Worlds were made, comes forth in the Power of his Father, surrounded with an Host of Angels, and clothed with such a Majesty as becomes his entering upon a Work, which, according to our Conceptions, appears the utmost Exertion of Omnipotence. What a beautiful Description has our Author raised upon that Hint in one of the Prophets; *And behold there came four Chariots out from between two Mountains, and the Mountains were Mountains of Brass?*

*About his Chariot numberless were pour'd
Cherub and Seraph, Potentates and Thrones,
And Virtues, winged Spirits, and Chariots wing'd,
From the Armoury of God, where stand of old
Myriads between two brazen Mountains lodg'd
Against a solemn day, barrest at hand;
Celestial Equipage; and now came forth
Spontaneous, for within them Spirit liv'd
Attendant on their Lord: Heav'n open'd wide
Her ever-during Gates, Harmonious sound
On golden Hinges moving—*

I have before taken notice of these Chariots of God, and of these Gates of Heaven, and shall here only add, that *Homer* gives us the same Idea of the latter as opening of themselves, tho' he afterwards takes off from it, by telling

telling us, that the *Heav'n's* first of all removed those prodigious heaps of Clouds which lay as a Barrier before them.

I do not know any thing in the whole Poem more sublime than the Description which follows, where the Messiah is represented at the Head of his Angels, as looking down into the *Chaos*, calming its Confusion, riding into the midst of it, and drawing the first Out-Line of the Creation.

*On Heav'nly ground they stood, and from the shore
They view'd the vast immeasurable Abyss
Outrageous as a Sea, dark, wasteful, wild,
Up from the bottom turn'd by furious winds
And surging waves, as mountains to assault
Heav'n's height, and with the Center mix the Pole.*

*Silence ye troubled Waves, and thou Deep,
Peace,
Said then th' Omnific word, your Discord end:
Nor staid, but on the wings of Cherubim
Up-lifted, in Paternal Glory rode
Far into Chaos, and the world unborn;
For Chaos heard his voice: him all his train
Follow'd in bright Procession to behold
Creation, and the wonders of his might.
Then staid the fervid Wheels, and in his hand
He took the golden Compasses, prepared
In God's eternal store, to circumscribe
This Universe, and all created things:
One foot he center'd, and the other turn'd,
Round through the vast profundity obscure,
And said, Thus far extend, thus far thy bounds,
This be thy just Circumference, O World.*

THE Thought of the Golden Compasses is conceiv'd altogether in *Homer's* Spirit, and is a very noble Incident in this wonderful Description. *Homer*, when he speaks of the Gods, ascribes to them several Arms and Instruments with the same Greatness of Imagination. Let the Reader only peruse the Description of *Minerva's* *Aegis*, or Buckler, in the Fifth Book of the *Iliad*, with her Spear which would overturn whole Squadrons, and her Helmet, that was sufficient to cover an Army drawn out of an hundred Cities: The Golden Compasses in the above-mentioned Passage appear a very natural Instrument in the Hand of him, whom *Plato* somewhere calls the *Divine Geometrician*. As Poetry delights in cloathing abstracted Ideas in Allegories and sensible Images, we find a magnificent Description of the Creation formed after the

same manner in one of the Prophets, where-in he describes the Almighty Architect as measuring the Waters in the hollow of his Hand, meteing out the Heavens with his Span, comprehending the Dust of the Earth in a Measure, weighing the Mountains in Scales, and the Hills in a Balance. Another of them describing the Supreme Being in this great Work of Creation, represents him as laying the Foundations of the Earth, and stretching a Line upon it. And in another place as garnishing the Heavens, stretching out the North over the empty Place, and hanging the Earth upon Nothing. This last noble Thought *Milton* has expressed in the following Verse.

And Earth self-balanc'd on her Center hung.

THE Beauties of Description in this Book lie so very thick, that it is impossible to enumerate them in this Paper. The Poet has employed on them the whole Energy of our Tongue. The several great Scenes of the Creation rise up to view one after another, in such a manner, that the Reader seems present at this wonderful Work, and to assist among the Choirs of Angels, who are the Spectators of it. How glorious is the Conclusion of the first Day.

*— Thus was the first day Ev'n and Morn.
Nor past uncelebrated, nor unsung
By the Celestial Quires, when Orient light
Exhaling first from Darkness they beheld;
Birth-day of Heav'n and Earth; with joy and
The hollow universal Orb they fill'd. [shout*

WE have the same Elevation of Thought in the third Day; when the Mountains were brought forth, and the Deep was made.

*Immediately the Mountains huge appear
Emergent, and their broad bare backs upheave
Into the Clouds, their tops ascend the Sky:
So high as heav'd the tumid hills, so low
Down sunk a hollow bottom broad and deep,
Capacious bed of Waters—*

WE have also the Rising of the whole vegetable World describ'd in this Day's Work, which is filled with all the Graces that other Poets have lavished on their Description of the Spring, and leads the Reader's Imagination into a Theatre equally surprizing and beautiful.

THE several Glories of the Heavens make their Appearance on the fourth Day.

First in his East the glorious lamp was seen
Regent of day, and all the Horizon round
Invested with bright rays, jocund to run
His Longitude thro' Heav'n's high rode: the Gray
Dawn, and the Pleiades before him danced
Shedding sweet influence: less bright the Moon,
But opposite in levell'd West was set,
His Mirror, with full face borrowing her light
From him, for other light she needed none
In that aspect, and still the distance keeps
Till night; then in the East her turn she shines
Revolv'd on Heav'n's great Axle, and her reign
With thousand lesser lights dividual holds,
With thousand thousand stars that then appear'd
Spangling the Hemisphere—

ONE would wonder how the Poet could be so Concise in his description of the Six Days Works, as to comprehend them within the bounds of an Episode, and at the same time so Particular, as to give us a lively Idea of them. This is still more remarkable in his account of the fifth and sixth Days, in which he has drawn out to our view the whole Animal Creation, from the Reptil to the Behemoth. As the Lion and the Leviathan are two of the noblest Productions in the World of living Creatures, the Reader will find a most exquisite Spirit of Poetry in the Account which our Author gives us of them. The Sixth Day concludes with the Formation of Man, upon which the Angel takes occasion, as he did after the Battel in Heaven, to remind Adam of his Obedience, which was the principal Design of this his Visit.

THE Poet afterwards represents the Messiah returning into Heaven, and taking a Survey of his great Work. There is something inexpressibly sublime in this part of the Poem, where the Author describes that great Period of Time, filled with so many glorious Circumstances; when the Heavens and Earth were finished; when the Messiah ascended up in Triumph through the Everlasting Gates; when he looked down with pleasure upon his new Creation; when every part of Nature seem'd to rejoice in its Existence; when the Morning Stars sang together, and all the Sons of God shouted for Joy.

So Ev'n and Morn accomplish'd the Sixth day:
Yet not till the Creator from his Work

Desisting, tho' unwearied, up return'd,
Up to the Heav'n of Heav'n's his high abode,
Thence to behold this new created World
Th' Addition of his Empire; how it shew'd
In prospect from his throne, how good, how fair,
Answering his great Idea. Up he rode
Follow'd with acclamation and the sound
Symphonious of ten thousand harps that tuned
Angelic Harmonies: the earth, the air
Resounding, (thou remember st, for thou heard st)
The Heavens and all the Constellations rung,
The Planets in their station list'ning stood,
While the bright pomp ascended jubilant.
Open ye everlasting gates, they sung,
Open ye Heav'n's, your living doors, let in
The great Creator from his work return'd
Magnificent, his six days work, a World.

I cannot conclude this Book upon the Creation, without mentioning a Poem which has lately appear'd under that Title. The Work was undertaken with so good an Intention, and is executed with so great a Mastery, that it deserves to be looked upon as one of the most useful and noble Productions in our English Verse. The Reader cannot but be pleased to find the Depths of Philosophy enlivened with all the Charms of Poetry, and to see so great a Strength of Reason, amidst so beautiful a Redundancy of the Imagination. The Author has shewn us that Design in all the Works of Nature, which necessarily leads us to the Knowledge of its first Cause. In short, he has illustrated, by numberless and incontestable Instances, that divine Wisdom, which the Son of Sirach has so nobly ascribed to the Supreme Being in his Formation of the World, when he tells us, that *He created her, and saw her, and numbered her, and poured her out upon all his Works.*

SPECTATOR, N^o 345.

*Sanctius hic animal, menti que capaxus alter
Deerat adhuc, et quod dominari in cetera posset.
Natus Homo est — Ov. Met.*

THE Accounts which Raphael gives of the Battel of Angels, and the Creation of the World, have in them those Qualifications

tions which the Critics judge requisite to an Episode. They are nearly related to the principal Action, and have a just Connection with the Fable.

THE Eighth Book opens with a Beautiful Description of the Impression which this Discourse of the Arch-Angel made on our first Parents. Adam afterwards, by a very natural Curiosity, enquires concerning the Motions of those Celestial Bodies which make the most glorious Appearance among the six Days Works. The Poet here, with a great deal of Art, represents Eve as withdrawing from this part of their Conversation to Amusements more suitable to her Sex. He well knew, that the Episode in this Book, which is filled with Adam's account of his Passion and Esteem for Eve, would have been improper for her hearing, and has therefore devised very just and beautiful Reasons for her retiring.

*So spake our Sire, and by his Count'nance seem'd
Entr'ing on studious Thoughts abstruse: which Eve
Perceiving where she sat retired in sight,
With Lowliness Majestic from her seat,
And Grace that won who saw to wish her stay,
Rose, and went forth among her Fruits and
Flowers,
To visit how they prosper'd, Bud and Bloom,
Her Nursery: they at her coming sprung,
And touch'd by her fair Tendence gladder grew.
Yet went she not, as not with such Discourse
Delighted, or not capable her Ear
Of what was high: Such pleasure she reserv'd;
Adam relating, she sole Auditress;
Her Husband the Relater she preferr'd
Before the Angel, and of him to ask
Chose rather: he, she knew, would intermix
Grateful Digressions, and solve high Dispute
With Conjugal Caresses; from his Lip
Not Words alone pleas'd her. O when meet now
Such Pairs in Love, and mutual Honour join'd!*

THE Angel's returning a doubtful Answer to Adam's Enquiries, was not only proper for the moral Reason which the Poet assigns, but because it would have been highly absurd to have given the Sanction of an Arch-angel to any particular System of Philosophy. The chief Points in the Ptolemaic and Copernican Hypothesis are described with great Conciseness and Perspicuity, and at the same time dress'd in very pleasing and poetical Images.

ADAM, to detain the Angel, enters afterwards upon his own History, and relates to him the Circumstances in which he found himself upon his Creation; as also his Conversation with his Maker, and his first meeting with Eve. There is no part of the Poem more apt to raise the Attention of the Reader, than this Discourse of our great Ancestor; as nothing can be more surprizing and delightful to us, than to hear the Sentiments that arose in the First Man while he was yet new and fresh from the Hands of his Creator. The Poet has interwoven every thing which is delivered upon this Subject in Holy Writ with so many beautiful Imaginations of his own, that nothing can be conceived more just and natural than this whole Episode. As our Author knew this Subject could not but be agreeable to his Reader, he would not throw it into the Relation of the six Days Works, but reserved it for a distinct Episode, that he might have an opportunity of expatiating upon it more at large. Before I enter on this part of the Poem, I cannot but take notice of two shining Passages in the Dialogue between Adam and the Angel. The first is that wherein our Ancestor gives an account of the Pleasure he took in conversing with him, which contains a very noble Moral.

*For while I sit with thee, I seem in Heav'n,
And sweeter thy Discourse is to my Ear
Than Fruits of Palm-tree pleasantest to Thirst
And Hunger, both from Labour, at the hour
Of sweet Repast; they satiate, and soon fill,
Tho' pleasant; but thy words with Grace divine
Imbu'd, bring to their sweetness no satiety.*

THE other I shall mention is that in which the Angel gives a Reason why he should be glad to hear the Story Adam was about to relate.

*For that day was absent, as befell,
Bound on a Voyage uncouth and obscure,
Far on Excursion towards the Gates of Hell,
Squar'd in full Legion (such command we had)
To see that none thence issued forth a Spy,
Or Enemy, while God was in his Work,
Lest he incens'd at such Eruption bold,
Destruction with Creation might have mix'd.*

THERE is no question but our Poet drew the Image in what follows from that in Virgil's

Virgil's sixth Book, where *Aeneas* and the Sybil stand before the Adamantine Gates, which are there described as shut upon the place of Torments, and listen to the Groans, the clank of Chains, and the noise of Iron Whips, that were heard in those Regions of Ruine and Sorrow.

— *Fast we found, fast shut
The dismal Gates, and barricadoed strong;
But long e'er our approaching heard within
Noise, other than the sound of Dance or Song,
Torment, and loud Lament, and furious Rage.*

ADAM then proceeds to give an Account of his Condition and Sentiments immediately after his Creation. How agreeably does he represent the Posture in which he found himself, the delightful Landskip that surrounded him, and the Gladness of heart which grew up in him on that Occasion.

— *As new waked from soundest sleep,
Soft on the flowry Herb I found me laid
In balmy sweat, which with his Beams the Sun
Soon dried, and on the reaking Moisture fed.
Streight toward Heav'n my wondering Eyes I
turn'd,
And gaz'd awhile the ample Sky, till rais'd
By quick instinctive Motion up I sprung,
As thitherward endeavouring, and upright
Stood on my Feet: About me round I saw
Hill, Dale, and shady Woods, and sunny Plains,
And liquid Lapse of murmuring Streams; by these,
Creatures that liv'd, and mov'd, and walk'd, or
flew,
Birds on the branches warbling; all things smil'd:
With fragrance and with joy my Heart o'er-
flow'd.*

ADAM is afterwards described as surprized at his own Existence, and taking a Survey of himself, and of all the Works of Nature. He likewise is represented as discovering by the Light of Reason, that he and every thing about him must have been the Effect of some Being infinitely good and powerful, and that this Being had a Right to his Worship and Adoration. His first Address to the Sun, and to those parts of the Creation which made the most distinguished Figure, is very natural and amusing to the Imagination.

— *Thou Sun, said I, fair Light,
And thou enlight'ned Earth, so fresh and gay,*

*Ye Hills and Dales, ye Rivers, Woods, and Plains,
And ye that live and move, fair Creatures tell,
Tell if you saw, how came I thus, how here?*

HIS next Sentiment, when upon his first going to sleep he fancies himself losing his Existence, and falling away into nothing, can never be sufficiently admired. His Dream, in which he still preserves the Consciousness of his Existence, together with his Removal into the Garden which was prepared for his Reception, are also Circumstances finely imagined, and grounded upon what is delivered in sacred Story.

THESE and the like wonderful Incidents in this part of the Work, have in them all the Beauties of Novelty, at the same time that they have all the Graces of Nature. They are such as none but a great Genius could have thought of, though, upon the Perusal of them, they seem to rise of themselves from the Subject of which he treats. In a word, though they are Natural they are not Obvious, which is the true Character of all fine Writing.

THE Impression which the Interdiction of the Tree of Life left in the Mind of our first Parent, is described with great Strength and Judgment; as the Image of the several Beasts and Birds passing in Review before him is very beautiful and lively.

— *Each Bird and Beast behold
Approaching two and two, these cowering low
With blandishment; each Bird stoop'd on his
I nam'd them as they pass'd — [Wing:]*

ADAM, in the next place, describes a Conference which he held with his Maker upon the subject of Solitude. The Poet here represents the supreme Being, as making an Essay of his own Work, and putting to the Tryal that Reasoning faculty with which he had endued his Creature. *Adam* urges, in this divine Colloquy, the Impossibility of his being happy, tho' he was the Inhabitant of *Paradise*, and Lord of the whole Creation, without the Conversation and Society of some rational Creature, who should partake those Blessings with him. This Dialogue, which is supported chiefly by the Beauty of the Thoughts, without other poetical Ornaments, is as fine a Part as any in the whole Poem. The more the Reader examines the Judgment and

and Delicacy of its Sentiments, the more he will find himself pleased with it. The Poet has wonderfully preserved the Character of Majesty and Condescension in the Creator, and at the same time that of Humility and Adoration in the Creature, as particularly in the following Lines,

*Thus I presumptuous; and the Vision bright,
As with a Smile more brightned, thus reply'd, &c.
— I with leave of Speech implor'd
And humble Deprecation thus reply'd.
Let not my Words offend thee, heavenly Power,
My Maker, be propitious while I speak, &c.*

ADAM then proceeds to give an Account of his second Sleep, and of the Dream in which he beheld the Formation of Eve. The new Passion that was awakened in him at the Sight of her is touched very finely.

*Under his forming Hands a Creature grew,
Manlike, but different Sex; so lovely fair,
That what seem'd fair in all the World seem'd now
Mean, or in her summ'd up, in her contain'd,
And in her Looks, which from that time infus'd
Sweetness into my Heart, unfelt before,
And into all things from her Air inspir'd
The Spirit of Love and amorous Delight.*

ADAM's Distress upon losing sight of this beautiful Phantom, with his Exclamations of Joy and Gratitude at the discovery of a real Creature, who resembled the Apparition which had been presented to him in his Dream; the Approaches he makes to her; and his manner of Courtship, are all laid together in a most exquisite Propriety of Sentiments.

THOUGH this part of the Poem is worked up with great Warmth and Spirit, the Love which is described in it is every way suitable to a State of Innocence. If the Reader compares the Description which Adam here gives of his leading Eve to the Nuptial Bower, with that which Mr. Dryden has made on the same Occasion in a Scene of his *Fall of Man*, he will be sensible of the great Care which Milton took to avoid all Thoughts on so delicate a Subject, that might be offensive to Religion or good Manners. The Sentiments are chaste, but not cold, and convey to the Mind Ideas of the most transporting Passion, and of the greatest Purity. What a noble mixture of Rapture and Innocence has the Author

joined together, in the Reflection which Adam makes on the Pleasures of Love, compared to those of Sense.

*Thus have I told thee all my State, and brought
My Story to the sum of earthly Bliss
Which I enjoy, and must confess to find
In all things else Delight indeed, but such
As us'd or not, works in the Mind no change,
Nor vehement Desire, these delicacies [flowers,
I mean of taste, sight, smell, herbs, fruits and
Walks, and the melody of Birds; but here
Far otherwise, transported I behold,
Transported touch, here Passion first I felt,
Commotion strange; in all enjoyments else
Superiour and unmov'd, here only weak
Against the Charm of Beauty's powerful glance.
Or Nature fail'd in me, and left some part
Not proof enough such object to sustain,
Or from my side subducting, took perhaps
More than enough; at least on her bestow'd
Too much of Ornament, in outward skew
Elaborate, of inward less exact.*

*— When I approach
Her loveliness, so absolute she seems
And in herself compleat, so well to know
Her own, that what she wills to do or say
Seems wisest, virtuousest, discreetest, best;
All higher knowledge in her presence falls
Degraded: Wisdom in discourse with her
Loses discountenanc'd, and like folly shews;
Authority and Reason on her wait,
As one intended first, not after made
Occasionally; and to consummate all,
Greatness of Mind, and Nobleness their seat
Build in her loveliest, and create an awe
About her, as a Guard angelic plac'd.*

THESE Sentiments of Love, in our first Parent, gave the Angel such an insight into humane Nature, that he seems apprehensive of the Evils which might befall the Species in general, as well as Adam in particular, from the Excess of this Passion. He therefore fortifies him against it by timely Admonitions, which very artfully prepare the Mind of the Reader for the Occurrences of the next Book, where the Weakness, of which Adam here gives such distant Discoveries, brings about that fatal Event which is the Subject of the Poem. His Discourse, which follows the gentle Rebuke he receiv'd from the Angel, shews that his Love, however violent it might appear, was still founded in Reason,

son, and consequently not improper for Paradise.

Neither her outside form so fair, nor ought
In procreation common to all kinds
(Though higher of the genial Bed by far,
And with mysterious reverence I deem)
So much delights me as those graceful acts,
Those thousand decencies that daily flow
From all her words and actions mixt with love
And sweet compliance, which declare unfeign'd
Union of Mind, or in us both one Soul,
Harmony to behold in wedded pair.

ADAM's Speech, at parting with the Angel, has in it a Deference and Gratitude agreeable to an inferior Nature, and at the same time a certain Dignity and Greatness suitable to the Father of Mankind in his state of Innocence.



SPECTATOR, N^o 351.

—In te omnis domus inclinata recumbit. Virg.

IF we look into the three great Heroic Poems which have appeared in the World, we may observe that they are built upon very slight Foundations. Homer lived near 300 years after the Trojan War, and, as the writing of History was not then in use among the Greeks, we may very well suppose, that the Tradition of Achilles and Ulysses had brought down but very few Particulars to his Knowledge, though there is no question but he has wrought into his two Poems such of their remarkable Adventures as were still talked of among his Contemporaries.

THE Story of *Aeneas*, on which Virgil founded his Poem, was likewise very bare of Circumstances, and by that means afforded him an opportunity of embellishing it with Fiction, and giving a full range to his own Invention. We find, however, that he has interwoven, in the course of his Fable, the principal Particulars, which were generally believed among the Romans, of *Aeneas* his Voyage and Settlement in Italy.

THE Reader may find an Abridgment of the whole Story as collected out of the an-

tient Historians, and as it was received among the Romans, in *Dionysius Halicarnassensis*.

SINCE none of the Critics have considered Virgil's Fable, with relation to this History of *Aeneas*; it may not, perhaps, be amiss to examine it in this light, so far as it regards my present Purpose. Whoever looks into the Abridgment above-mentioned, will find that the Character of *Aeneas* is filled with Piety to the Gods, and a superstitious Observation of Prodigies, Oracles, and Predictions. Virgil has not only preserved this Character in the Person of *Aeneas*, but has given a place in his Poem to those particular Prophecies which he found recorded of him in History and Tradition. The Poet took the matters of fact as they came down to him, and circumstanced them after his own manner, to make them appear the more natural, agreeable, or surprising. I believe very many Readers have been shocked at that ludicrous Prophecy, which one of the *Harpies* pronounces to the *Trojans* in the third Book, namely, that before they had built their intended City, they should be reduced by hunger to eat their very Tables. But, when they hear this was one of the Circumstances that had been transmitted to the Romans in the History of *Aeneas*, they will think the Poet did very well in taking notice of it. The Historian above-mentioned acquaints us, a Prophetess had foretold *Aeneas*, that he should take his Voyage westward, till his Companions should eat their Tables; and that accordingly, upon his landing in Italy, as they were eating their Flesh upon Cakes of Bread, for want of other Conveniences, they afterwards fed on the Cakes themselves; upon which one of the Company said merrily, *We are eating our Tables*. They immediately took the hint, says the Historian, and concluded the Prophecy to be fulfilled. As Virgil did not think it proper to omit so material a Particular in the History of *Aeneas*, it may be worth while to consider with how much Judgment he has qualified it, and taken off every thing that might have appeared improper for a Passage in an Heroic Poem. The Prophetess who foretells it is an hungry *Harpie*, as the Person who discovers it is young *Ascanius*.

Heus etiam mensas consumimus inquit Iulus!

SUCH an Observation, which is beautiful

ful in the mouth of a Boy, would have been ridiculous from any other of the Company. I am apt to think that the changing of the *Trojan* Fleet into Water-Nymphs, which is the most violent Machine in the whole *Aeneid*, and has given Offence to several Critics, may be accounted for the same way. *Virgil* himself, before he begins that Relation, premises that what he was going to tell appeared incredible, but that it was justified by Tradition. What further confirms me that this Change of the Fleet was a celebrated Circumstance in the History of *Aeneas* is, that *Ovid* has given a Place to the same *Metamorphosis* in his account of the heathen Mythology.

NONE of the Critics I have met with having considered the Fable of the *Aeneid* in this light, and taken notice how the Tradition, on which it was founded, authorizes those parts in it which appear the most exceptionable; I hope the length of this Reflection will not make it unacceptable to the curious part of my Readers.

THE History, which was the Basis of *Milton's* Poem, is still shorter than either that of the *Iliad* or *Aeneid*. The Poet has likewise taken care to insert every Circumstance of it in the Body of his Fable. The Ninth Book, which we are here to consider, is raised upon that brief account in Scripture, wherein we are told that the Serpent was more subtle than any Beast of the Field, that he tempted the Woman to eat of the forbidden Fruit, that she was overcome by this Temptation, and that *Adam* followed her Example. From these few Particulars *Milton* has formed one of the most entertaining Fables that Invention ever produced. He has disposed of these several Circumstances among so many agreeable and natural Fictions of his own, that his whole Story looks only like a Comment upon sacred Writ; or rather seems to be a full and compleat Relation of what the other is only an Epitome. I have insisted the longer on this Consideration, as I look upon the Disposition and Contrivance of the Fable to be the principal Beauty of the Ninth Book, which has more Story in it, and is fuller of Incidents, than any other in the whole Poem. *Satan's* traversing the Globe, and still keeping within the shadow of the Night, as fearing to be discovered by the Angel of the Sun, who had before detected him, is one of those beautiful Imaginations with which he introduces this his second Series of Adventures. Having exam-

ined the nature of every Creature, and found out one which was the most proper for his purpose, he again returns to Paradise; and, to avoid discovery, sinks by Night with a River that ran under the Garden, and rises up again through a Fountain that issued from it by the Tree of Life. The Poet, who, as we have before taken notice, speaks as little as possible in his own Person, and, after the Example of *Homer*, fills every part of his Work with Manners and Characters, introduces a Soliloquy of this infernal Agent, who was thus restless in the Destruction of Man. He is then describ'd as gliding through the Garden under the resemblance of a Mist, in order to find out that Creature in which he design'd to tempt our first Parents. This Description has something in it very poetical and surprising.

*So saying, through each Thicket dank or dry
Like a black Mist, low creeping, he held on
His midnight search, where soonest he might find
The Serpent: him fast sleeping soon he found
In Labyrinth of many a round self-roll'd,
His head the midst, well stor'd with subtle wiles.*

THE Author afterwards gives us a Description of the Morning, which is wonderfully suitable to a Divine Poem, and peculiar to that first season of Nature: He represents the Earth before it was curst as a great Altar breathing out its Incense from all Parts, and sending up a pleasant Savour to the Nostrils of its Creator; to which he adds a noble Idea of *Adam* and *Eve*, as offering their Morning Worship, and filling up the Universal Consort of Praise and Adoration.

*Now when as sacred Light began to dawn
In Eden on the humid Flowers, that breathed
Their Morning Incense, when all things that breathe
From th' Earth's great Altar send up silent Praise
To the Creator, and his Nostrils fill
With grateful smell; forth came the Human Pair,
And join their Vocal Worship to the Choir
Of Creatures wanting Voice——*

THE Dispute which follows between our two first Parents is represented with great Art: It proceeds from a Difference of Judgment, not of Passion, and is managed with Reason, not with Heat: It is such a Dispute as we may suppose might have happened in *Paradise*, had Man continued happy and innocent.

E e e e

There

There is a great Delicacy in the Moralities which are interspersed in *Adam's* Discourse, and which the most ordinary Reader cannot but take notice of. The force of Love which the Father of Mankind so finely describes in the Eighth Book, and which is inserted in the foregoing Paper, shows it self here in many fine Instances. As in those fond Regards he cast towards *Eve* at her parting from him.

*Her long with ardent look his Eye pursued,
Delighted, but desiring more her stay.
Oft he to her his Charge of quick return
Repeated; she to him as oft engaged
To be return'd by Noon amid the Bowers.*

IN his Impatience and Amusement during her Absence.

— Adam the while
Waiting desirous her Return, had wove
Of choicest Flowers a Garland to adorn
Her Tresses and her Rural Labours crown,
As Reapers oft are wont their Harvest Queen.
Great Joy he promised to his Thoughts, and new
Solace in her Return, so long delay'd.

BUT particularly in that passionate Speech, where seeing her irrecoverably lost, he resolves to perish with her rather than to live without her.

— Some cursed Fraud
Or Enemy hath beguild thee, yet unknown,
And me with thee bath ruin'd, for with thee
Certain my Resolution is to die;
How can I live without thee, how forego
Thy sweet Converse, and Love so dearly join'd,
To live again in these wild Woods forlorn?
Should God create another Eve, and I
Another Rib afford, yet loss of thee
Would never from my Heart; no, no, I feel
The link of Nature draw me: Flesh of Flesh,
Bone of my Bone thou art, and from thy State
Mine never shall be parted, Bliss or Woe.

THE Beginning of this Speech, and the Preparation to it are animated with the same Spirit as the Conclusion, which I have here quoted.

THE several Wiles which are put in practice by the Tempter, when he found *Eve* separated from her Husband, the many pleasing Images of Nature which are intermix'd in

this part of the Story, with its gradual and regular Progress to the fatal Catastrophe, are so very remarkable, that it would be superfluous to point out their respective Beauties.

I have avoided mentioning any particular Similitudes in my Remarks on this great Work, because I have given a general Account of them in my Paper on the First Book. There is one, however, in this part of the Poem which I shall here quote, as it is not only very beautiful, but the Closest of any in the whole Poem; I mean that where the Serpent is describ'd as rolling forward in all his Pride, animated by the evil Spirit, and conducting *Eve* to her Destruction, while *Adam* was at too great a distance from her to give her his Assistance. These several Particulars are all of them wrought into the following Similitude.

— Hope elevates, and Joy
Brightens his Crest; as when a wandering Fire
Compact of unctuous Vapour, which the Night
Condenses, and the Cold invirons round,
Kindled through agitation to a Flame,
(Which oft, they say, some evil Spirit attends)
Hovering and blazing with delusive Light,
Misleads th' amazed Night-wanderer from his way
To Bogs and Mires, and oft thro' Pond or Pool,
There swallow'd up and lost, from Snocour far.

THAT secret Intoxication of Pleasure, with all those transient flushings of Guilt and Joy which the Poet represents in our first Parents upon their eating the forbidden Fruit, to those stagings of Spirit, damps of Sorrow, and mutual Accusations which succeed it, are conceived with a wonderful Imagination, and described in very natural Sentiments.

WHEN *Dido* in the Fourth *Æneid* yielded to that fatal Temptation which ruined her, *Virgil* tells us the Earth trembled, the Heavens were filled with flashes of Lightning, and the Nymphs howled upon the Mountain Tops. *Milton*, in the same poetical Spirit, has described all Nature as disturbed upon *Eve's* eating the forbidden Fruit.

So saying, her rash Hand in evil hour
Forth reaching to the Fruit, she pluckt, she eat.
Earth felt the Wound, and Nature from her Seat
Sighing thro' all her Works gave Signs of Woe
That all was lost.

UPON

UPON Adam's falling into the same guilt, the whole Creation appears a second time in Convulsions.

— He scrupled not to eat
Against his better Knowledge, not deceiv'd,
But fondly overcome with Female Charm.
Earth trembled from her Entrails, as again
In Pangs, and Nature gave a second Groan,
Sky lowred, and, muttering Thunder, some fall
Drops: some up high, and thick, and fast,
Wept at completing of the mortal Sin.

AS all Nature suffered by the Guilt of our first Parents, these Symptoms of Trouble and Consternation are wonderfully imagined, not only as Prodigies, but as Marks of her sympathizing in the Fall of Man.

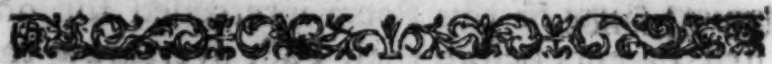
ADAM's Converse with Eve, after having eaten the forbidden Fruit, is an exact Copy of that between Jupiter and Juno in the Fourteenth Iliad. Juno there approaches Jupiter with the Girdle which she had received from Venus; upon which he tells her, that she appeared more charming and desirable than she had ever done before, even when their Loves were at the highest. The Poet afterwards describes them as reposing on a Summit of Mount Ida, which produced under them a bed of Flowers, the Lotus, the Crocus, and the Hyacinth, and concludes his Description with their falling asleep.

LET the Reader compare this with the following passage in Milton, which begins with Adam's Speech to Eve.

For never did thy Beauty since the day
I saw thee first and wedded thee, adorn'd
With all Perfections, so inflame my Sense
With ardor to enjoy thee, fairer now
Than ever, bounty of this virtuous Tree.
So said he, and forbore not glance or toy
Of amorous intent, well understood
Of Eve, whose Eye darted contagious fire.
Her hand he seiz'd, and to a shady bank
Thick over-head with verdant roof embow'd
He laid her nothing loath: Flow'rs were the Couch,
Roses, and Violets, and Asphodel,
And Hyacinth, Earth's freshest soft Laid.
There they their fill of Love, and Love's disport
Took largely, of their mutual guilt the Seal,
The Solace of their Sin, till dewy Sleep
Oppress'd them.

AS no Poet seems ever to have studied

Homer more, or to have resembled him in the greatness of Genius than Milton, I think I should have given but a very imperfect account of his Beauties, if I had not observed the most remarkable Passages which look like Parallels in these two great Authors. I might, in the course of these Criticisms, have taken notice of many particular Lines and Expressions which are translated from the Greek Poet; but as I thought this would have appeared too minute and over-curious, I have purposely omitted them. The greater Incidents, however, are not only set off by being shewn in the same Light with several of the same nature in Homer, but by that means may be also guarded against the Cavils of the Tasteless or Ignorant.



SPECTATOR, N^o 357.

— quis talia fando
Temperet à lacrymis? — Virg.

THE Tenth Book of *Paradise Lost* has a greater variety of Persons in it than any other in the whole Poem. The Author upon the winding up of his Action introduces all those who had any Concern in it, and shews with great Beauty the Influence which it had upon each of them. It is like the last Act of a well written Tragedy, in which all who had a part in it are generally drawn up before the Audience, and represented under those Circumstances in which the Determination of the Action places them.

I shall therefore consider this Book under four Heads, in relation to the Celestial, the Infernal, the Human, and the Imaginary Persons, who have their respective Parts allotted in it.

TO begin with the Celestial Persons: The Guardian Angels of *Paradise* are described as returning to Heaven upon the Fall of Man, in order to approve their Vigilance; their Arrival, their manner of Reception, with the Sorrow which appeared in themselves, and in those Spirits who are said to rejoice at the Conversion of a Sinner, are very finely laid together in the following Lines.

Up into Heav'n from Paradise in haste

*Th' angelic guards ascended, mute and sad
For Man, for of his fate by this they knew,
Much wondering how the subtle Fiend had stoln
Entrance unseen. Soon as th' unwelcome news
From Earth arriv'd at Heaven Gate, pleas'd
All were who heard, dim Sadness did not spare
That time Celestial visages, yet mixt
With Pity, violated not their Bliss.
About the new-arriv'd, in multitudes
Th' Ethereal People ran, to hear and know
How all befell: They tow'rd the Throne supreme
Accountable made haste to make appear
With righteous plea, their utmost vigilance,
And easily approv'd; when the most High
Eternal Father from his secret Cloud
Amidst in thunder utter'd thus his Voice.*

THE same Divine Person, who in the foregoing Parts of this Poem interceded for our first Parents before their Fall, overthrew the Rebel Angels, and created the World, is now represented as descending to Paradise, and pronouncing Sentence upon the three Offenders. The Cool of the Evening being a Circumstance with which Holy Writ introduces this great Scene, it is poetically described by our Author, who has also kept religiously to the Form of Words, in which the three several Sentences were pass'd upon Adam, Eve, and the Serpent. He has rather chosen to neglect the numerousness of his Verse, than to deviate from those Speeches which are recorded on this great Occasion. The Guilt and Confusion of our first Parents standing Naked before their Judge, is touched with great Beauty. Upon the arrival of Sin and Death into the Works of the Creation, the Almighty is again introduced as speaking to his Angels that surrounded him.

*See with what heat these Dogs of Hell advance
To waste and havock yonder World, which I
So fair and good Created, &c.*

THE following Passage is formed upon that glorious Image in Holy Writ, which compares the Voice of an innumerable Host of Angels, uttering Hallelujahs, to the Voice of mighty Thunderings, or of many Waters.

*He ended, and the Heav'nly Audience loud
Sung Hallelujah, as the sound of Seas,
Through multitude that sung: "Just are thy ways,
" Righteous are thy Decrees in all thy Works,
" Who can extenuate Thee —*

THOUGH the Author in the whole course of his Poem, and particularly in the Book we are now examining, has infinite allusions to places of Scripture, I have only taken notice in my Remarks of such as are of a Poetical nature, and which are woven with great Beauty into the body of this Fable. Of this kind is that passage in the present Book, where describing Sin and Death as marching through the works of Nature, he adds,

*— Behind her Death
Close following pace for pace, not mounted yet
On his pale Horse! —*

Which alludes to that Passage in Scripture so wonderfully poetical, and terrifying to the Imagination. *And I looked, and behold a pale Horse, and his Name that sat on him was Death, and Hell followed with him: and Power was given unto them over the fourth Part of the Earth, to kill with Sword, and with Hunger, and with Sicknes, and with the Beasts of the Earth.* Under this first Head of Celestial Persons we must likewise take notice of the Command which the Angels received, to produce the several Changes in Nature, and fully the Beauty of the Creation. Accordingly they are represented as infecting the Stars and Planets with malignant Influences, weakening the Light of the Sun, bringing down the Winter into the milder Regions of Nature, planting Winds and Storms in several Quarters of the Sky, storing the Clouds with Thunder, and in short, perverting the whole Frame of the Universe to the Condition of its Criminal Inhabitants. As this is a noble Incident in the Poem, the following Lines, in which we see the Angels heaving up the Earth, and placing it in a different Posture to the Sun from what it had before the Fall of Man, is conceived with that sublime Imagination which was so peculiar to this great Author.

*Some say he bid his Angels turn ascant
The Poles of Earth twice ten degrees and more
From the Sun's Axle; they with labour push'd
Oblique the Centric Globe. —*

WE are in the second place, to consider the Infernal Agents under the view which Milton has given us of them in this Book. It is observed by those who would set forth the Greatness of Virgil's Plan, that he conducts his

his Reader through all the Parts of the Earth which were discovered in his time. *Asia, Africa, and Europe* are the several Scenes of his Fable. The Plan of *Milton's* Poem is of an infinitely greater Extent, and fills the Mind with many more astonishing Circumstances. *Satan*, having surrounded the Earth seven times, departs at length from *Paradise*. We then see him steering his Course among the Constellations, and after having traversed the whole Creation, pursuing his Voyage through the *Chaos*, and entering into his own Infernal Dominions.

HIS first Appearance in the Assembly of Fallen Angels, is work'd up with Circumstances which give a delightful Surprise to the Reader; but there is no Incident in the whole Poem which does this more than the Transformation of the whole Audience, that follows the Account their Leader gives them of his Expedition. The gradual Change of *Satan* himself is described after *Ovid's* manner, and may vie with any of those celebrated Transformations which are looked upon as the most beautiful parts in that Poet's Works. *Milton* never fails of improving his own Hints, and bestowing the last finishing Touches to every Incident which is admitted into his Poem. The unexpected Hiss which rises in this Episode, the Dimensions and Bulk of *Satan* so much superior to those of the Infernal Spirits who lay under the same Transformation, with the annual Change which they are supposed to suffer, are Instances of this kind. The Beauty of the Diction is very remarkable in this whole Episode, as I have observed in the sixth Paper of these Remarks the great Judgment with which it was contrived.

THE Parts of *Adam* and *Eve*, or the Human Persons, come next under our Consideration. *Milton's* Art is no where more shewn than in his conducting the Parts of these our first Parents. The Representation he gives of them, without falsifying the Story, is wonderfully contrived to influence the Reader with Pity and Compassion towards them. Though *Adam* involves the whole Species in Misery, his Crime proceeds from a Weakness which every Man is inclined to pardon and commiserate, as it seems rather the Frailty of Human Nature, than of the Person who offended. Every one is apt to excuse a Fault which he himself might have fallen into. It was the Excess of Love for *Eve* that ruined *Adam* and his Posterity. I need not add, that

the Author is justified in this particular by many of the Fathers, and the most Orthodox Writers. *Milton* has by this means filled a great part of his Poem with that kind of writing which the French Critics call the *Tender*, and which is in a particular manner engaging to all sorts of Readers.

ADAM and *Eve*, in the Book we are now considering, are likewise drawn with such Sentiments as do not only interest the Reader in their Afflictions, but raise in him the most melting Passions of Humanity and Commiseration. When *Adam* sees the several Changes in Nature produced about him, he appears in a disorder of Mind suitable to one who had forfeited both his Innocence and his Happiness: he is filled with Horror, Remorse, Despair; in the Anguish of his Heart he expostulates with his Creator for having given him an unmasked Existence.

*Did I request thee, Maker, from my Clay
To mould me Man, did I solicit thee
From darkness to promote me, or here place
In this delicious Garden? as my Will
Concurr'd not to my being, 'twere but right
And equal to reduce me to my dust,
Desirous to resign, and render back
All I receiv'd—*

He immediately after recovers from his Presumption, owns his Doom to be just, and begs that the Death which is threatned may be inflicted on him.

*Why delays
His Hand to execute what his Decree
Fix'd on this day? Why do I overlive,
Why am I mock'd with Death, and lengthen'd out
To Deathless pain? how gladly would I meet
Mortality my Sentence, and be Earth
Insensible! how glad would lay me down
As in my Mother's lap? there should I rest
And sleep secure; his dreadful Voice no more
Would thunder in my ears, no fear of worse
To me and to my Off-spring, would torment me
With cruel expectation.—*

THIS whole Speech is full of the like Emotion, and varied with all those Sentiments which we may suppose natural to a Mind so broken and disturb'd. I must not omit that generous Concern which our first Father shews in it for his Posterity, and which is so proper to affect the Reader.

—Hide

*Hide me from the Face
Of God, whom to behold was then my height
Of Happiness: yet well if here would end
The Misery, I deserv'd it, and would bear
My own deservings; but this will not serve;
All that I eat, or drink, or shall beget,
Is propagated Curse. O voice once heard
Delightfully, encrease and multiply,
Now Death to bear!*

*In me all
Posterity stands curst: Fair Patrimony
That I must leave you, Sons: O were I able
To waste it all my self, and leave you none!
So disinherited how would you blest
Me now your curse! Ah, why should all Mankind
For one Man's fault thus guiltless be condemned,
If guiltless? But from me what can proceed
But all corrupt—*

WHO can afterwards behold the Father
of Mankind extended upon the Earth, utter-
ing his Midnight Complaints, bewailing his
Existence, and wishing for Death, without
sympathizing with him in his Distress?

*Thus Adam to himself lamented loud
Through the still night, not now, as e'er Man fell
Wholesome and cool and mild, but with black Air
Accompanied, with damps and dreadful gloom,
Which to his evil Conscience represented
All things with double terrour: on the Ground
Outstretch'd he lay, on the cold Ground, and oft
Curs'd his Creation, Death as oft accus'd
Of tardy execution.*

THE Part of Eve in this Book is no less
passionate, and apt to sway the Reader in her
Favour. She is represented with great Ten-
derness as approaching Adam, but is spurned
from him with a Spirit of Upbraiding and In-
dignation conformable to the Nature of Man,
whose Passions had now gained the Dominion
over him. The following Passage wherein she
is described as renewing her Addresses to him,
with the whole Speech that follows it, have
something in them exquisitely moving and pa-
thetic.

*He added not, and from her turn'd: but Eve
Not so repuls'd, with Tears that ceas'd not flowing,
And Tresses all disorder'd, at his Feet
Fell humble, and embracing them besought
His peace, and thus proceeded in her plaint
For sake me not thus Adam, witness Heaven
What love sincere and reverence in my heart*

*I bear thee, and unwitting have offended,
Unhappily deceiv'd; thy Suppliant
I beg, and clasp thy knees; beseege me not,
Whereon I live, thy gentle looks, thy aid,
Thy counsel in this uttermost distress,
My only strength and stay: Forlorn of thee
Whither shall I betake me, where subsist?
While yet we live, scarce one short hour perhaps,
Between us two let there be peace, &c.*

ADAM's Reconciliation to her is worked
up in the same Spirit of Tenderness. Eve af-
terwards proposes to her Husband, in the
blindness of her Despair, that to prevent their
Guilt from descending upon Posterity, they
should resolve to live Childless; or, if that
could not be done, they should seek their own
Deaths by violent Methods. As those Senti-
ments naturally engage the Reader to regard
the Mother of Mankind with more than or-
dinary Commiseration, they likewise contain
a very fine Moral. The Resolution of Dying,
to end our Miseries, does not shew such a de-
gree of Magnanimity as a Resolution to bear
them, and submit to the Dispensations of Pro-
vidence. Our Author has therefore, with
great Delicacy, represented Eve as entertain-
ing this Thought, and Adam as disapproving
it.

WE are, in the last place, to consider the
Imaginary Persons, or *Death* and *Sin*, who
act a large part in this Book. Such beautiful
extended Allegories are certainly some of the
finest Compositions of Genius; but, as I have
before observed, are not agreeable to the Na-
ture of an Heroic Poem. This of *Sin* and
Death is very exquisite in its kind, if not
considered as a part of such a Work. The
Truths contained in it are so clear and open,
that I shall not lose time in explaining them;
but shall only observe, that a Reader who
knows the Strength of the *English* Tongue,
will be amazed to think how the Poet could
find such apt Words and Phrases to describe
the Actions of those two imaginary Per-
sons, and particularly in that Part where
Death is exhibited as forming a Bridge over
the *Chaos*; a Work suitable to the Genius of
Milton.

SINCE the Subject I am upon gives me
an opportunity of speaking more at large of
such shadowy and imaginary Persons as may
be introduced into Heroic Poems, I shall be-
leave to explain my self in a matter which is
Curious in its kind, and which none of the

Critics

Critics have treated of. It is certain *Homer* and *Virgil* are full of Imaginary Persons, who are very beautiful in Poetry when they are just shewn without being engaged in any Series of Action. *Homer* indeed represents *Sleep* as a Person, and ascribes a short part to him in his *Iliad*; but we must consider that though we now regard such a Person as entirely shadowy and unsubstantial, the Heathens made Statues of him, placed him in their Temples, and looked upon him as a real Deity. When *Homer* makes use of other such Allegorical Persons, it is only in short Expressions, which convey an ordinary Thought to the Mind in the most pleasing manner, and may rather be looked upon as Poetical Phrases than Allegorical Descriptions. Instead of telling us that Men naturally fly when they are terrified, he introduces the Persons of *Flight* and *Fear*, who, he tells us, are inseparable Companions. Instead of saying that the time was come when *Apollo* ought to have received his Recompense, he tells us that the *Hours* brought him his Reward. Instead of describing the Effects which *Minerva's* *Aegis* produced in Battel, he tells us that the Brims of it were encompassed by *Terror*, *Rout*, *Discord*, *Fury*, *Pursuit*, *Masacre*, and *Death*. In the same Figure of speaking, he represents *Victory* as following *Dionysus*; *Discord* as the Mother of Funerals and Mourning; *Venus* as dressed by the *Graces*; *Bellona* as wearing *Terror* and *Consternation* like a Garment. I might give several other Instances out of *Homer*, as well as a great many out of *Virgil*. *Milton* has likewise very often made use of the same way of speaking, as where he tells us, that *Victory* sat on the Right Hand of the *Messiah* when he marched forth against the Rebel Angels; that at the rising of the Sun the *Hours* unbar'd the Gates of *Light*; that *Discord* was the Daughter of *Sin*. Of the same Nature are those Expressions, where describing the Singing of the Nightingale, he adds, *Silence was pleased*; and upon the *Messiah's* bidding Peace to the *Chaos*, *Confusion* heard his Voice. I might add innumerable Instances of our Poet's writing in this beautiful Figure. It is plain that these I have mentioned, in which Persons of an imaginary Nature are introduced, are such short Allegories as are not designed to be taken in the literal Sense, but only to convey particular Circumstances to the Reader after an unusual and entertaining manner. But when such Persons are introduced as principal Actors,

and engaged in a Series of Adventures, they take too much upon them, and are by no means proper for an Heroic Poem, which ought to appear Credible in its principal Parts. I cannot forbear therefore thinking that *Sin* and *Death* are as improper Agents in a Work of this nature, as *Strength* and *Necessity* in one of the Tragedies of *Aeschylus*, who represented those two Persons nailing down *Prometheus* to a Rock, for which he has been justly censured by the greatest Critics. I do not know any imaginary Person made use of in a more sublime manner of thinking than that in one of the Prophets, who describing God as descending from Heaven, and visiting the Sins of Mankind, adds that dreadful Circumstance, *Before him went the Pestilence*. It is certain this imaginary Person might have been described in all her purple Spots. The *Fever* might have marched before her, *Pain* might have stood on her Right Hand, *Plague* on her Left, and *Death* in her Rear. She might have been introduced as gliding down from the Tail of a Comet, or darted upon the Earth in a Flash of Lightning: She might have tainted the Atmosphere with her Breath; the very glaring of her Eyes might have scattered Infection. But I believe every Reader will think, that in such sublime Writings the mentioning of her, as it is done in Scripture, has something in it more just, as well as great, than all that the most fanciful Poet could have bestowed upon her in the Richness of his Imagination.



SPECTATOR, N^o 363.

— *Crudelis ubique*

Luctus, ubique pavor, et plurima Mortis Imago.
Virg.

MILTON has shewn a wonderful Art in describing that variety of Passions which arose in our first Parents upon the Breach of the Commandment that had been given them. We see them gradually passing from the Triumph of their Guilt thro' Remorse, Shame, Despair, Contrition, Prayer, and Hope, to a perfect and compleat Repentance. At the end of the Tenth Book they are represented

sent as prostrating themselves upon the Ground, and watering the Earth with their Tears: To which the Poet joins this beautiful Circumstance, that they offer'd up their penitential Prayers on the very Place where their Judge appeared to them when he pronounced their Sentence.

— They forthwith to the place
Repairing where he judg'd them; prostrate fell
Before him reverent, and both confess'd
Humbly their faults, and pardon begg'd, with tears
Watering the ground —

THERE is a Beauty of the same kind in a Tragedy of Sophocles, where Oedipus, after having put out his own Eyes, instead of breaking his Neck from the Palace Battlements (which furnishes so elegant an Entertainment for our English Audience) desires that he may be conducted to Mount Cithæron, in order to end his Life in that very Place where he was exposed in his Infancy, and where he should then have died, had the Will of his Parents been executed.

AS the Author never fails to give a Poetical turn to his Sentiments, he describes in the Beginning of this Book the Acceptance which these their Prayers met with, in a short Allegory form'd upon that beautiful Passage in Holy Writ; *And another Angel came and stood at the Altar, having a golden Censer; and there was given unto him much incense, that he should offer it with the Prayers of all Saints upon the Golden Altar: which was before the Throne: And the smoke of the incense which came with the Prayers of the Saints ascended up before God.*

— To Heav'n their Prayers
Flew up, nor miss'd the way by envious winds
Blown vagabond or frustrate: in they pass'd
Dimensionless thro' heav'nly doors, then clad
With Incense, where the Golden Altar fum'd,
By their great Intercessor, came in sight
Before the Father's throne —

WE have the same Thought expressed a second time in the Intercession of the Messiah, which is conceived in very emphatic Sentiments and Expressions.

AMONG the Poetical parts of Scripture which Milton has so finely wrought into this part of his Narration, I must not omit that wherein Ezekiel speaking of the Angels who

appeared to him in a Vision, adds, that every one had four faces, and that their whole bodies and their backs, and their hands, and their wings were full of eyes round about.

— The Cohort bright
Of watchful Cherubim; four faces each
Had, like a double Janus, all their Shape
Spangled with Eyes —

THE assembling of all the Angels of Heaven to hear the solemn Decree passed upon Man, is represented in very lively Ideas. The Almighty is here describ'd as remembering Mercy in the midst of Judgment, and commanding Michael to deliver his Message in the mildest Terms, lest the Spirit of Man, which was already broken with the Sense of his Guilt and Misery, should fail before him.

— Yet least they faint
At the sad Sentence rigorously urg'd,
(For I behold them softned, and with tears
Bewailing their excess) all Terror bide.

THE Conference of Adam and Eve is full of moving Sentiments. Upon their going abroad after the melancholy Night which they had passed together, they discover the Lion and the Eagle pursuing each of them their Prey towards the Eastern Gates of Paradise. There is a double Beauty in this Incident, not only as it presents great and just Omens, which are always agreeable in Poetry, but as it expresses that Enmity which was now produced in the Animal Creation. The Poet, to shew the like Changes in Nature, as well as to grace his Fable with a noble Prodigy, represents the Sun in an Eclipse. This particular Incident has likewise a fine effect upon the Imagination of the Reader, in regard to what follows; for at the same time that the Sun is under an Eclipse, a bright Cloud descends in the Western Quarter of the Heavens, filled with an Host of Angels, and more luminous than the Sun it self. The whole Theatre of Nature is darkned, that this glorious Machine may appear in all its Lustre and Magnificence.

— Why in the East
Darkness e'er day's mid-course, and morning light
More orient in that western Cloud that draws
O'er the blue firmament a radiant white,
And slow descends, with something heavenly
fraught? He

*He would not, for by this the heav'nly bands
Down from a Sky of Jasper lighted now
In Paradise, and on a Hill made halt;
A glorious apparition*

I need not observe how properly this Author, who always suits his Parts to the Actors whom he introduces, has employed Michael in the Expulsion of our first Parents from Paradise. The Archangel on this occasion neither appears in his proper Shape, nor in that familiar Manner with which Raphael the Sociable Spirit entertained the Father of Mankind before the Fall. His Person, his Port, and Behaviour are suitable to a Spirit of the highest Rank, and exquisitely described in the following passage.

*—Th' Archangel soon drew nigh,
Not in his Shape celestial, but as Man
Clad to meet Man; over his lucid Arms
A military Vest of Purple flow'd
Levelier than Melibæan, or the grain
Of Sarra, worn by Kings and Heroes old
In time of Truce; Iris had dipt the Wooff.
His starry Helm, unbuckled, shew'd him prime
In Manhood where Youth ended; by his side
As in a glistring Zodiac hung the Sword,
Satan's dire dread, and in his Hand the Spear.
Adam bow'd low: He kingly from his State
Inclined not, but his coming thus declared.*

EVE's Complaint upon hearing that she was to be removed from the Garden of Paradise is wonderfully beautiful: The Sentiments are not only proper to the Subject, but have something in them particularly soft and Womanish.

*Must I then leave thee, Paradise? thus leave
Thee, native Soil, these happy walks and shades,
Fit haunt of Gods? Where I had hope to spend
Quiet, though sad, the respite of that day
That must be mortal to us both. O flow'rs
That never will in other Climate grow,
My early visitation and my last
At Even, which I bred up with tender hand
From the first opening bud, and gave you Names;
Who now shall rear you to the Sun, or rank
Your Tribes, and water from th' ambrosial Fount?
Thee, lastly, nuptial Bowre, by me adorn'd
With what to sight or smell was sweet: from thee
How shall I part, and whither wander down
Into a lower World, to this obscure*

*And wild, how shall we breath in other Air
Less pure, accusom'd to immortal Fruits?*

ADAM's Speech abounds with Thoughts which are equally moving, and of a more Masculine and elevated turn. Nothing can be conceived more sublime and poetical than the following Passage in it.

*This most afflicts me, that departing hence
As from his Face I shall be hid, deprived
His blessed Count'nance; here I could frequent,
With worship, place by place where he vouchsafed
Presence divine, and to my Sons relate,
On this Mount he appear'd, under this Tree
Stood visible, among these Pines his Voice
I heard, here with him at this Fountain talk'd:
So many grateful Altars I would rear
Of grassy Turf, and pile up every Stone
Of lustre from the Brook, in memory
Or Monument to ages, and thereon
Offer sweet smelling Gums and Fruits and Flowers.
In yonder nether World where shall I seek
His bright Appearances, or Footsteps trace?
For though I fled him angry, yet recall'd
To life prolong'd and promised race, I now
Gladly behold though but his utmost Skirts
Of Glory, and far off his Steps adore.*

THE Angel afterwards leads Adam to the highest Mount of Paradise, and lays before him a whole Hemisphere, as a proper Stage for those Visions which were to be represented on it. I have before observed how the Plan of Milton's Poem is in many particulars greater than that of the Iliad or Æneid. Virgil's Hero, in the last of these Poems, is entertained with a sight of all those who are to descend from him; but tho' that Episode is justly admired as one of the noblest Designs in the whole Æneid, every one must allow that this of Milton is of a much higher Nature. Adam's Vision is not confined to any particular Tribe of Mankind, but extends to the whole Species.

IN this great Review which Adam takes of all his Sons and Daughters, the first Objects he is presented with exhibit to him the story of Cain and Abel, which is drawn together with much closeness and propriety of Expression. That Curiosity and natural Horror which arises in Adam at the sight of the First Dying Man, is touched with great Beauty.

F f f f

But

*But have I now seen Death? is this the way
I must return to native dust? O Sight
Of terror foul and ugly to behold,
Horrid to think, how horrible to feel!*

THE second Vision sets before him the Image of Death in a great variety of Appearances. The Angel, to give him a general Idea of those Effects which his Guilt had brought upon his Posterity, places before him a large Hospital, or Lazar-House, fill'd with Persons lying under all kinds of mortal Diseases. How finely has the Poet told us that the sick Persons languished under lingering and incurable Distempers, by an apt and judicious use of such imaginary Beings as those I mentioned in my last Paper.

*Dire was the tossing, deep the Groans, Despair
Tended the Sick, busy from Couch to Couch,
And over them triumphant Death his dart
Shook, but delay'd to strike, though oft invoked
With Vows as their chief good and final hope.*

THE Passion which likewise rises in Adam on this occasion is very natural.

*Sight so deform what Heart of rock could long
Dry-eyed behold? Adam could not, but wept,
Tho' not of Woman born; Compassion quell'd
His best of Man, and gave him up in tears.*

THE Discourse between the Angel and Adam which follows, abounds with noble Morals.

AS there is nothing more delightful in Poetry than a Contrast and Opposition of Incidents, the Author, after this melancholy prospect of Death and Sickness, raises up a Scene of Mirth, Love, and Jollity. The secret Pleasure that steals into Adam's Heart as he is intent upon this Vision, is imagined with great Delicacy. I must not omit the Description of the loose female Troupe, who seduced the Sons of God, as they are called in Scripture.

*For that fair female troupe thou saw'st, that seem'd
Of Goddesses, so blithe, so smooth, so gay,
Yet empty of all Good, wherein consists
Woman's domestick honour and chief praise;
Bred only and compleated to the taste
Of lustful appetite, to sing, to dance,
To dress and trouble the Tongue, and roul the Eye.
To these that sober race of Men, whose lives*

*Religious titled them the Sons of God,
Shall yield up all their Virtue, all their Fame
Ignobly to the rains and to the smiles
Of those fair Atheists.*

THE next Vision is of a quite contrary Nature, and filled with the Horrors of War. Adam at the sight of it melts into Tears, and breaks out in that passionate Speech,

*O what are these
Death's ministers, not Men: who thus deal death
Inhumanly to Men, and multiply
Ten thousand fold the Sin of him who slew
His Brother: for of whom such Massacre
Make they but of their Brethren, Men of Men?*

MILTON, to keep up an agreeable Variety in his Visions, after having raised in the Mind of his Reader the several Ideas of Terror which are conformable to the Description of War: passes on to those softer Images of Triumphs and Festivals, in that Vision of Lewdness and Luxury which ushers in the Flood.

AS it is visible that the Poet had his Eye upon Ovid's account of the universal Deluge, the Reader may observe with how much Judgment he has avoided every thing that is redundant or puerile in the Latin Poet. We do not here see the Wolf swimming among the Sheep, nor any of those wanton Imaginations which Seneca found fault with, as unbecoming the great Catastrophe of Nature. If our Poet has imitated that Verse in which Ovid tells us that there was nothing but Sea, and that this Sea had no Shore to it, he has not set the Thought in such a light as to incur the Censure which Critics have passed upon it. The latter part of that Verse in Ovid is idle and superfluous, but just and beautiful in Milton.

*Jamque mare et tellus nullum discrimen habebant,
Nil nisi pontus erat, deexant quoque littora ponto.*
Ovid.

Sea cover'd Sea,
Sea without Shore — Milton.

IN Milton the former part of the Description does not forestall the latter. How much more great and solemn on this Occasion is that which follows in our English Poet,

*And in their Palaces
Where Luxury late reign'd, Sea Monsters whelp'd
And stabled — than*

than that in *Ovid*, where we are told that the Sea-Calves lay in those Places where the Goats were used to browse? The Reader may find several other parallel passages in the *Latin* and *English* Description of the Deluge, wherein our Poet has visibly the Advantage. The Sky's being over-charged with Clouds, the descending of the Rains, the rising of the Seas, and the appearance of the Rainbow, are such Descriptions as every one must take notice of. The Circumstance relating to *Paradise* is so finely imagined and suitable to the Opinions of many learned Authors, that I cannot forbear giving it a place in this Paper.

—Then shall this mount

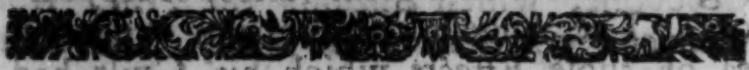
Of *Paradise* by might of waves be mov'd
Out of his place, push'd by the horned flood,
With all his verdure spoil'd, and trees adrift
Down the great River to the op'ning Gulf,
And there take root an Island salt and bare,
The haunt of Seals and Orcs and Sea-Mews clang.

THE Transition which the Poet makes from the Vision of the Deluge, to the Concern it occasioned in *Adam*, is exquisitely graceful, and copied after *Virgil*, though the first Thought it introduces is rather in the Spirit of *Ovid*.

How didst thou grieve then, *Adam*, to behold
The end of all thy Off-spring, end so sad,
Depopulation; thee another Floud
Of tears and sorrow, a Floud thee also drown'd,
And sunk thee as thy Sons; 'till gently rear'd
By th' Angel, on thy feet thou stoodst at last
Though comfortless, as when a Father mourns
His Children, All in view destroy'd at Once.

I have been the more particular in my Quotations out of the Eleventh Book of *Paradise Lost*, because it is not generally reckoned among the most shining Books of this Poem; for which reason the Reader might be apt to overlook those many passages in it which deserve our Admiration. The Eleventh and Twelfth are indeed built upon that single Circumstance of the removal of our first Parents from *Paradise*; but though this is not in it self so great a Subject as that in most of the foregoing Books, it is extended and diversified with so many surprizing Incidents and pleasing Episodes, that these two last Books can by no means be looked upon as Unequal parts of this Divine Poem. I must further

add, that had not *Milton* represented our first Parents as driven out of *Paradise*, his Fall of Man would not have been compleat, and consequently his Action would have been imperfect.



SPECTATOR, N^o 369.

*Segnius irritant animos demissa per aures
Quam quæ sunt oculis subjecta fidelibus*—Hor.

MILTON, after having represented in Vision the History of Mankind to the first great Period of Nature, dispatches the remaining part of it in Narration. He has devised a very handsome Reason for the Angel's proceeding with *Adam* after this manner; though doubtless the true Reason was the Difficulty which the Poet would have found to have shadowed out so mix'd and complicated a Story in visible Objects. I could wish, however, that the Author had done it, whatever Pains it might have cost him. To give my Opinion freely, I think that the exhibiting part of the History of Mankind in Vision, and part in Narrative, is as if an History-Painter should put in Colours one half of his Subject, and write down the remaining part of it. If *Milton's* Poem flags any where, it is in this Narration, where in some Places the Author has been so attentive to his Divinity, that he has neglected his Poetry. The Narration, however, rises very happily on several occasions, where the Subject is capable of Poetical Ornaments, as particularly in the Confusion which he describes among the Builders of *Babel*, and in his short sketch of the Plagues of *Egypt*. The storm of Hail and Fire, with the Darkness that overspread the Land for three Days, are described with great Strength. The beautiful Passage which follows, is raised upon noble hints in Scripture.

—Thus with ten Wounds

The River-Dragon tamed at length submits
To let his Sojourners depart, and oft
Humbles his stubborn Heart, but still as Ice
More harden'd after thaw: till in his rage
Pursuing whom he late dismiss'd, the Sea

F f f f 2

Swal-

Swallows him with his host, but them let pass
As on dry land between two Crystal Walls,
Divided by the rod of Moses, so to stand
Divided.

THE River-Dragon is an Allusion to the Crocodile, which inhabits the Nile, from whence Egypt derives her plenty. This Allusion is taken from that sublime Passage in Ezekiel; Thus saith the Lord God, behold I am against thee Pharaoh King of Egypt, the great Dragon that lieth in the midst of his Rivers, which hath said, My River is mine own, and I have made it for my self. Milton has given us another very noble and poetical Image in the same Description, which is copied almost word for word out of the History of Moses.

All Night he will pursue, but his approach
Darkness defends between till Morning watch;
Then thro' the fiery Pillar and the Cloud
God looking forth, will trouble all his Host,
And craze their Chariot-Wheels: when by com-
Moses once more his potent rod extends [mand
Over the Sea; the Sea his Rod obeys;
On their embattel'd ranks the Waves return
And overwhelm their War:—

AS the principal Design of this Episode was to give Adam an Idea of the Holy Person, who was to re-instate humane Nature in that Happiness and Perfection from which it had fallen, the Poet confines himself to the Line of Abraham, from whence the Messiah was to descend. The Angel is described as seeing the Patriarch actually travelling towards the Land of Promise, which gives a particular Liveliness to this part of the Narration.

I see him, but thou canst not, with what Faith
He leaves his Gods, his Friends, his native Soil
Ur of Chaldaea, passing now the Ford
To Haran, after him a cumbrous train
Of Herds and Flocks and numerous servitude;
Not wand'ring poor, but trusting all his wealth
With God who call'd him, in a Land unknown.
Canaan he now attains, I see his Tents
Pitch'd about Sechem, and the neighbouring Plain
Of Moreh, there by promise he receives
Gift to his progeny of all that Land,
From Hamath Northward to the desert South,
(Things by their names I call, though yet unnam'd)

AS Virgil's Vision in the sixth Aeneid probably gave Milton the hint of this whole Epi-

ode, the last Line is a Translation of that Verse, where Anchises mentions the Names of Places, which they were to bear hereafter.

Hec tum nomina erunt, nunc sunt sine nomine terrae.

THE Poet has very finely represented the Joy and Gladness of heart which rises in Adam upon his Discovery of the Messiah. As he sees his Day at a Distance through Types and Shadows, he rejoices in it; but when he finds the Redemption of Man compleated, and Paradise again renewed, he breaks forth in Rapture and Transport,

O Goodness infinite, Goodness immense!
That all this good of evil shall produce, &c.

I have hinted in my Sixth Paper on Milton, that an Heroic Poem, according to the Opinion of the best Critics, ought to end happily, and leave the Mind of the Reader, after having conducted it through many Doubts and Fears, Sorrows and Disquietudes, in a state of Tranquility and Satisfaction. Milton's Fable, which had so many other Qualifications to recommend it, was deficient in this particular. It is here therefore, that the Poet has shewn a most exquisite Judgment, as well as the finest Invention, by finding out a Method to supply this natural Defect in his Subject. Accordingly he leaves the Adversary of Mankind, in the last view which he gives us of him, under the lowest State of Mortification and Disappointment. We see him chewing Ashes, grovelling in the Dust, and loaden with supernumerary Pains and Torments. On the contrary, our two first Parents are comforted by Dreams and Visions, cheered with Promises of Salvation, and, in a manner, raised to a greater Happiness than that which they had forfeited: In short, Satan is represented miserable in the height of his Triumphs, and Adam triumphant in the height of Misery.

MILTON's Poem ends very nobly. The last Speeches of Adam and the Arch-Angel are full of Moral and Instructive Sentiments. The Sleep that fell upon Eve, and the Effects it had in quieting the Disorders of her Mind, produces the same kind of Consolation in the Reader, who cannot peruse the last beautiful Speech which is ascribed to the Mother of Mankind, without a secret Pleasure and Satisfaction.

Whence

*Hence thou return'st, and whither went'st, I know;
For God is also in Sleep; and Dreams advise,
Which he hath sent propitious, some great good
Presaging, since with Sorrow and Heart's distress
Wearied I fell asleep: but now lead on;
In me is no delay: with thee to go
Is to stay here; without thee here to stay
Is to go hence unwilling; Thou to me
Art all things under Heav'n, all Places Thou
Who for my wilful Crime art banish'd hence.
This farther Consolation yet secure
I carry hence; though all by me is lost,
Such Favour, I unworthy, am vouchsaf'd,
By me the promis'd Seed shall all restore.*

THE following Lines, which conclude the Poem, rise in a most glorious Blaze of Poetical Images and Expressions.

HELIODORUS in his *Æthiopicks* acquaints us, that the Motion of the Gods differs from that of Mortals, as the former do not stir their Feet, nor proceed Step by Step, but slide o'er the Surface of the Earth by an uniform Swimming of the whole Body. The Reader may observe with how Poetical a Description Milton has attributed the same kind of Motion to the Angels who were to take Possession of Paradise.

*So spake our Mother Eve, and Adam heard
Well-pleas'd, but answer'd not; for now too nigh
Th' Arch-Angel stood, and from the other Hill
To their fix'd station, all in bright array
The Cherubim descended; on the Ground
Gliding meteorous, as ev'ning mist,
Ris'n from a River, o'er the marish glides,
And gathers ground fast at the lab'rer's beel
Homeward returning. High in front advanc'd
The brandish'd Sword of God before them blaz'd
Fierce as a Comet —*

THE Author helped his Invention in the following Passage, by reflecting on the Behaviour of the Angel, who, in Holy Writ, has the Conduct of Lot and his Family. The Circumstances drawn from that Relation are very gracefully made use of on this Occasion.

*In either hand the hastning Angel caught
Our ling'ring Parents, and to the Eastern gate
Led them direct; and down the Cliff as fast
To the subjected plain, then disappear'd.
They looking back, &c.*

THE Scene which our first Parents are surprized with upon their looking back on Paradise, wonderfully strikes the Reader's Imagination, as nothing can be more natural than the Tears they shed on that occasion.

*They looking back, all th' Eastern side beheld
Of Paradise, so late their happy Seat,
Wav'd over by that flaming brand, the gate
With dreadful Faces throng'd and fiery Arms:
Some natural tears they dropp'd, but wiped them soon.*

*The World was all before them, where to chuse
Their place of rest, and Providence their Guide.*

IF I might presume to offer at the smallest Alteration in this Divine Work, I should think the Poem would end better with the Passage here quoted, than with the two Verses which follow.

*They hand in hand with wandring steps and slow,
Through Eden took their solitary way.*

THESE two Verses, though they have their Beauty, fall very much below the foregoing Passage, and renew in the Mind of the Reader that Anguish which was pretty well laid by that Consideration,

*The World was all before them, where to chuse
Their place of rest, and Providence their Guide.*

THE Number of Books in *Paradise Lost* is equal to those of the *Æneid*. Our Author in his first Edition had divided his Poem into Ten Books, but afterwards broke the Seventh and the Eleventh each of them into two different Books, by the help of some small Additions. This second Division was made with great Judgment, as any one may see who will be at the pains of examining it. It was not done for the sake of such a Chimerical Beauty as that of resembling *Virgil* in this particular, but for the more just and regular Disposition of this great Work.

THOSE who have read *Bossu*, and many of the Critics who have written since his time, will not pardon me if I do not find out the particular Moral which is inculcated in *Paradise Lost*. Though I can by no means think, with the last-mentioned French Author, that an Epic Writer first of all pitches upon a certain Moral, as the Ground-Work and Foundation

dation of his Poem, and afterwards finds out a Story to it: I am, however, of opinion, that no just Heroic Poem ever was, or can be made, from whence One great Moral may not be deduced. That which reigns in *Milton* is the most universal and most useful that can be imagined; it is in short this, *that Obedience to the Will of God makes Men happy, and that Disobedience makes them miserable*. This is visibly the Moral of the principal Fable which turns upon *Adam* and *Eve*, who continued in *Paradise* while they kept the Command that was given them, and were driven out of it as soon as they had transgressed. This is likewise the Moral of the principal Episode, which shews us how an innumerable Multitude of Angels fell from their State of Bliss, and were cast into Hell upon their Disobedience. Besides this Great Moral, which may be looked upon as the Soul of the Fable, there are an Infinity of Under Morals which are to be drawn from the several parts of the Poem, and which makes this Work more useful and instructive than any other Poem in any Language.

THOSE who have Criticised on the *Odyssey*, the *Iliad*, and *Aeneid*, have taken a great deal of pains to fix the number of Months or Days contained in the Action of each of those Poems. If any one thinks it worth his while to examine this Particular in *Milton*, he will find that from *Adam's* first Appearance in the Fourth Book, to his Expulsion from *Paradise* in the Twelfth, the Author reckons ten Days. As for that part of the Action which is described in the three first Books, as it does not pass within the Regions of Nature, I have before observed that it is not subject to any Calculations of Time.

I have now finished my Observations on a Work which does an Honour to the *English* Nation. I have taken a general view of it under those four Heads, the Fable, the Characters, the Sentiments, and the Language, and made each of them the Subject of a particular Paper. I have in the next place spoken of the Censures which our Author may incur under each of these Heads, which I have confined to two Papers, though

I might have enlarged the Number, if I had been disposed to dwell on so ungrateful a subject. I believe, however, that the severest Reader will not find any little Fault in Heroic Poetry, which this Author has fallen into, that does not come under one of those Heads among which I have distributed his several Blemishes. After having thus treated at large of *Paradise Lost*, I could not think it sufficient to have celebrated this Poem in the whole, without descending to Particulars. I have therefore bestowed a Paper upon each Book, and endeavoured not only to prove that the Poem is beautiful in General, but to point out its Particular Beauties, and to determine wherein they consist. I have endeavoured to shew how some passages are beautiful by being Sublime; others by being Soft; others by being Natural: which of them are recommended by the Passion; which by the Moral; which by the Sentiment; and which by the Expression. I have likewise endeavoured to shew how the Genius of the Poet shines by a happy Invention; a distant Allusion; or a judicious Imitation: how he has copied or improved *Homer* or *Virgil*, and raised his own Imaginations by the use which he has made of several Poetical passages in Scripture. I might have inserted also several passages of *Tasso*, which our Author has imitated; but as I do not look upon *Tasso* to be a sufficient Voucher, I would not perplex my Reader with such Quotations, as might do more Honour to the *Italian* than the *English* Poet. In short, I have endeavoured to particularize those innumerable kinds of Beauty, which it would be tedious to recapitulate, but which are essential to Poetry, and which may be met with in the Works of this great Author. Had I thought, at my first engaging in this Design, that it would have led me to so great a Length, I believe I should never have entered upon it; but the kind Reception which it has met with among those whose Judgments I have a Value for, give me no reason to repent of the pains I have been at in composing them.



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